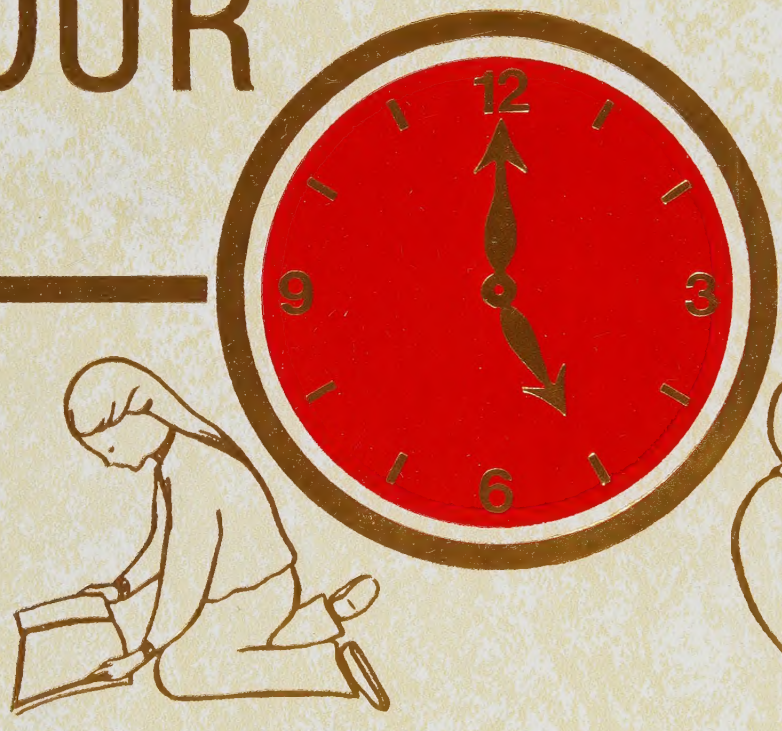
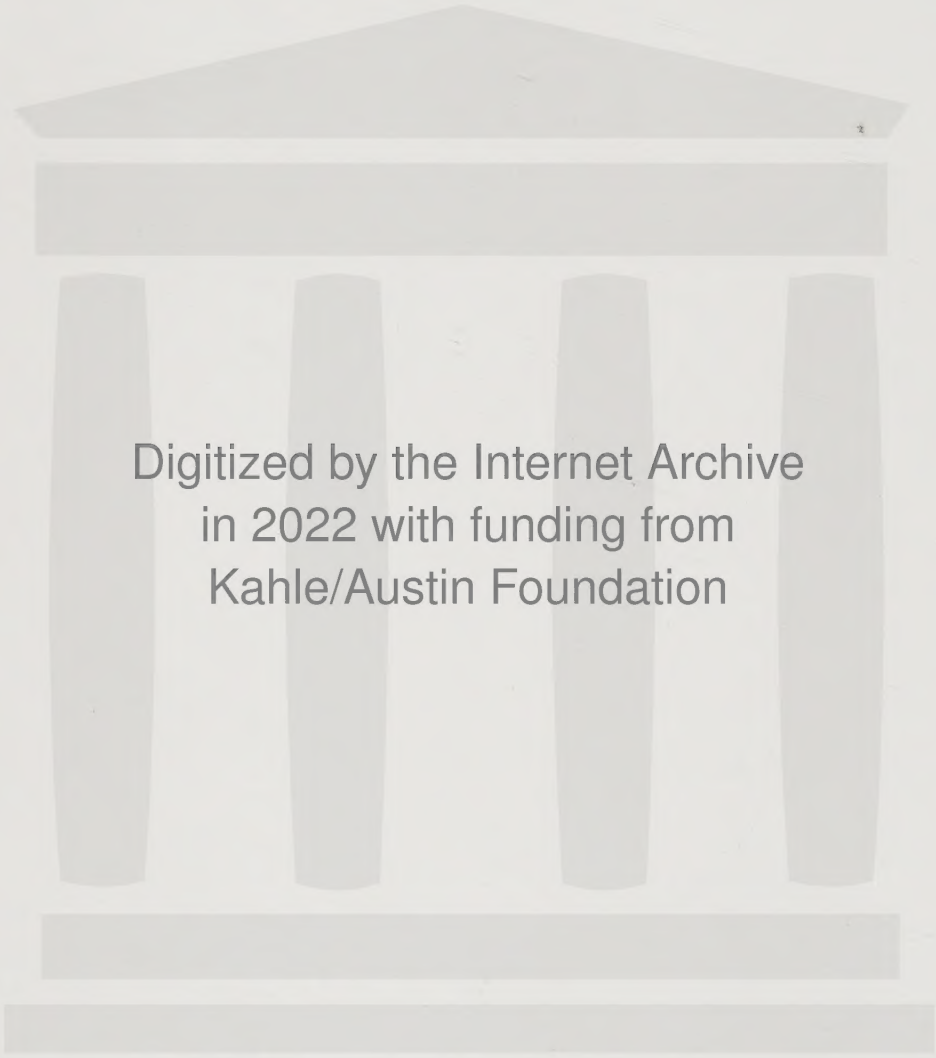
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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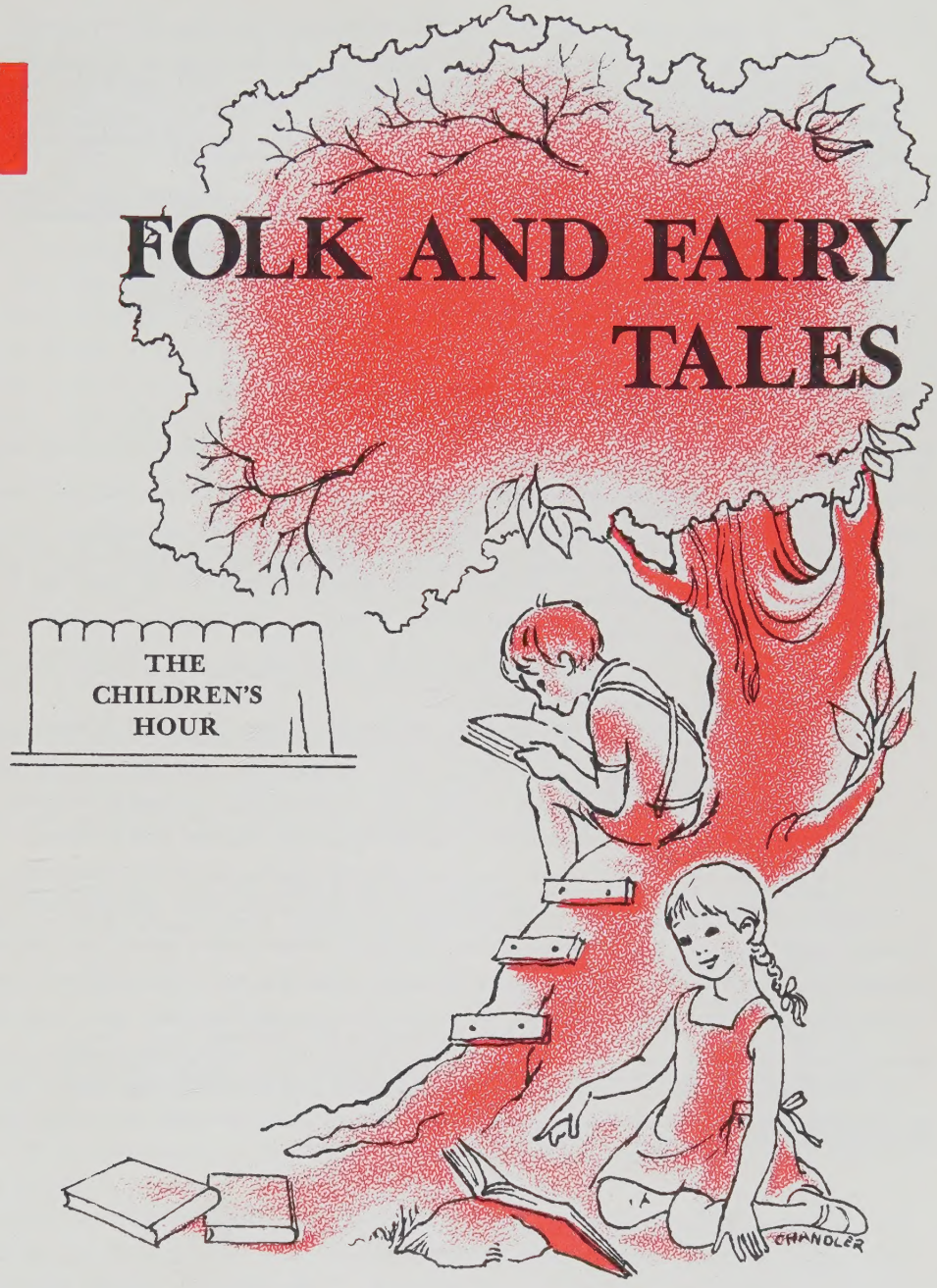
FOLK AND FAIRY TALES



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A Word to Parents about this Volume

FOLK AND FAIRY TALES

ONCE upon a time parents had to bring up their children without graded reading plans. The children got either little sermons with the moral sticking out like a red flag or the fairy and folk tales that have come down to us from the feudal Middle Ages. Many children had these stories read to them, together with Mother Goose, while they were still in their perambulators.

Some of today's psychologists shake their heads over the effect this literary diet may have had on children too young to cope with such strong doses of morality and immorality.

But most children can stand a good deal more than adults think they can. Besides, some mothers have always been blessed with common sense. If they saw that some gruesome tale induced nightmares, they stopped reading it and made up, instead, little stories about ordinary children and animals within a child's understanding. (Such stories, by the way, make up a good part of Volume I of this collection, for they have proved best for children to begin on.)

But what of the fairy tales? Why have they lived for so many generations?

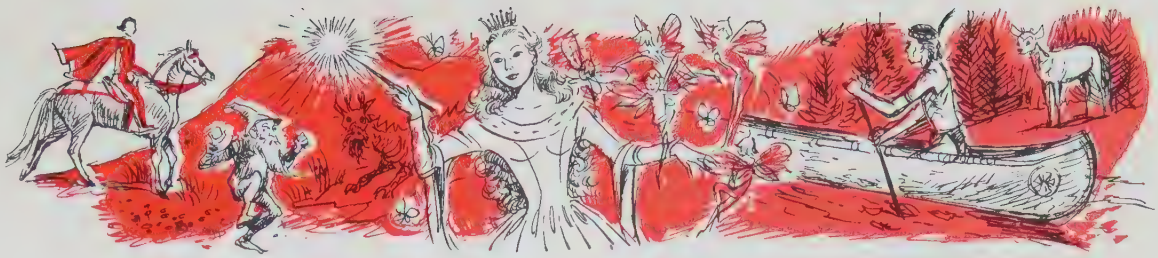
Perhaps because a child likes to have evil violently punished and virtue lavishly rewarded as they are in fairy tales.

Then, too, fairy tales are exciting *as stories.* They seem to hold all children spellbound, for the same stories crop up all over the world. The fairy-tale mixture of fantasy and practical sense intrigues them.

The normal healthy-minded child is not harmed by fairy tales, but it is unwise indeed to expose a child to them before he is emotionally ready to accept them as fantasy. The child whose life is generally satisfying and secure, and who is mature enough, will take the most gruesome fairy tales in his stride, as he does the blood-and-thunder shows he sees on television.

To avoid exposing children to fairy tales too early, we have reserved them for this, the third volume of our set. We feel that a child will get more enjoyment from fairy tales if he reads them *after* he has been through the simpler rhymes and stories in Volumes I and II.

Here, then, are the immortal folk and fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm and of Hans Christian Andersen; the old familiar stories that remain forever new, like "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," and some so old that they have no known author; stories of peasants and princesses; of elves and brownies; of magic and laughter; Oriental tales; and, of course, the favorite American folk tales like "Hiawatha," "Uncle Remus," and "Paul Bunyan"—all the tales that remain the classics of every child's literary heritage.



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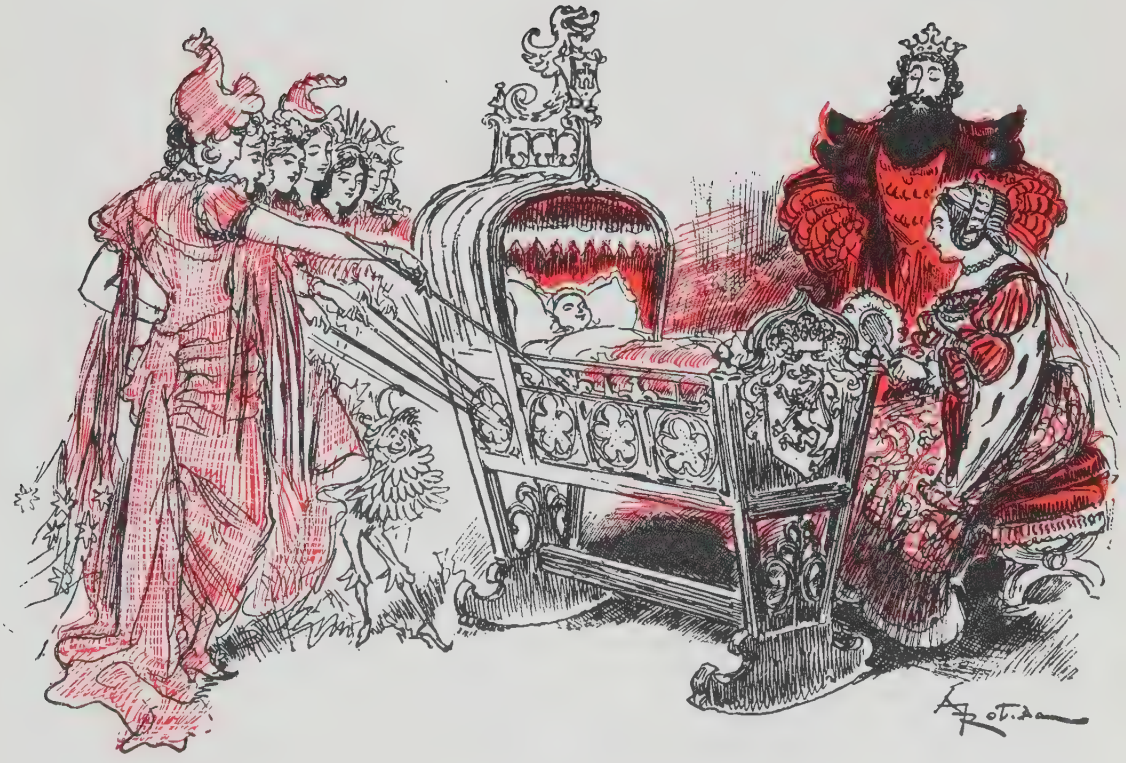
Grimm's Fairy Tales



The Sleeping Beauty

ONCE upon a time in a far country there lived a King and Queen whose joy in life became complete when they had a lovely baby girl.

So happy were they that they decided to have the grandest feast anyone had ever heard of to celebrate the baby's christening.

It was well known that there were seven good fairies in the land, and the King invited them all to be present at the great event, hoping that each would bless the baby with some good gift.

On the day of the christening the palace was at its most resplendent. Lights shone even to the highest tower. To the strains of exquisite music, fountains tinkled in basins of snow-white marble, and the fragrance of a thousand flowers rose to perfume the air.

The baby Princess herself lay in a cradle of gold amid coverlets woven of rose-petal silk. The royal guests, gorgeously robed, seated themselves at the gleaming banquet tables. And everyone applauded as the seven good fairies, looking like rainbow-tinted angels, came winging into the great hall and stood smiling around the royal cradle.

"My gift to the little Princess," said the first fairy, "shall be beauty. She will be the loveliest lady in the land."

"I," said the second, "bestow upon her the gift of intelligence."

"She shall have the sweetest disposition in the world," declared the third.

The fourth wished her the grace of a flower.

"And the voice of a nightingale," added the fifth.

"And from me," said the sixth, "she shall have the gift of making music on any musical instrument she touches."

So happy were the King and Queen and all the guests that no one noticed the arrival of an evil old witch who had slipped in to the banquet hall while the sixth fairy was speaking. The witch had, of course, not been asked to the Princess's christening, and she was angry at the slight. She stood in a shadowy corner of the banquet-hall waiting for a chance to make trouble.

Now, she figured, the time had come. Although it turned out that she was mistaken, she thought the last wish had been made by the seventh fairy. So, stepping forth, her face ugly with hatred, she said to the King and Queen, "Huh! you think I am not good enough to be a guest at your daughter's christening. You despise me. Well, I'll get even with you. I am now going to make a wish that will be a lifelong curse upon your child. This is it: One day she will try to spin at a spinning wheel. When she does, the spindle will prick her finger and she will immediately fall dead."

So saying the evil witch disappeared, the sound of her eerie laughter echoing in the ears and in the hearts of the horrified guests. A terrible hush fell on the christening party which had been so gay but a moment before.

The poor King and Queen were all but out of their minds with grief. But lo! Suddenly there appeared the seventh of the good fairies who, as you remember, had not yet wished her gift on the little Princess. In a voice as clear and lovely as a silver bell, she said, "Unfortunately, I have no power to undo the curse the evil witch has just put upon the Princess. The girl's finger, alas, *will* be pricked by a spindle. But I decree that when that happens she will only *seem* to fall dead. Actually, she will be in a deep sleep—a sleep so deep that it will last a hundred years—long enough to make the evil witch consider her dead. But during those hundred years the Princess will remain as young and beautiful as she is on the day she falls

asleep. She will be known therefore as the Sleeping Beauty. And when the hundred years are over she will be awakened by a Prince who will have the power to break the witch's spell."

With these words the fairy joined her sisters and all seven disappeared in a rainbow-colored mist.

As the little Princess grew older, all the good fairies' wishes came true. She was beautiful, intelligent, sweet, kind, thoughtful, and graceful, and she was wonderfully well versed in music and all the arts. Everyone loved her. Of course no one ever whispered a word to her about the witch's curse, and the King gave strict orders forbidding anyone ever to bring a spinning-wheel into the palace or even to mention the subject of spinning. So the Princess grew in happiness to girlhood.

On her sixteenth birthday the King and Queen planned a celebration that was to outshine even the magnificence of the christening. Nobles of the highest rank were invited, and the entire palace was decorated with a blaze of lights. The perfume and colors of the flowers were matched in beauty only by the robes and jewels of the guests and the elegance of the banquet tables.

The Princess was radiant in a gossamer gown that shimmered like dewdrops in the sun. How happy she was! And how gracious to all the guests! After the feasting there was dancing, and those of the young noblemen who had the honor of dancing with the lovely Princess felt themselves fortunate indeed.

In the midst of the heat and excitement, the Princess felt the need of getting a little air and of being alone for a time.

"I know what," she said to herself. "I shall go up into the topmost tower of the castle. It will be cool there and I shall be alone and able to look out and see the stars."

Difficult as it was, she managed to slip out of the great hall unnoticed. Light as a bird she skipped up the many flights of stairs to the tower. She had never seen it before and she thought it quite exciting to be going there now alone, the sounds of merrymaking from below growing fainter and fainter. At last she reached the top—or what she thought was the top. But there were no windows through which she might look at the stars. To her amazement she found herself in a turret entirely walled in except for a tiny door. Timidly she opened the door and found that it led to a steep flight of winding stairs. Lured on by her curiosity, she climbed the steps and came upon a strange sight. There, in an ancient tower, sat an old old woman, so old and so deaf that she never heard anything that went on in the castle below. She was sitting at an antique spinning wheel, spinning silken threads of many hues.

The Princess was fascinated. "What is it you do here?" she asked, her gestures and her friendly smile showing the deaf old crone what she meant.

"I am spinning, my dear," replied the old woman.

"How interesting!" exclaimed the

BLAISDELL

Princess. "May I try?"

The old woman was only too willing to let the Princess sit at her wheel. But, being quite untaught at the spinning art, the Princess went about it awkwardly, and, just as the wicked witch had predicted at the christening, the spindle pricked the Princess's finger.

Immediately the girl fell in a dead faint on the floor. Greatly alarmed, the old woman screamed loudly for help. Soon the babble of excited voices and the scuffle of shoes rose up the stairs.

Led by the King and Queen, the great crowd of noblemen and noblewomen, courtiers, ladies-in-waiting, and palace attendants jammed into the tiny turret.

When they saw the lovely Princess lying as if dead on the floor beside the spinning wheel, they knew that the evil witch's ancient curse had begun to work. They tried, in every way they knew, to revive the girl, but in vain. They could not bring to life so much as the flutter of an eyelash.

So the King and Queen had the Princess carried down to her own room. Maids of honor laid her gently, robed just as she was in her shimmering gossamer gown, on her royal bed of exquisitely carved woods hung with curtains of transparent cloth-of-gold. In her perfect beauty, a smile of heavenly sweetness on her lips as she lay motionless on the bed, the Princess looked indeed like an angel.

The King and Queen were, of course, shaken with grief. But they felt it their duty to bid the guests return to the banquet hall and continue the festivities. But the spirit of merrymaking had faded away, and even as they danced, they did so with hushed voices and to muted music.

After awhile the King and Queen, heavy-hearted but with a royal sense of courtesy, came slowly down the grand staircase to join their guests. Just as they entered the great hall, in through the window flew the Princess's seventh fairy, the one who, at her christening, had decreed that she would not die but would sleep for a hundred years instead.

Of course fairies always know instantly what happens to their loved ones even in the most distant parts of the world. So this fairy, who was deeply interested in everything that happened to the Princess, arrived at the palace as soon as she knew that the girl had fallen into her death-like sleep. Seeing the stricken faces of the King and Queen as well as the guests, the fairy took in the whole tragic situation at a glance. She realized that if all these people grew old and died, as they naturally would within a hundred years, the Princess would be terribly frightened and lonely when she awoke. There would be nobody she knew to talk to—nobody at all, in fact, except, of course, the Prince. But she wouldn't know him either.

The fairy decided then that everyone and everything in the palace should also remain for a hundred years just as they were at this moment. Then when the Princess awoke she would be among her relatives and friends and in the familiar surroundings she knew and loved.

Quick as a breeze the fairy touched with

her magic wand everyone in the palace, and as she did so, each became instantly frozen in a hundred years' sleep. She touched not only the King and Queen and every guest but all the palace attendants from royal ladies-in-waiting to the smallest errand-boys, and even the stable-boys, the horses, dogs, and cats, the food at the banquet tables, and the vegetables and flowers in the gardens. Everything and everyone familiar to the Sleeping Beauty Princess was so touched with magic as to remain motionless, exactly as they were, for a hundred years.

Then the fairy flew away; but not until she had caused to grow, all around the palace and its gardens, a thick forest of trees so tall that nothing of the palace could be seen from outside except the very top of its highest tower—and that only from a great distance. Then, to make it still more secure, the fairy surrounded the forest by thickets of bushes prickly with thorns and briars and walled by a matting of thickly entwined vines and roots. So dense were the thickets and so high the trees that the palace was completely protected.

Now, just as the palace and all its inhabitants had lain in this magic sleep for very nearly a hundred years, a young Prince in a neighboring country was approaching his twentieth birthday. He was a lad dearly beloved by his people for he was not only handsome and brave but good and kind as well. All his life he had heard mysterious stories of the enchanted castle whose tower he could see, on a clear day, high above a forest of tangled trees and briars. Many a knight, curious to know what might be within, had tried to penetrate the thickets; but each had perished in the attempt.

But the Prince, younger and more courageous than the others, had made up his mind that on his twentieth birthday he would try. Stories had reached him of a beautiful young maiden called the Sleeping Beauty asleep within the castle, waiting for a worthy Prince to awaken her from the spell a wicked witch had put upon her, and the Prince hoped he would be the one to do so.

True to his determination, the young Prince set off bravely early on the morning of his birthday. He whistled gaily as he approached the dense wall of thickets and forests surrounding the castle.

Looking about him, the Prince felt daunted. But suddenly a marvelous thing happened. In the twinkling of an eye the heavily intertwined branches untwined and the tall trees bent gracefully apart leaving a narrow opening through which the Prince could enter the path to the castle. They closed immediately after him so that no one else might follow. Narrow and winding as the path was, the Prince followed it faithfully, glancing neither right nor left.

At last he found himself in the courtyard of the castle itself. Flowers of the brightest hues, trees and shrubs of every description flourished in the gardens, but it was as if they were made of wax. Not a leaf, not a petal moved. At either side of the doorway two courtiers stood on guard, their rifles rigid over their shoul-

ders. But their eyes were closed and their legs motionless. Birds perched in the trees and squirrels decorated the stone stairs, but there was neither sound nor stir from any of them.

The Prince, bewildered indeed, entered the castle door and saw within it what looked like waxen images of a great celebration in progress. There—motionless yet with the flush of life on their faces—were great numbers of knights and ladies, nobles all, as well as courtiers, servants, flower girls, and all manner of royal guests at what seemed like a very gay festivity. At one end stood a King and a Queen. Dancers about to whirl away in a waltz, musicians bent over their instruments, servants passing great silver trays of party food and party drinks—all stood like statues.

In every room the Prince saw the same kind of scene. Excited beyond bearing—for he felt he was nearing the object of his quest and the solution of the mystery—the Prince leapt up the stairs till he came to a room as rosy-pink and snowy-white as a blossoming apple-tree. There in the very center of the room was a royal bed of carved wood hung with cloth-of-gold curtains. And on it, deep in sleep, lay the Sleeping Beauty Princess! She was the loveliest, the most exquisitely beautiful girl the Prince had ever seen or imagined. Rapturously he knelt by the side of her bed and kissed her tenderly on the brow.

Instantly there was life, sound, and motion everywhere. The Sleeping Beauty drew a long breath, smiled, and opened her eyes. "Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed as she saw the handsome Prince kneeling at her side. "I knew you would come."

At once the musicians went on with the music they had suddenly stopped playing so many years before. The dancers went on waltzing. The servants continued to pass their silver trays of food which was as fresh and delicious as though it had just been prepared.

The Prince helped the Princess, who was still in her exquisite gossamer ballgown, down into the great hall where her father and mother, the King and Queen, were overjoyed to welcome her. The Prince asked her parents, then and there, for their daughter's hand in marriage, and they consented readily. Indeed, at the Prince's request, the festivities which had begun a hundred years ago as her sixteenth birthday party, were continued now as a wedding feast.

And so the Prince and the Sleeping Beauty Princess were married and lived happily forever after.

Snow White and Rose Red

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a lonely little cottage with her two daughters. The children were called Snow White and Rose Red because they were like the flowers that bloomed on two rose trees that grew in front of the cottage.

They were as happy and busy and cheerful as any two children in the world, only Snow White was quieter than Rose Red.

Rose Red liked to run about in the meadows gathering flowers and chasing butterflies. But Snow White sat at home with her mother, helping with the housework, or reading to her when the work was finished.

The two girls loved one another dearly, and always walked hand-in-hand when they went out together. And when Snow White said, "We will never leave each other," Rose Red would reply, "Never, as long as we live." Then the mother would add, "Whatever one has, must be shared with the other." And the sisters always did so.

They often ran into the forest to gather wild berries. All the creatures of the forest knew them well and did them no harm. Little hares would eat cabbage-leaves out of their hands, soft-eyed fawns would graze peacefully near them, and the birds never flew away when they came, but sat upon the boughs singing all the songs they knew.

No harm ever came to them. If the children stayed late in the forest and night was coming on, they would lie down on the moss near each other and sleep till morning. Their mother knew this and never worried while they were away.

Once, when they had passed the night in the forest and the dawn awakened them, they saw a beautiful child dressed in a shining white garment sitting near their bed of moss. She rose and looked at them kindly, but said nothing and went away into the forest. When the children looked around, they found they had been sleeping close to the edge of a pit, into which they would surely have fallen had they walked two steps farther in the dark.

Their mother told them then of the good angel who watches over children.

Snow White and Rose Red kept their mother's cottage so neat it was a pleasure to enter it. In the summer Rose Red took care of the house and before she did anything else, she would place a bouquet of flowers at her mother's bedside for a morning greeting, and in the bouquet were a white rose and a red rose. In the winter Snow White lit the fire and hung the kettle over it on the hook. Though the kettle was only of copper it shone like gold, it was polished so brightly.

In the evening when the snow was falling, the mother would say, "Snow White, go bolt the door." Then they

would sit around the hearth and their mother would read aloud out of a large book and the girls listened as they sat spinning. Beside them, at their feet, lay their pet lamb, and behind them on a perch, sat their white dove with its head tucked under its wing.

One evening as they all sat cosily together, there was a knock at the door.

"Open the door quickly, Rose Red," cried her mother. "That must be a poor wanderer seeking shelter from the snow and wind."

Rose Red unbolted the door expecting to see some poor man outside, but it was not. Instead it was a huge bear that poked his broad black head in.

Rose Red sprang back, the lamb bleated, and the dove fluttered on its perch, while Snow White hid behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak and said, "Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. I am half frozen and only want to warm myself by your fire."

"Poor bear," said their mother. "Lie down by the fire, but take care you don't burn your furry coat." Then she told Snow White and Rose Red that the bear meant kindly and would not harm them. So they both came forward and soon the lamb and dove lost their fear too, and settled in their places as before.

"Here, children," said the bear. "Come and brush the snow out of my coat." Rose Red and Snow White fetched their brooms and swept his shaggy pelt clean and dry. Then he stretched out before the fire and growled contentedly.

It was not long before the children

were so at ease with their clumsy guest that they began to romp merrily with him. They teased him and tousled his rough fur and tumbled about with him as if he were an overgrown dog. Sometimes they planted their feet on his broad back and rolled him from side to side.

They even took a hazel-stick and beat him playfully, laughing when he growled. The bear took it all good-naturedly and only when the children forgot themselves and spanked him a little too much did he call out:

"Leave me my life, Snow White and Rose Red,
Or else, my children, you'll never be wed."

The children did not know what he meant by that, so they only laughed, but they did stop spanking him when he said it.

When it was bedtime and the children had gone to bed, the mother said to the bear, "You may sleep here by the hearth and you will be safe from the cold and snow." As soon as it was morning the two children let him out and he trotted off across the snow into the forest.

From then on the bear came every evening at the same time. He would lie down on the hearth and let the children play with him as much as they liked. They became so used to him that the door was never bolted until their black, furry friend had arrived.

But as soon as spring returned and everything out of doors was green again, the bear told Snow White one morning that he was leaving and could not return for the whole summer.

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow White sadly. The bear answered, "I must go into the forest and guard my treasure from the thieving dwarfs. In the winter when the earth is frozen hard, they stay in their homes in the ground for they cannot work their way out. But now, when the sun is thawing the earth, the dwarfs will break through it and steal all they can find. And what they steal and hide in their caves is not easy to recover."

Snow White was sorry to have the bear leave, and unbolted the door for him so hesitantly that when he pushed his shaggy bulk through it, he was caught on the door-latch and ripped away a piece of his hide. It seemed to Snow White that she saw the glitter of gold shimmering through the hole; but because her eyes were blurred with tears, she couldn't be sure. The bear trotted quickly away and was soon hidden among the trees of the forest.

Some time after this the mother sent Snow White and Rose Red into the forest to gather wood for the kitchen fire. There they came to a big tree that had fallen across the path. Close by the tree something kept bobbing up and down on its trunk, but because of the grass and the weeds they could not imagine what it was.

When they came nearer they saw it was a dwarf. He had an old wrinkled face and a white beard at least a yard long. The end of this beard was caught in a

crack of the tree-trunk and the little man kept jumping about like a dog on a chain, not knowing how to free himself. He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried, "Why do you stand there gaping? Aren't you going to help me?"

"Why, little man, how did you happen to get caught like that?" asked Rose Red.

"You stupid, silly goose!" exclaimed the dwarf. "I was trying to split this tree, of course, to get some small kindling to cook with. I can't use big chunks—they burn up the tiny meals that we little people eat. We're not like you, big greedy people who devour food in great big hunks!'

He paused angrily. "Well, I got the wedge driven in properly, and everything was going as I wished when suddenly out jumped the wedge, and the cleft in the tree closed so suddenly that my beautiful white beard got caught in it. I can't pull it out, and I can't get away. And there you stand laughing, you idiotic milk-faced fools! How I hate you!"

The children tried their best to free the little dwarf, but they could not pull his beard out—it was caught so tight. "I'll run and get someone to help us," said Rose Red at last.

"Ninnies! Blockheads!" snarled the dwarf. "What are you going to call more people for? There are two too many for me as it is! Can't you think of anything better?"

"Now don't be impatient," said Snow White quietly, and pulling her scissors out of her pocket, she snipped off the end of his beard.

As soon as the little man found himself free, he grabbed a bag of gold that lay among the roots of the tree and lifted it to his shoulder. "Clumsy fools," he grumbled, "cutting off a piece of my fine beard! Bad luck to you both!" And away he went without another glance at the two girls.

Shortly afterward Snow White and Rose Red went out to catch some fish for their dinner. As they neared the pond they saw something that looked like a large grasshopper hopping about on the bank as if it were going to jump into the water. They ran up and saw it was the dwarf.

"Where are you going? Surely you don't want to jump into the water?"

"I'm not such a simpleton as that!" replied the dwarf. "But can't you see that that wretched fish is trying to drag me into it?"

"Oh, that's a shame," said Snow White sympathetically. "But how did you ever get into such trouble, little man?"

"That's none of your affair, you snooping impudent girl!" cried the dwarf. "Here I was, peacefully angling for a perch, when the wind tangled up my beautiful beard with that miserable fishing line. Just then I felt a nibble, but the fish was so big I couldn't pull him out. And now instead of my catching him, he's pulling me in, confound him!"

As he scolded away, the dwarf grasped at the reeds and rushes growing on the bank, but that did not help him. The fish was getting the better of the struggle and the dwarf would surely have been

drowned if the two girls had not happened along at that moment.

They threw down their fishing lines and ran to help him. Rose Red held him, while her sister tried to untangle his beard from the line. But all in vain. There was nothing left but to bring out the scissors once more. Snow White very carefully snipped off another piece of his beard.

When she had freed him, the ungrateful dwarf flew into a wild rage, exclaiming, "You goose, you donkey! How dare you spoil my face like that! Wasn't it enough to have cut my beard once? Did you need to lop off the most splendid part of it now? I'm so disfigured I don't dare show myself to my own people! You clumsy meddling louts—I wish you had run off the soles of your shoes before you came here!"

With that he picked up a sack of pearls which lay among the rushes, and without another word dragged it off and disappeared behind a stone.

Soon after this their mother sent her two daughters off to town to buy needles and thread, laces and ribbons. Their road led over a meadow strewn with huge rocks. As they walked along, the girls noticed a great bird hovering in the air, flying around and around, and gradually dropping lower and lower. At last the bird, an eagle, landed near a rock not far from them and pounced on something.

Directly afterward they heard a piercing shriek. Running up to the spot, the sisters saw to their great horror that the eagle had seized in its talons their old friend, the dwarf, and was carrying him off. The children, full of pity, caught hold of the little man, and tugging and pulling with all their might, forced the eagle at length to release his prey.

As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he cried shrilly, "You clumsy loutish creatures! Couldn't you have been more careful? Look at my clothes! My fine coat and elegant trousers —torn, ripped full of holes just because you are such meddling rubbish!" With these words he picked up a sack of precious stones and slipped away under a rock to his cave.

By this time Rose Red and Snow White were used to his ungratefulness, so they went on their errand in town.

On the way home again they crossed the meadow and surprised the dwarf who had emptied his bag of precious stones on the ground. The evening sun shone on them so that the gems sparkled and glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. The girls stood perfectly still gazing with wonder at the sight.

"You nincompoops! What are you gaping at?" cried the dwarf when he was aware of the girls. His pale face grew red with fury and he was about to continue his abuse when a loud growl was heard and a huge black bear trotted out of the forest.

The dwarf sprang up in fright trying to reach his secret lair. But the bear was already upon him. Then, in great dread and anguish he begged, "Bear, dear Sir Bear, spare me, please—and I'll give you all my treasures—these beautiful jewels lying here, and the sacks of gold and

pearls in my cave.

"Give me my life," he went on. "What would you want with a little fellow like me? You wouldn't even feel me between your teeth. Come, take these two worthless girls—they'd be nice juicy morsels for you, plump as quails. Eat them, not me!"

The bear paid no attention to these words, but gave the evil dwarf a tap with his huge paw, so that he never stirred again.

The girls had run off, but the bear called out to them, "Snow White and Rose Red, do not be afraid. Wait, I will come with you."

Then they knew his voice and they waited. As soon as the bear had reached them, his shaggy black hide fell off and there stood a handsome young man clad all in gold.

"I am a King's son," he said, "and was bewitched by that wicked dwarf who had stolen my treasures. I had to run about the forest as a bear until I was freed by his death."

Snow White was married to the Prince and Rose Red to his brother. Together they shared the immense treasure which the dwarf had stolen and hidden in his cave. Their mother lived peacefully and happily with her children for many years.

But the rose trees that had stood before the cottage were now planted before the palace and every year bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

Rapunzel

THERE once lived a man and his wife who had long wished for a child, but in vain. Now, these people had a small window in their cottage that looked out onto a beautiful garden full of luscious vegetables and gay flowers. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and nobody dared to enter it because it belonged to Mother Gothel, a dreadful witch whose power was so great that everyone feared her.

One day, when the witch's garden was at its very best, the wife stood at the window feasting her eyes on the tempting rows of vegetables that grew there. Her mouth watered as her eyes raced along the smooth, crisp, green rows. But when her glance fell upon a large bed of rampion (called *rapunzel* in that country) which is a sort of lettuce, a strange feeling came over the woman.

The rampion looked so fresh and enticing that she longed to eat some. She knew no one could have any of the witch's vegetables—but no matter how she tried, she could not forget the rampion in the witch's garden.

Her longing increased every day, and as she knew it could not be satisfied, she began to look pale and miserable and to pine away.

Then her husband grew alarmed and said, "Dear wife, what is troubling you?"

"Oh!" she said, "If I do not have some of that rampion that grows in the witch's garden, I feel I shall die!"

The husband, who loved his wife dearly said to himself: "Rather than let my wife die, I shall get some of this rampion for her no matter what the cost may be."

So, that evening at twilight, he climbed over the wall and into the garden of Mother Gothel. He hastily gathered a handful of the longed-for rampion and brought it to his ailing wife. She quickly made a salad of it and enjoyed it to her heart's content.

She relished it so much, in fact, that after two or three days had passed, she gave her husband no rest until he promised to get her more. So again in the evening twilight he climbed the wall, but as he slid down into the garden on the other side, he saw, to his horror, the witch standing before him.

He was terrified as with glaring eyes she cried, "How came you here? You have climbed over my wall like a thief and stolen my rampion. You shall pay dearly for this!"

"Oh," he answered, "please be merciful, I beg you. I have done this only out of the greatest need. My wife sees your rampion from our window and has such a longing for it that I fear she will die if her wish is not fulfilled."

Then the witch's anger cooled a little, and she replied: "If what you say is true, then you may have as much rampion as you like, on one condition—that you give me your first child. I will care for it like a mother and all will go well with it."

In his distress the husband promised everything the witch asked, for he thought he and his wife would never have a child.

About a year after this, however, a wonderful thing happened. The child the couple had so long hoped for was born. It was a lovely little girl. In their happiness and joy they forgot the promise to the witch.

But Mother Gothel had not forgotten, and soon after the baby was born she came to claim her. The couple pleaded, but the witch said that if they did not give her the baby, she would put a spell on the child. The poor parents did not want this to happen, so with great sorrow they gave her the baby. She called her Rapunzel after the very plant in her garden that had caused so much trouble.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, Mother Gothel shut her up in a tower that stood in a wood. This tower had no door or staircase, but only a little window quite high up in the wall.

When the witch wanted to enter the tower, she would stand at the foot of it and call out:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair."

For Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shone like spun gold. Whenever she heard the witch's voice, she would unbind her golden locks and let the long braids fall over the high window sill. They hung down to such a length that the witch could climb up them, as if they were a ladder, to the tower window.

Rapunzel lived in the lonely tower in

this way for several years. One day it happened that the king's son was riding through the wood. As he came near the tower, he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he stood still and listened as if spell-bound. It was Rapunzel in her loneliness trying to pass the time away by letting her sweet voice ring out into the wood.

The king's son, eager to catch a glimpse of the singer, looked for a door in the tower, but there was none. So he rode home, but Rapunzel's song had touched his heart so deeply that he came every day to the wood to listen to it.

Once as the young prince was standing there behind a tree, he saw the witch approach the tower, and heard her call:

"*Rapunzel, Rapunzel,*
Let down your hair."

Then he saw how Rapunzel let down her long tresses and how the witch climbed up by them and entered the tower. When he saw Rapunzel, he fell in love with her and determined she should be his bride.

So the following day, at dusk, the prince went to the foot of the tower and called:

"*Rapunzel, Rapunzel,*
Let down your hair."

Rapunzel, thinking it was the witch, leaned forward and let her golden braids down, and the prince quickly climbed up them. At first, Rapunzel was terrified at seeing a strange man come into her room through the window. But the young prince looked at her with such friendly eyes and talked with her so gently that Rapunzel soon began to lose her fear.

The prince told her that her singing had so touched him that he could not rest till he had seen her. On hearing this, Rapunzel forgot her fear and they talked together for some time. And when he asked if she would have him for her husband, she consented at once. "For," she thought, "he is young and gentle, and he'll certainly be kinder to me than old Mother Gothel."

So she put her hand in his and said, "I will gladly go with you and be your wife, but I do not know how to get out of this tower. Unless," she added after a pause, "you will bring me a skein of strong silk every day. I shall twist the skeins into a ladder, and when it is all finished I will climb down it and you can take me away on your horse. But come only in the evening," she added, "for the old witch always comes in the daytime."

The prince came every evening and brought some silk. The ladder Rapunzel was making grew longer and stronger and was very nearly finished.

The old witch, of course, knew nothing of what was going on until one day Rapunzel, not thinking of what she was about, turned to her and said, "How is it that you take so much longer to climb up than the prince? He can come up in a moment."

At that the witch screamed in fury, "Oh, you wicked child! What is this I hear? I thought I had hidden you safely

from all the world and yet you have deceived me."

In her rage she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, wound it around and around her left hand, snatched up a pair of shears, and *snip snap* the golden braids fell to the ground. And the witch was so hard-hearted that she dragged poor Rapunzel away into a wild deserted place and left her there to live in loneliness and misery.

But on the evening of the day in which she had driven poor Rapunzel away, the witch went back to the tower and fastened Rapunzel's braids on to a hook in the window. And when the prince came and called out:

"*Rapunzel, Rapunzel,*
Let down your hair."

she let down the braids, and the prince climbed up as usual. But instead of his beloved Rapunzel he found, to his dismay, the horrid witch looking at him with her evil glittering eyes.

"Aha!" cried she, mocking him, "You came to fetch your little bride! But the pretty bird is no longer in her nest. And she will sing no more, for the cat has seized her and will soon scratch your eyes out too. Rapunzel is lost to you forever—you will never see her again!"

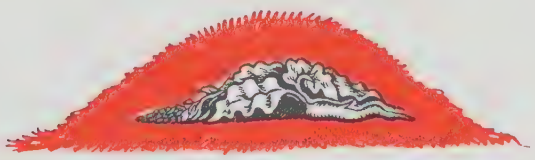
The prince was beside himself with grief as he heard this, and in his despair he leaped from the tower window falling among the thorns and brambles beneath. He escaped with his life, but the thorns pierced his eyes so cruelly that he could not see.

Now he wandered, blind and miserable, through the wood where he ate nothing but roots and berries, and could do nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his lovely bride.

So he wandered for a year, wretched and unhappy as could be, until at last he came upon the desert place where Rapunzel had been living. Suddenly he heard a voice which seemed strangely familiar to him. He hurried in the direction of the sad sweet sound, and when he was quite close Rapunzel recognized him and flew into his arms, weeping for joy.

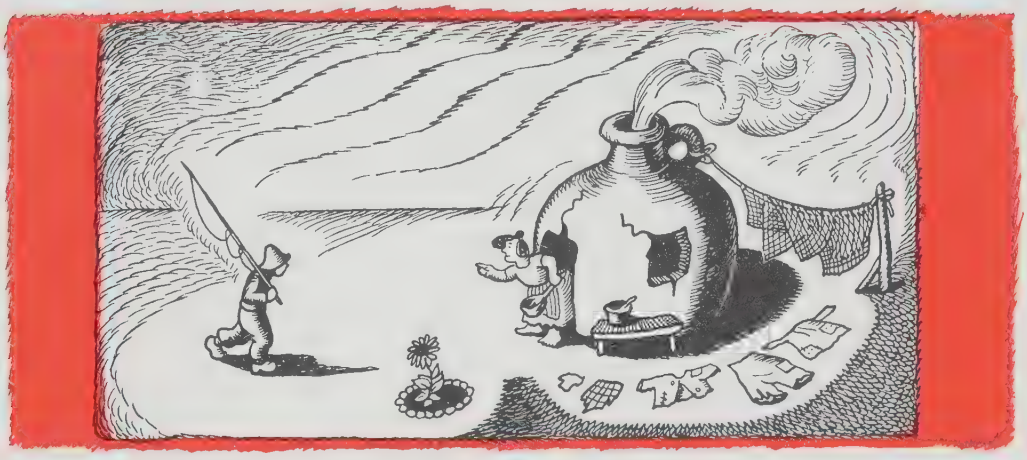
Two of her tears touched his sightless eyes, and in a moment he could see with them as well as he ever had.

Then the prince led Rapunzel to his kingdom where they were welcomed with great delight by the king and queen, and they lived happily ever after.



The Fisherman and His Wife

Retold and Illustrated by Wanda Gág



THERE was once a fisherman and his wife. They lived together in a vinegar jug close by the sea, and the fisherman went there every day and fished: and he fished and he fished.

So he sat there one day at his fishing and always looked into the clear water: and he sat and he sat.

Then down went the hook, deep down, and when he pulled it up, there he had a big golden fish. And the fish said to him, "Listen, fisher, I beg of you, let me live. I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted Prince. How would it help you if you killed me? I wouldn't taste good to you anyway—put me back into the water and let me swim."

"Nu," said the man, "you needn't make so many words about it. A fish that can talk—I would surely have let him swim anyway."

With that he put him back into the clear water, and the fish went down and left a long streak of blood after him. And the fisher got up and went home to his wife in the vinegar jug.

"Husband," said the wife, "haven't you caught anything today?"

"Nay," said the man. "I caught a golden fish who said he was an enchanted Prince, so I let him swim again."

"But didn't you wish yourself something?" asked the wife.

"Nay," said the man. "What could I have wished?"

"Ach!" said the wife. "Here we live in a vinegar jug that smells so sour and is so dark: you could have wished us a

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little hut. Go there now and tell him—tell him we want a little hut. He will do that, surely."

"Ach!" said the man. "Why should I go there?"

"Ei!" said the wife. "After all, you caught him and let him swim again, didn't you? He will do that surely; go right there."

The man still didn't want to go, but he did not want to go against his wife's wishes either, and so he went off to the sea. As he came there, the sea was all

green and yellow and not at all so clear any more. So he went and stood and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

Now the fish came swimming along and said, "Nu, what does she want then?"

"Ach!" said the man. "After all, I caught you and let you go. Now my wife says I should really have wished myself something. She doesn't want to live in the vinegar jug any more; she would dearly like to have a hut."

"Go there," said the fish. "She has that now."

So the man went home and his wife wasn't sitting in the vinegar jug any more, but there stood a little hut and she was sitting in front of it on a bench. She took his hand and said to him, "Just come in. See, now isn't that much better?"

So they went in, and in the hut was a little hall and a parlor; also a sleeping room in which stood their bed. And a kitchen and dining room, with the best of utensils laid out in the nicest way: pewter and brassware and all that belonged there. In back of the hut was a little yard with chickens and ducks, and a garden with vegetables and fruit.

"See," said the wife, "isn't that neat?"

"Yes," said the man, "and so let it be. Now we will live right contentedly."

"Nu, we'll think about that," said the wife.

With that they ate something and went to bed.

. . . . .

So that went on for about eight or fourteen days, when the wife said: "Listen, man, the hut is much too small, and

the yard and garden are so tiny. The fish might really have given us a bigger house. I want to live in a stone mansion. Go to the fish, he must give us a mansion."

"Ach, wife," said the man. "The hut is good enough—why should we want to live in a mansion?"

"Go there," said the wife. "The fish can easily do that much."

"Nay, wife," said the man, "the fish has already given us the hut. I don't want to go there again; it might displease the fish."

"Go!" said the wife. "He can do that right well and will do it gladly; you just go there."

The man's heart became heavy and he didn't want to go. He said to himself, "That is not right," but he went there anyway.

When he came to the sea, the water was all purple and gray and thick, and not green and yellow any more, but it was still quiet. So he went and stood and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.

"Ach!" said the man. "She wants to live in a big stone mansion."

"Go there then," said the fish, "she is standing in front of the door."

So the man left and thought he would go home, but when he reached it, there was a big stone mansion, and his wife was standing on the steps, just ready to go in. She took him by the hand and said, "Just come inside."

That he did, and in the mansion was a big hall with marble floors, and there were so many many servants, and they tore open the big doors. The walls were all bright, and covered with fine tapestries, and the rooms were full of golden chairs and tables. Crystal chandeliers hung from the ceilings, all the parlors and chambers were covered with carpets, and food and the best of wines stood on the tables so that they were ready to break.

In the back of the mansion was a big courtyard with horse and cow stables, and carriages of the very best. Also there was a marvelous big garden with the most beautiful flowers and fine fruit trees. And a park—at least a half a mile long—in it were stags and deer and rabbits and all that one could ever wish for oneself.

"See?" said the wife, "isn't that beautiful?"

"Oh yes," said the man, "and so let it be. Now we will live in the beautiful mansion and be well satisfied."

"Nu, we'll think that over and sleep on it," said the wife.

With that they went to bed.

. . . . .

The next morning the wife woke up first. It was just daybreak, and she saw from her bed the wonderful land lying before her. The man was still sleeping, so she nudged him in his side with her elbow and said, "Man, get up and just look out of the window. See? Couldn't

one become King over all that land? Go to the fish—we want to be King."

"Ach, wife!" said the man. "Why should we want to be King? I don't want to be King."

"Nu," said the wife, "if *you* don't want to be King, *I* want to be King. Go to the fish and tell him I want to be King."

"Ach, wife!" said the man, "that I don't want to tell the fish."

"Why not?" said the wife. "Go right straight there. I must be King!"

So the man went there and was right dismayed. "That is not right and is not right," he thought. He did not want to go but he went anyway. And as he came to the shore, there it was all blackish gray and the water foamed up from the bottom and it smelled all rotten. So he went and stood and said:

> Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
> Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
> Ilsebill my wilful wife
> Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.

"Ach!" said the man. "She wants to be King."

"Go there then—she is all that," said the fish.

So the man went, and when he came to the mansion it had become a big castle. It had a high tower with wonderful trimmings on it, and a sentry stood before the door, and there were so many many soldiers with drums and trumpets! And as he came into the castle, he found that everything was made of marble and gold, with velvet covers and big golden tassels. Then the doors of the hall opened. There was all the court, and his wife sat on a high throne of gold and diamonds. She had a crown of pure gold on her head, and a scepter of gold and jewels in her hand. On both sides of her stood six maidens in a row, each always one head smaller than the other.

So he went and stood there and said, "Oh wife, are you now King?"

"Yes," said the wife. "Now I am King."

So he stood there and looked at her, and when he had looked at her like that for a while, he said, "Ach wife, how nice it is that you are King! Now we have nothing more to wish for."

"Nay, man," said the wife and looked all restless. "There isn't enough to do. To me the time seems so long—I can't stand that any more. Go there to the fish. King I am, now I must also become Emperor."

"Ach wife!" said the man. "Why should you want to be Emperor?"

"Man," said she, "go to the fish. I want to be Emperor!"

"Ach wife!" said the man. "I don't want to tell that to the fish. He can't make an Emperor—that he cannot and cannot do."

"What!" said the wife. "I am King and you are my man. Will you go there right away? If he can make a King, he can make an Emperor. I want and want to be Emperor. Go there right now!"

So he had to go, but he became all scared. And as he went along like that, he thought to himself, "That doesn't and doesn't go right. Emperor is too much to ask for—the fish will get tired in the end."

With that he came to the sea. It was all black and thick, and began to ferment so that it made bubbles, and such a wild wind blew over it that the man was horrified. So he went and stood and said:

> Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
> Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
> Ilsebill my wilful wife
> Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.

"Ach fish!" said the man, "she wants to be Emperor."

"Go there then," said the fish. "She is all that."

So the man went, and when he came there, the whole castle was made of polished marble with alabaster statues and golden decorations. In front of the door soldiers were marching, and they blew their trumpets and beat their drums and kettle drums. In the castle, barons and earls and dukes were walking around as servants: they opened the doors for him

which were of pure gold. And when he came inside, there sat his wife on a throne which was made all of one piece of gold and was about two miles high. She wore a big golden crown which was three ells high and was set with brilliants and carbuncles. In one hand she held the scepter and in the other hand she had the imperial globe. On both sides of the throne stood the gentlemen-at-arms in two rows, one always smaller than the next: from the biggest giant who was two miles high, to the smallest dwarf who was only as big as my little finger. And in front of her stood so many many Princes and Kings!

So the man went and stood and said, "Wife, are you now Emperor?"

"Yes," said she, "I am Emperor."

So he stood there and looked at her right well, and after he had looked at her like that for a while, he said, "Ach wife, how nice it is now that you are Emperor."

"Man!" she said. "Why are you standing there like that? I am Emperor but now I want to become Pope. Go to the fish."

"Ach wife!" said the man. "What do you ask of me? You can't become Pope. There is only one Pope in Christendom; surely the fish can't make that."

"Man," said she, "I want to be Pope. Go right there. Even today I must become Pope."

"Nay, wife," said the man, "that I don't want to tell him; that won't go right, that is too much—the fish can't make you a Pope."

"Man, what chatter!" said the wife. "If he can make an Emperor, he can make a Pope as well. Get along. I am Emperor and you are my man—will you go there now?"

At that he was frightened and went there; but he felt all faint, and shook and quaked, and his knees and calves became flabby. And now such a big wind blew over the land, and the clouds flew so that it grew as dark as though it were evening. The leaves blew from the trees, the water splashed against the shore, and worked and churned as though it were boiling. And far away he saw the ships; they were in trouble, and tossed and leaped on the billows. The sky was still a little blue in the middle, but at the sides it was coming up right red as in a heavy storm.

So he went there in despair, and stood in terror and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.

"Ach," said the man, "she wants to be Pope."

"Go there then," said the fish. "She is that now."

. . . . .

So he went, and when he came home it was like a big church with palaces all around it. There he pushed his way through the crowd: inside everything was lit up with thousands and thousands of candles. His wife was dressed in pure

gold and sat on an even higher throne than before and now she wore three big golden crowns, and all around her there was so much pomp and grandeur! On both sides of her, there stood two rows of candles: from the tallest, as thick as a tower, down to the smallest kitchen candle. And all the Emperors and Kings were down before her on their knees.

"Wife," said the man, and looked at her right well, "are you now Pope?"

"Yes," said she, "I am Pope."

So he went and stood and looked at her, and it was just as though he looked at the sun. After he had looked at her for a while, he said, "Ach wife, how nice it is now that you are Pope."

But she sat there stiff as a tree and did not stir or move herself. Then he said, "Well, wife, now that you are Pope you will have to be satisfied. You can't become anything more."

"That I will think over," said the wife.

With that they went to bed, but the wife was not satisfied, and her greediness did not let her sleep. She was always wondering what else she could become.

The man slept right well and soundly —he had done much running that day— but the wife could not sleep and tossed herself from one side to the other all through the night and wondered what else she could become, but could think of nothing higher.

With that the sun began to rise, and as she saw the rosy dawn she leaned over one end of the bed and looked out of the window. And when she saw the sun coming up: "Ha!" she thought, "couldn't I, too, make the sun and moon go up?"

"Man," she said, and poked him in the ribs with her elbow, "wake up, and go there to the fish. I want to be like God."

The man was still half asleep but he was so alarmed by this, that he fell out of bed. He thought he had not heard a-right and rubbed his eyes and said, "Ach wife, what are you saying?"

"Man," said she, "if I can't make the sun and moon rise and have to sit here and see that the sun and moon are going up, I can't stand that, and I won't have a peaceful moment until I can make them go up myself."

Then she looked at him in such a horrible way that a shudder ran over him.

"Go right there," she said, "I want to be like God."

"Ach wife!" said the man, and fell before her on his knees. "That the fish can't do. Emperor and Pope he can make. I beg of you, be satisfied and stay Pope."

At that she became furious and her hair flew wildly about her head. She lifted up her tunic and gave him a kick with her foot and screamed, "I can't stand it and I can't stand it any longer! Will you go?"

So he pulled on his trousers and ran away as though he were mad. But outside there was a storm and it raged so that he could hardly stay on his feet. The houses and the trees blew over and the mountains quaked. The big rocks broke off and rolled into the sea, and the sky was pitch black, and it thundered and lightened, and the sea went up into big black waves as high as church towers and mountains, and they all had a white crown of foam on their tops. So he screamed out and could hardly hear his own voice:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee!
Fishye, Fishye in the sea!
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.

"Ach!" said the man. "She wants to make the sun and moon rise. She wants to be like God."

"Go home then," said the fish, "she's back in her vinegar jug again."

And there they are both sitting to this day.

The Golden Goose

THERE was once a man who had three sons. Johnny, the youngest, was always looked upon as the simpleton of the family, and had very little consideration or kindness shown him.

It happened one day that the eldest son was going out into the wood to cut fuel; and before he started, his mother gave him a slice of rich plum-cake and a flask of wine, so that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst.

Just as he reached the wood, he met a queer old man, dressed in gray, who wished him "Good day," and begged for a piece of the young man's cake and a drink of wine.

But the greedy youth replied: "If I were to give you cake and wine, I should not have enough left for myself; so be off with you, and leave me in peace."

Then he pushed the little man rudely on one side and went his way. He soon came to a likely-looking tree, and began to hew it down, but he made a false stroke, and instead of striking the tree he buried his axe in his own arm, and was obliged to hurry home as fast as he could to have the wound dressed.

And this was what came of offending the little gray man!

The following day the second son set out to the wood, and his mother treated him just as she had done her eldest son—gave him a slice of cake and a flask of wine, in case he should feel hungry. The little gray man met him at the entrance to the wood, and begged for a share of his food, but the young man answered:

"The more I give to you, the less I have for myself. Be off with you."

Then he left the little gray man standing in the road, and went on his way. But it was not long before he, too, was punished; for the first stroke he aimed at a tree glanced aside and wounded his leg, so that he was obliged to be carried home.

Then said Johnny, the youngest: "Father, let me go to the wood for once. *I* will bring you home plenty of fuel."

"Nonsense," answered the father. "Both your brothers have got into trouble, and I am not likely to trust you."

But Johnny would not give up the idea, and worried his father, till at last he said:

"Very well, my son, have your own way. You shall learn by experience that I know better than you."

There was no rich cake for the simpleton of the family. His mother just gave him a loaf of dough and a bottle of beer.

No sooner did he reach the wood than the little gray man appeared.

"Give me a piece of your cake and a drink of your wine?" said he.

But the young man told him he had only a dough loaf and a bottle of beer.

"Still," said he, "you are welcome to a share of the food, such as it is."

So the two sat down together; but when Johnny took his humble fare from his pocket, what was his surprise to find it changed into the most delicious cake and wine. Then the young man and his guest made a hearty meal, and when it was ended the little gray man said:

"Because you have such a kind heart, and have willingly shared your food with me, I am going to reward you. Yonder stands an old tree: hew it down, and deep in the roots you will find something."

The old man then nodded kindly, and disappeared in a moment.

Johnny at once did as he had been told, and as soon as the tree fell he saw, sitting in the midst of the roots, a goose with feathers of purest gold. He lifted it carefully out, and carried it with him to the inn, where he meant to spend the night.

Now, the landlord had three daughters, and no sooner did they see the goose than they wanted to know what curious kind of bird it might be, for never before had they seen a fowl of any kind with feathers of pure gold. The eldest made up her mind to wait for a good opportunity and then pluck a feather for herself. So as soon as Johnny went out of the room she put out her hand and seized the wing of the goose, but what was her horror to find that she could not unclasp her fingers again, not ever move her hand from the golden goose!

Very soon the second sister came creeping into the room, meaning also to steal a feather; but no sooner did she touch her sister than she, too, was unable to draw her hand away.

Lastly came the third, anxious to secure a feather before the goose's master returned.

"Go away! go away!" screamed her two sisters, but she could not understand why she should not help herself as well as the others.

So she paid no heed to their cries, but came toward them and stretched out her hand to the goose.

In doing so she touched her second sister, and then, alas! she too was held fast.

They pulled and tugged with might and main, but it was all of no use; they could not get away, and there they had to remain the whole night.

The next morning Johnny tucked the goose under his arm, and went on his way, never troubling himself about the three girls hanging on behind.

Then what a dance he led them: over hedges and ditches, highways and by-ways! Wherever he led they were bound to follow. Half way across a sunny meadow they met the parson, who was terribly shocked to see the three girls running after a young man.

"For shame!" he cried angrily, and seized the youngest by the hand to drag her away.

But no sooner did he touch her than the poor parson was made fast too, and had to run behind the girls, willing or not.

They had scarcely gone half a dozen paces before they met the sexton, who stared with astonishment to see his master running at the heels of the three girls.

"Hi! stop, your reverence," he cried. "You will be late for the christening."

He seized the parson's sleeve as he ran past him, but the poor sexton had to join the procession too.

So now there were five of them, and just as they turned a corner the parson saw two peasants, and called to them to set him and his sexton free.

They threw down their spades at once and tried to do so, but they too stuck fast, and so Johnny had a fine string of seven folk hanging on to his golden goose.

On and on they ran, until at length they came to the castle of a great King.

This King had an only daughter, who all her life had been so sad that no one had ever been able to make her laugh. So the King made a decree that the man who could bring a smile to his daughter's face should have her for his bride.

When Johnny heard what the King had promised, he at once made his way into the Princess's presence, and when she saw the goose, with the seven queer-looking companions hanging on behind, she burst into such a hearty fit of laughter that it was thought she would never be able to stop again.

Of course, Johnny claimed her as his bride, but the King did not fancy him for a son-in-law, so he made many excuses.

"You shall have her," said he, "if you can first bring me a man who can drink up a whole cellarful of wine."

Johnny at once remembered the little gray man, and, feeling sure that he would help him, he set out for the wood where he had first met him.

When he reached the stump of the old tree which he had himself hewn down, he noticed a man sitting beside it, with a face as gloomy as a rainy day.

Johnny asked politely what ailed him,

and the man answered:

"I suffer from a thirst I cannot quench. Cold water disagrees with me, and though I have, it is true, emptied a barrel of wine, it was no more to me than a single drop of water upon a hot stone."

You can think how pleased Johnny was to hear these words. He took the man to the King's cellar, where he seated himself before the huge barrels, and drank and drank till, at the end of the day, not a drop of wine was left.

Then Johnny claimed his bride, but the King could not make up his mind to give his daughter to a mere "ne'er-do-well."

So he made fresh excuses, and said that he would not give her up until the young man had found some one who could eat up a mountain of bread in a single day.

So the young man had no choice but to set out once more for the wood.

And again he found a man sitting beside the stump of the tree. He was very sad and hungry-looking, and sat tightening the belt round his waist.

"I have eaten a whole ovenful of bread,"

he said sadly, "but when one is as hungry as I am, such a meal only serves to make one more hungry still. I am so empty that if I did not tighten my belt I should die of hunger."

"You are the man for me!" said Johnny. "Follow me, and I will give you a meal that will satisfy even your hunger."

He led the man into the courtyard of the King's palace, where all the meal in the kingdom had been collected together and mixed in a huge mountain of bread.

The man from the wood placed himself in front of it and began to eat, and before the day was over the mountain of bread had vanished.

A third time Johnny demanded his bride, but again the King objected.

"First bring me a ship that can sail both on land and sea, and then you shall wed the Princess," he said.

Johnny went straightway to the wood, where he met the little gray man with whom he had once shared his food.

"Good day," he said, nodding his wise little head. "So you've come to visit me again, eh? It was I, you know, who drank the wine and ate the bread for you, and now I will finish by giving you the wonderful ship which is to sail on either land or sea. All this I do for you because you were kind and good to me."

Then he gave him the ship, and when the King saw it he could find no excuse.

So he gave the young man his daughter, and the pair were married that very day.

When the old King died, Johnny became King in his stead, and he and his wife lived happily ever after.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

It was the middle of winter and snowflakes were falling like feathers from the sky. In a far-off land the Queen sat at a window of her palace sewing on a fine piece of linen in a black ebony embroidery frame. As she made her dainty stitches she gazed from time to time out at the flying white snow. Suddenly she pricked her finger with her needle and three drops of blood fell on the snow below.

The red color looked so pretty on the white snow that the Queen thought to herself, "If I could only have a daughter with skin as white as that snow, with lips as red as that blood, and hair as black as this ebony frame!"

Shortly after that a little Princess was born to her, with skin indeed as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony. The child was called "Snow White." But when the Princess was born, the Queen died.

After a year had gone by, the King married a second wife. The new wife was very beautiful, but so haughty and vain that she could not bear to have anyone match her beauty.

She had a wonderful magic mirror into which she looked every day, and as she stood before it she would ask:

"*Mirror, mirror on the wall,*
Who is the fairest one of all?"

And each day the mirror answered:
"*Queen, you are fairest of them all.*"

With this the new Queen was well content, for she knew her mirror always told the truth.

As the years passed, Snow White grew up and became more and more beautiful, so that at last she was as beautiful as the day, and far surpassed her step-mother, the Queen. Then there came a time when the Queen asked:

"*Mirror, mirror on the wall,*
Who is the fairest one of all?"

And this time the mirror answered:

"*Queen, though you are fair, 'tis true,*
Snow White is fairer far than you."

This gave the Queen a great shock and she turned green with envy. From that moment, her heart turned against Snow White and she hated the lovely child for her beauty. Day by day her envy and pride grew in her heart like evil weeds so that the Queen knew no peace day or night. At last she sent for a huntsman, and to him she said, "Take the child away into the woods so that I need no longer see her. You must put her to death, and bring me her heart. Than I shall know you have obeyed me."

The huntsman did as he was told and took Snow White away into the woods.

But when the girl understood that he meant to kill her, she began to weep piteously. "Please, dear huntsman," she wept, "have mercy and spare my life! I'll run far into the wildwood, and I'll never come home again."

And as she was so lovely the huntsman had pity on her and spared her, saying, "Run away then, you poor child."

He thought the wild animals of the wood might soon destroy her; yet it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart, since he no longer felt he had to carry out the Queen's dreadful command.

Just then a wild boar ran out of the deep woods, and the huntsman killed it and brought back its heart to the wicked Queen, letting her think it was Snow White's. The Queen had it cooked and ate it with great relish.

But now, little Snow White was all alone in the great wildwood. She was terrified even of the rustling leaves above her on the trees. She started at every bush, and she didn't know what to do. Then she began to run. She ran over sharp stones and through thorny briars. Wild beasts ran past her, but none harmed her. She ran all day as long as her feet would carry her, until it was almost evening.

At last, just as the sun was setting, she came to a little cottage. The door was open but there was no one at home; so she thought she would go inside and rest.

Everything in the cottage was small and as neat and clean as could be. At one end of the room stood a table covered

with a white cloth and set with seven small plates. By every plate was a spoon, knife, fork, and cup. Seven little chairs were placed along the table, each in its place. On the other side of the room, ranged against the walls, were seven little beds covered with pure white quilts.

Snow White was so hungry and thirsty that she ate some fruit and bread from each plate and drank a sip of milk from each cup, for she did not want to eat up the whole of one portion alone.

Then, as she was so very tired from all her running, she lay down on one of the beds to take a nap. But it was too short for her. She tried another, but that one was too hard. She tried them all, but only the last one, the seventh bed, was just right. So she lay down on that one and soon fell fast asleep.

When it was quite dark, after sunset, the owners of the little cottage came home. They were seven dwarfs who dug all day in the mountains for gold and precious gems. They lit their seven candles and could see that someone had been there, for things were not the same as they had been left in the morning.

The first dwarf said, "Who's been sitting on my chair?"

The second said, "Who's been eating from my plate?"

The third said, "Who's been nibbling at my bread?"

The fourth said, "Who's been eating my fruit?"

The fifth said, "Who's been using my fork?"

The sixth said, "Who's been cutting with my knife?"

The seventh said, "Who's been drinking from my cup?"

Then the first one, looking around, saw that there was a hollow in his bed and cried, "Someone's been lying on my bed!"

And the others came running, and each

called out, "And mine, and mine!"

But when the seventh dwarf looked at *his* bed, he saw little Snow White lying there asleep. He called his comrades who came running up to the bed. They crowded around wondering and murmuring in astonishment, as their seven little candles shone on the beautiful child.

"Oh, oh," they whispered as they gazed at her. "How lovely she is!" So happy were they with their new guest, that they would not awaken her, but let her sleep in the bed all night. As for the seventh dwarf, he slept with the others, one hour with each in turn, until the night had ended.

When morning came, Snow White awoke. She was frightened when she saw the seven dwarfs tiptoeing around the room. But she soon saw they were friendly little people, so she smiled back at them, looking lovelier than ever.

"What is your name, little girl?" they asked.

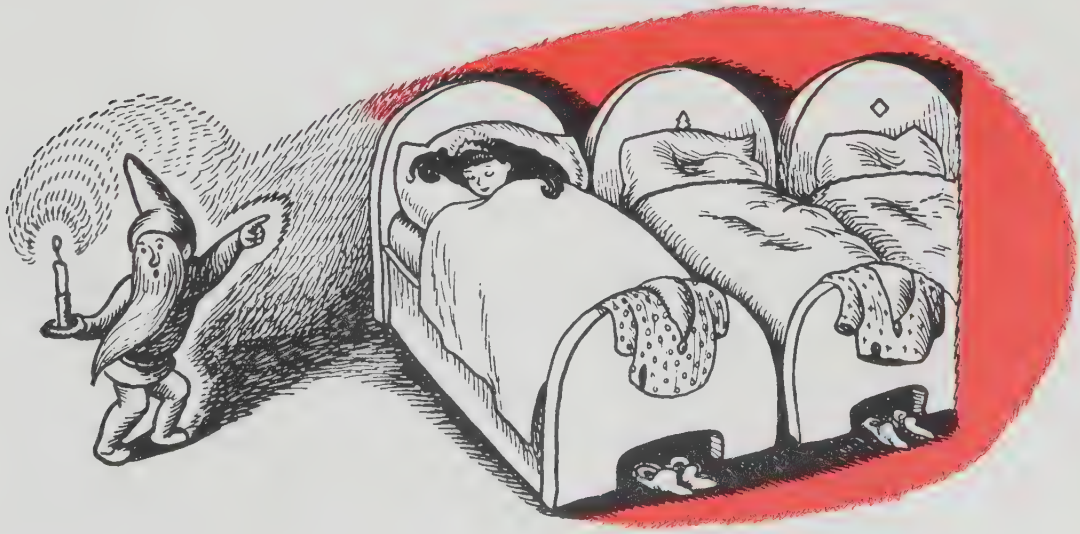
"I'm called Snow White," she answered.

"How did you find your way to our cottage?" asked the dwarfs.

Then she told them how her stepmother had wished to be rid of her, how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run through the forest all day till she had found their cottage.

The seven dwarfs listened and nodded gravely as they stroked their beards. Then the dwarfs said, "Do you think you would like to be our little housekeeper—to cook, make the beds, knit and sew for us, and wash our clothes? If you will keep everything neat and tidy, you can stay with us, and shall want for nothing."

"Oh, yes, with all my heart," answered Snow White. And she stayed with them and kept the cottage in order for the kind little men. Every morning the seven little dwarfs trudged off to the mountains to dig for gold, and every evening, when they returned to their cottage, they found



their supper all ready and the table set for them.

But every morning before they left, they would warn Snow White about the Queen, saying, "Beware of her. We do not trust her. She will soon find out you are here. So be careful and don't let anyone into the house."

But the Queen, thinking she had eaten Snow White's heart, supposed that she was once again the most beautiful woman in the land. And just to make sure, she went to her mirror, stood before it, and asked:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

And the mirror answered:

"Queen, though your beauty is most rare,
Snow White is lovelier and more fair.
She dwells in a cottage near the glen
With seven little bearded men."

When she heard this, the Queen turned green with rage, for she realized the huntsman had deceived her. She tried and tried to think of a plan to put an end to Snow White's life, for as long as she was not the fairest in the land, her envy gave her no rest.

At last she hit upon a plan. She painted wrinkles on her face and dressed in the clothes of a peddler woman so that no one would recognize her. In this disguise, with a basketful of ribbons and laces over her arm, she crossed the seven hills to the cottage of the seven dwarfs.

Knocking at the door, she called, "Fine wares for sale! Fine wares for sale."

Snow White peeped out the window and said, "Good day, good woman, what have you to sell?"

"Fine wares, fine wares," she answered. "Laces of all colors, gay as the rainbow, to lace up your bodice." And she held up a loop of gaily colored ribbons.

Snow White thought, "This seems to be a nice old woman. Surely I needn't be afraid of letting her in. The dwarfs were only afraid of the wicked Queen." So she opened the door and bought a pretty new lace to string into her bodice.

"Child," said the old woman, "what a sight you are with that shapeless bodice! Come, let me lace it properly for you."

Snow White, suspecting nothing, stood up before her and let the peddler woman lace her with the gay new lace. But the old woman laced so quickly and tightly that in a moment Snow White had lost her breath and sank down as if dead.

"Now," cried the wicked Queen, "you are no longer the fairest!" and she hurried away.

By good luck it was nearly sunset-time and the seven little dwarfs came home soon from their work. They were terrified when they saw their dear Snow

White lying on the ground, not moving, almost not breathing. They lifted her up and when they saw how tightly the lace was pulled, they cut it in two. Then Snow White began to breathe again and little by little the color came back into her cheeks and she opened her eyes.

When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "Snow White, that old peddler woman was no one but your wicked stepmother, the Queen. You must be careful not to let *anyone* in when we're not here."

By this time the Queen had reached home and now she went to her mirror and asked:

"*Mirror, mirror on the wall,*
Who's the fairest one of all?"

And the mirror answered as before:

"*Queen, though your beauty is most rare,*
Snow White is lovelier and more fair.
She dwells in a cottage near the glen
With seven little bearded men."

When she heard that, the Queen was furious. All the blood left her face, for she knew then Snow White was alive.

"Now," she said, "I must plan something that will *really* be the end of her."

By means of witchcraft, in which this wicked creature was skilled, she fashioned a beautiful jeweled comb—but a poisonous one. Then, dressing herself up to look like another and different sort of old woman, she again crossed the seven hills to the cottage of the seven dwarfs.

Knocking at the door, she called, "Fine wares for sale! Fine wares for sale!" Snow White peeped out the window but this time she said, "Go on your way, good woman. I must not let anyone in."

"At least you are not forbidden to look," answered the old woman, as she held out the gleaming poisonous comb. Snow White was so taken with it that she forgot all about the dwarfs' warning and opened the door. The old woman stepped quickly inside and in a falsely sweet voice said, "Let me show you how to wear it in your lovely hair."

Poor Snow White, suspecting no harm, bent her head trustingly toward the old woman. But no sooner did the comb touch her head, than the poison began to work, and Snow White fell senseless to the floor.

"Now, you paragon of beauty," said the wicked Queen, "this is the end of you!" And she hurried away just as the sun was sinking.

By great good luck the dwarfs came trudging home from work a few minutes later. When they saw Snow White lying on the floor as if dead, they knew at once that this was the Queen's doing. They looked about and found the poisoned comb, and no sooner had they drawn it out of Snow White's hair than she came to herself. She opened her eyes and sat

up and then told the dwarfs what had happened.

The dwarfs shook their heads and looked very thoughtful and sad. "You see, dear Snow White, it was the wicked Queen again—not an old woman. Never let anyone—anyone at all—into the house while we are away!" And Snow White promised.

By this time the Queen had reached home and now she went to her mirror and asked:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

And the mirror answered as before:

"Queen, though your beauty is most rare,
Snow White is lovelier and more fair.
She dwells in a cottage near the glen
With seven little bearded men."

When she heard this, the Queen trembled and shook with anger. "Snow White must die," she cried. "*I* will be the fairest in this land!"

And then she went to a secret room where no one else ever came. There, by her wicked magic, she made a poisonous apple—one which was so beautiful, with one side of it white, and the other rosy red, that whoever saw it longed to taste it. But the rosy part was full of poison, and whoever ate even a bit of it must die.

When the apple was ready, the Queen painted a kind expression on her face and dressed herself as a peasant woman. Then she went across the seven hills to where the seven dwarfs lived.

And when she knocked at the door, Snow White peeped out of the window and said, "I am not allowed to let anyone in, and the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to buy anything either."

"Very well," answered the woman. "I can easily sell my apples elsewhere. But let me *give* you a nice rosy one."

"No," replied Snow White. "I am not allowed to take anything."

"Are you afraid of poison?" asked the woman. "See, I will cut the apple in two pieces, and I'll eat half to show you how harmless it is. You may have the rosy part, and I'll eat the white part."

The luscious-looking fruit was so tempting that Snow White felt her mouth water and when the woman took a juicy bite out of the white half of the apple, she could no longer resist. She stretched out her hand for the poisoned rosy half of the apple and bit into it. But no sooner had she taken a morsel of it into her mouth, than she fainted on the floor.

Then the Queen, with a look of hatred, gave a shrill laugh and cried, "White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony! This time the dwarfs will not be able to wake you again!"

And when she reached home she asked:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

And the mirror answered at last:

"Queen, you are the fairest of them all."

Then her jealous heart at last had peace; that is, as far as a jealous hateful heart can have peace.

FINE POISON
APPLE PULP

It was almost sunset when the wicked Queen had left Snow White. Soon the seven little dwarfs came home from their digging. There they found poor Snow White lying on the floor, and not a breath came from her lips. They lifted her to her bed and looked to see whether any poison was to be found. They unlaced her bodice and combed her hair, and washed her face with water and wine, but it was of no use. Their dear Snow White never moved or opened her eyes.

Sadly they shook their heads and all seven began to weep. They wept for three whole days, and when at last they stopped weeping they prepared to bury Snow White. But she looked so fresh and alive with her rosy lips and cheeks that they said, "We cannot hide her away in the dark earth—we must watch her and keep her from harm."

So for Snow White to lie in they made a clear crystal casket which could be looked into from all sides. They laid her in it and wrote her name "SNOW WHITE —A PRINCESS" in golden letters on the lid.

Then the seven dwarfs carried the casket to one of the seven mountaintops among the trees and flowers. There they took turns watching over the casket so that Snow White would never be alone. The birds came, too, to watch and mourn over the lovely Princess—first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove.

Now Snow White lay for a long time in her crystal casket, never changing but looking as if she were in a deep sleep, her face beautiful as ever. She was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

It happened one day that a Prince was wandering in the woods. He had lost his way and came upon the crystal casket on the mountain top. He read what was written in the letters of gold, and when he saw Snow White through the glass of the casket, he was entranced. The Prince went to the dwarfs and begged them to give him the casket, saying, "I will give you as much gold as you may ask."

But the dwarfs shook their heads and said, "We will not give it up for all the treasure in the world."

The Prince was sorrowful and tears welled up into his eyes. Then he said, "If you won't give me the casket for gold, then I beg you to give it to me out of the goodness of your hearts, for I cannot live without looking upon the lovely Snow White. Give her to me and I promise to guard her as my dearest treasure."

When they heard this, the good little dwarfs had pity on the Prince and gave him the casket.

The Prince called his servants to pick it up and carry it off on their shoulders. Now it happened that as they were traveling through the woods, one of the servants stumbled over a tree-stump. This joggled the casket and with the jolt the piece of poisoned apple flew out of Snow White's throat.

It was not more than a moment before she opened her eyes, raised the lid of the casket, and sat up, alive and well. She looked about her in wonder.

The Prince, filled with joy, rushed up to the casket and lifted her out. He told her all that had happened and then said, "I love you more than anything in the world. Come with me to my father's castle and you shall be my bride."

Snow White consented happily, and their wedding feast was prepared with great gaiety and splendor.

Now Snow White's step-mother, the wicked Queen, was invited to the feast along with many other guests. But the Queen did not know who was to be the Prince's bride. As she stood in front of her mirror, dressed in her finest, she asked:

"*Mirror, mirror, on the wall,*
Who is the fairest of us all?"

The mirror answered:

"*Queen, you are fair, but the Prince's bride*
Is the fairest of all in the countryside."

Then the wicked woman screamed and

was so furious she did not know what to do, for now she knew it was Snow White's wedding to which she had been invited. Yet she could not stay away. She had to go and see the bride. And when she went to the castle and saw Snow White, she stood rooted to the ground with anger and fear.

It would have been better for her if she had stayed away, for soon red-hot iron slippers were prepared for her and she was forced to dance in them till she fell dead.

As for Snow White and her Prince, they reigned happily for many years. And sometimes they went up into the mountains to visit the seven little dwarfs who had been so kind to Snow White.

The Musicians of Bremen

THERE was once a Donkey who had long been a faithful servant to his master. For many years he had carried sacks of grain to the mill. But now at last he was growing old and feeble and could no longer work so hard.

His master thought of getting rid of the old Donkey to save having to pay for his food. But the Donkey found out about this and decided to run away.

He took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing. "I can be as musical as they are," he thought.

He had not traveled far when he saw a Dog lying on the ground and gasping for breath, as if he were tired of running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the Donkey.

"Ah," he replied, "now that I am old and getting weaker and weaker every day, I can no more go to the hunt, and my master has ordered me killed. So I have run away; but how I am to earn my living, I don't know."

"Will you go with me?" suggested the Donkey. "I am going to try my fortune and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the lute, and you can beat the kettle-drum."

The Dog was quite contented, and they both walked on together.

Not long after they saw a Cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, whatever has come across you, old whiskers?" asked the Donkey.

"How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the Cat. "Now I am getting old and my teeth have become stumps, I cannot catch mice; and I like to lie behind the stove and purr; but when I found they were going to drown me and my wife, I ran away as fast as I could. And now what am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the Donkey. "You are accustomed to perform night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the Cat. So he walked on with them.

After traveling some little distance the

three fugitives came to a farmyard, and on the gate stood a Rooster screaming with all his might.

"Why are you screaming so?" asked the Donkey.

"That is the way I prophesy fine weather," replied the Rooster. "But the housewife has no pity, for I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Sunday, and she will want me to put in the soup. So this evening my head will be cut off; therefore I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the Donkey. "Would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup. You have a fine voice, and we are all musical by nature."

The Rooster readily fell in with this proposal, and all four went away together.

They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and evening came just as they entered a wood; so they decided to stay all night.

The Donkey and the Dog lay under a large tree, but the Cat made himself comfortable on the branches. The Rooster flew to the top of the tree, where he felt himself quite safe.

Before they slept, the Rooster, who from his high position could see to all points of the compass, discovered in the distance a tiny spark burning. Calling to his comrades, he told them they were not far from a house in which a light was shining.

"Then," said the Donkey, "we must get up and go on to this light, which may be a refuge for us." And the Dog said he should be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones, if he could get nothing else.

So they were very soon on their way to the place where the light shone, and it grew larger and brighter as they approached, till they saw that it came from the window of a robber's cave. The Donkey, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

"What is to be seen, old gray Donkey?" said the Rooster.

"Why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves," replied the Donkey.

"That ought to be our supper," said the Rooster.

"Yes," the Donkey replied; "if we were only inside."

Then the animals consulted together as to what they had better do to drive the robbers away. At last they fixed upon a plan.

The Donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his forefeet on the window-sill, and the Dog to stand on his back. The Cat was then to climb on the Dog, and above them all the Rooster promised to perch on the Cat's head.

As soon as this was done, they all began to perform their music together. The Donkey brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Rooster crowed with such a tremendous force through the window into the room that the window rattled.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible

HARRISON CADY

outcry above them, thought it could be caused only by supernatural beings, and fled in terror to the wood behind the house. Then our four companions rushed in, placed themselves around the table, and took whatever was before them, which the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had finished they put out the light, and each found a sleeping-place most suitable to his nature and habits. The Donkey lay at full length in the yard, the Dog crouched behind the door, the Cat rolled up on the hearth among the warm ashes, while the Rooster perched on the beam in the roof. They were all so tired with their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

About midnight, one of the robbers, from a distance, seeing that the light was out and all quiet, said, "I don't think there has been anything to be afraid of, after all."

Then he called one of their number and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

The messenger, finding everything still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the glaring, fiery eyes of the Cat looking like a live coal, held a match toward them that he might set fire to it. But Puss, not understanding such a joke, flew up, spat at him, and scratched his face. This frightened him so terribly that he rushed to the door; but the Dog, who lay there, sprang out upon him and bit him in the leg as he went by, causing him to yell with pain.

In the court he ran against the Donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot, while the Rooster on the beam, aroused by the noise, became alive and brisk in a moment, and cried out as loudly as he could: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back as fast as he could.

"There is a horrible witch in that house!" he cried. "She flew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers. Then by the door stood a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg. And out in the court lay a black monster who struck me a violent blow with his wooden club. And up in the roof sat the judge, who cried 'Bring the knave up, do!' At that I ran off as fast as possible."

From the moment they heard this the robbers never again entered the house, but escaped as quickly as they could. And the four musicians found themselves in such good quarters that they would not leave, and the last heard of them was that they intended to remain there and live happily together forever after.

The Sweet Porridge

Retold by Bella Koral

THERE was once a little girl who lived with her mother in a small cottage at the edge of a village. Though the mother worked as hard as she could for long hours every day, they were so poor that often they did not have enough to eat.

One day, when there was nothing left in the house for supper, the little girl went out into the woods hoping to find berries or nuts which they could eat.

In the woods she met a strange little old woman. The old woman saw that the little girl's face was sad. "You seem troubled, child. What is the matter?"

"I am looking for food for my mother and myself, for we have none at home," replied the little girl.

The old woman pulled a small iron pot from under her cloak. "Take this pot," she said. "It is magic. Just say to it, 'Cook, little pot, cook,' and it will cook you nice sweet porridge. And when you say, 'Stop, little pot, stop,' it will stop cooking until you want it to cook again."

The little girl thanked the old woman, took the pot, and ran home to her mother.

The magic pot worked just as the old woman had said it would. No longer did the little girl and her mother ever go hungry, for whenever they wanted food, the girl had only to say, "Cook, little pot, cook," and they would have a steaming pot of sweet porridge, enough to fill their two bowls. Then the little girl would say, "Stop, little pot, stop," and the pot would stop, and they would sit down to eat.

One day, when the little girl was away visiting friends at the far end of the village, some neighbors stopped in to call on her mother. The mother was eager to show them how the wonderful gift worked, so she said, "Cook, little pot."

The magic pot began to bubble and steam, and before the astonished eyes of

Illustration by Wanda Gág, for *The Sweet Porridge* from MORE TALES FROM GRIMM by Wanda Gág. Copyright, 1947, by the Estate of Wanda Gág.

the neighbors, a sweet porridge filled the pot. The mother set the table with bowls and spoons for the neighbors, and by this time the little pot was nearly filled.

But now the trouble began. The mother could not remember the right word to stop the pot from boiling over!

"That's enough, little pot," she said. "Cool off, little pot," she ordered. "No more, please, little pot!" she cried, but the little pot kept right on cooking and cooking and cooking more porridge.

The porridge bubbled over the pot and down over the stove. It ran over the floor and streamed across the shoes of the neighbors. Soon it was flowing like a river, out the cottage door and down the village street.

Standing on a chair, the mother kept wringing her hands and shouting at the pot, but since she couldn't think of the right words, the pot kept cooking and cooking and the river of sweet porridge kept flowing through the village street, pouring into houses and cottages all along the way. And nobody could stop it!

The villagers ran from their houses and finally the stream of porridge reached the last house in the village, where the little girl was visiting.

Hearing the shouts and cries of the villagers, she ran to the door and learned what had happened. Someone got a boat and rowed the little girl through the river of porridge, to her own house.

As soon as she came near her house, she

Illustration by Wanda Gág, for *The Sweet Porridge* from MORE TALES FROM GRIMM by Wanda Gág. Copyright, 1947, by the Estate of Wanda Gág.

began calling, "Stop, little pot, stop!" Soon the stream of porridge began to stop flowing, and she knew the pot had stopped cooking.

So the village was saved from drowning in porridge. But to get back to their homes the villagers had to eat their way through that river of sweet porridge. You may be sure that from then on the mother never started anything unless she was quite sure she knew how to stop it.

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Rumpelstiltskin

ONCE upon a time, in a kingdom far away from here, there lived a miller who was very proud, and a King who was exceedingly fond of money.

The miller had a lovely daughter, and he could not say enough about her beauty and cleverness. He used to tell all the men who brought their wheat to his mill, to be ground into flour, of the wonderful things this daughter could do "to perfection."

One day, in a fit of boasting, the miller told the servant who had brought flour from the King's household, that he had a daughter who could actually turn straw into pure gold by spinning it.

The messenger was astonished, and could hardly wait to get back to the palace and see the King. He knew how mad the King was about money, and wanted to be the first to tell him of the miller's extraordinary daughter, who could make him vastly rich so easily.

The King was tremendously excited by the story, just as his servant had hoped. He sent at once for the miller.

"My man," the King said, "I hear you have a daughter who can spin straw into gold. That's a fine story, but you can hardly expect me to believe it without seeing it. Have your daughter come here this evening."

So the miller went home and told his daughter that the King wanted to see her. He dared not tell her why. Naturally, the girl was pleased and flattered. She put on her best dress and braided her hair very carefully. Then she went to the palace.

"So you're the miller's daughter," said the King. "Now we'll see whether you can really spin straw into gold."

The girl thought the King must be crazy. She felt even surer of it when he took her into a great room full of straw with a spinning wheel in one corner.

A spinning wheel, you know, is an old-fashioned machine for making flax and cotton into yarn and thread.

"If you don't spin all this straw into gold before the night is over, you will die," the King said, and closed the door.

The poor little miller's daughter sat down in front of the spinning wheel and cried and cried. She didn't know how to spin straw into gold any more than you or I do, and she didn't want to die a bit.

"Well, well, what's all this crying for?" said a tiny voice at her ear.

So many queer things had happened that night that it did not seem at all strange to have a man appear out of nowhere. He was not exactly a man, though. He was just a tiny little Dwarf. And the miller's daughter told him all her troubles.

"Why, that's nothing," the little man said; "I can spin that straw into gold myself. But I won't do it for nothing. What will you give me for doing it?"

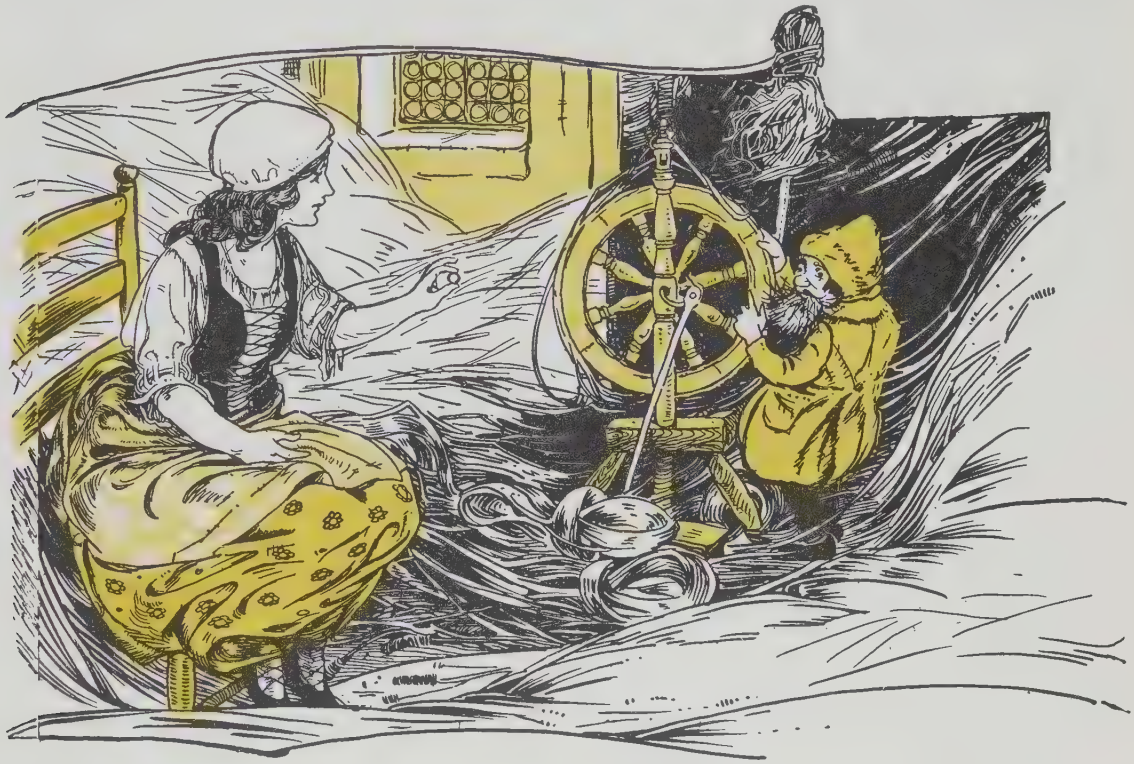
The girl had a necklace she was very

proud of. She hated to part with it, but she gave it to the little man. He sat promptly down at the spinning wheel, and in a jiffy the golden straws were flying through his hands, and turning into threads of pure gold. Long before daybreak the room was full of gold.

Early in the morning the King came. He could hardly wait to learn whether the girl had done her difficult task. When he saw the room heaped with gold he fairly danced with joy, although that was not very dignified for a King. Having one room full of gold only made him want another. So he took the miller's daughter to a larger room, where there was even more straw. Once more he told her that if she wanted to live she must turn the straw to gold.

The little Dwarf helped her out again. Now she had to pay him with her ring.

In the morning, when the King saw all the gold, he was still not satisfied. He was getting rich so easily that he hated to stop. So he had the miller's daughter led to the largest room in the palace, and had it filled with straw for her to spin into gold.



This time, however, he told the girl that if she succeeded for the third time in her task she should become his wife. "She's only the poor miller's daughter," he said to himself, "but how rich she is."

The girl was not surprised to see the Dwarf come in. He was quite disagree-

able, though, when she said she had nothing to give him now for spinning the gold.

"What!" he said, "have you no reward for me? Then you must promise me your first child after you become Queen."

There seemed nothing to do but to promise the little fellow what he asked. "Lots of things may happen before the promise is fulfilled," she thought.

So the straw was spun into gold, and the King was greatly pleased. Soon after this the girl became his Queen.

A year passed, and the whole kingdom was celebrating the birth of a son to the King and Queen. The Queen was so happy about her child that she quite forgot the promise she had made to the manikin. But *he* had not forgotten.

"Give me that child," said he one day, appearing, as was his habit, out of nowhere. The Queen was frightened, yet refused to give up her child. She offered him anything else he would name, but the child he could never have.

"The child," he answered, "is the only thing I want." Yet he was sorry for the Queen.

"Well," he said finally, "I'll let you have the child for three days. If you can tell me my name before the end of that time, you can keep your little one."

The Queen sent messengers to search the country and bring her all the unusual names they could discover.

After one day the manikin came back to find out whether his name had been discovered.

"Is your name Kasper, or Melchior, or Belshazzar?" the Queen asked.

"Oh, no!" the little fellow said to each name she suggested.

The second day the Queen tried him with some names she had made up herself. "Perhaps they call you Sheepshanks, or Cruickshanks, or Spindleshanks?" she suggested eagerly.

But each time the manikin shook his head haughtily and answered, "No!"

The poor Queen was nearly crazy with worry on the third day, and the messengers could find no more queer names. One of them, however, told this story:

"I was drawing to the top of a high hill, and the road where I was riding went through a thick wood. Not a new name had I learned all day. But suddenly I came upon a hut, and before it was a big fire. A little man was hopping madly about the fire, and singing at the top of his voice:

" 'Now a feast I must prepare
Of the finest royal fare.
Soon the Queen must give her son
To me, for I'm the lucky one.
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name,
She'll never guess—the silly dame.' "

The Queen was so delighted she did not even mind being called silly. Soon the manikin came in.

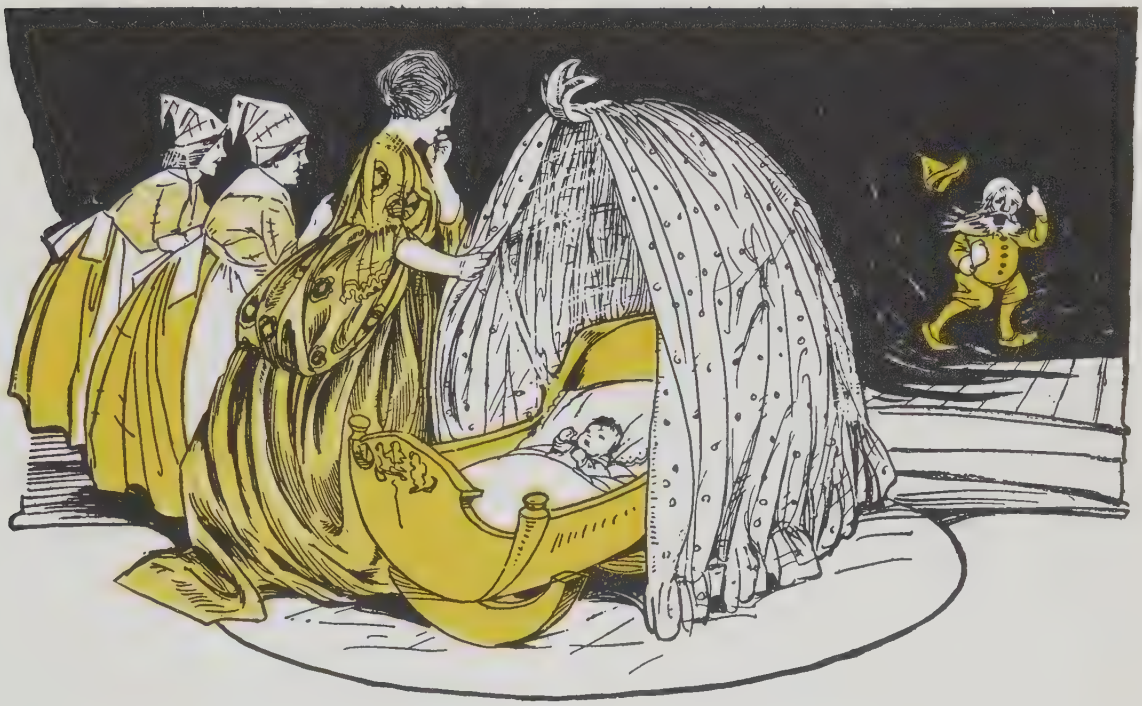
"Well," he said defiantly, "I guess you don't know my name yet, do you? Remember, this is your last chance."

"Oh, dear," said the Queen, pretending to be very anxious. "Is it John?"

"No!" thundered the manikin. "Give me the child."

"Is it," the Queen asked softly, "by any chance Rumpelstiltskin?"

"Some witch has told you that!" cried the little man; and he stamped his left foot in a rage so deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he went off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing.
And no one ever saw him again.



Clever Elsie

ONCE upon a time a farmer and his wife had a daughter whom they called Clever Elsie because she was always using her brains to puzzle things out. When she was grown up her father said, "We must see about getting her married." And his wife said, "Yes, as soon as a young man appears who is worthy of her."

At last a young man named Hans came from a nearby town and asked to marry her. "But," he said, "I will marry your daughter only if she really is as clever as you say."

"Oh," said her father, "never fear about that! She has a head full of brains!" And the mother added, "That's true; she's so clever she can see the wind. Indeed she can hear a fly coughing, too."

"Very well," said Hans, "but mind you, if she's not really clever, I won't have her."

Soon they all sat down to supper and her mother said, "Elsie, go down into the cellar and draw us some cider to drink with our meal."

So Clever Elsie took the jug from the shelf and trotted down the cellar steps clattering the lid as she went, to pass the time. When she reached the cellar she brought out a little stool and placed it in front of the cider barrel so that she need not hurt her back by stooping. Then she set the jug down before her and turned on the tap.

But while she was waiting for the cider to run into the jug, she did not want her eyes to be idle, so she let them wander all over the place, busily looking around the walls and ceiling. While she was about it she happened to glance upward and what should she see right above her but a pick-ax stuck in one of the beams. Goodness knows how long it had been there, but the girl had never noticed it before.

Now at sight of it Clever Elsie burst into tears. "Heavens, if I marry Hans and we have a baby and the baby grows up and we send him down here to draw cider, that pick-ax might suddenly fall on his head and kill him. What a dreadful thing that would be!" So there she sat weeping at this possible disaster.

Upstairs in the kitchen they began to wonder why it was taking Elsie so long to draw a jugful of cider. At last the mother called the servant girl. "Go downstairs into the cellar and see why Elsie has not come back," she said.

The girl went down and found Elsie sitting by the cider barrel crying her heart out. "Why, Elsie," she exclaimed, "whatever are you crying for?"

"Why shouldn't I cry?" moaned Elsie. "Look at that horrid pick-ax. If I marry Hans, and we have a baby, and he grows up, and we send him down here to draw some cider, maybe that pick-ax will fall on his head and kill him."

"Oh," said the servant girl. "What a

Clever Elsie we do have!" And sitting down, she too began to wail and weep over the terrible mishap that might some day occur.

After a while, as the servant girl did not return, those up in the kitchen grew thirstier. So the father sent his hired man down to the cellar to see what was keeping his daughter and the servant girl.

The hired man went down. There he saw both girls crying as if their hearts were broken. "What are you crying about, you two?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't we cry?" asked Elsie, the tears streaming down her face. "Look at that horrid pick-ax. If I marry Hans and we have a baby, and he grows up, and we send him down here to draw some cider, maybe that pick-ax will fall on his head and kill him."

"Oh, how dreadful that would be!" said the hired man. "And what a Clever Elsie you are to have such foresight." And he joined the two girls adding his howls to their sobs and tears.

Upstairs the good people waited and waited for the hired man. But as he did not come back the husband finally said to his wife, "Do go down and see what is keeping Elsie so long." So she went down and found all three in the midst of loud lamentations.

"What does this mean?" she asked. "Elsie weeping? The hired girl weeping? The hired man weeping? Whatever is the trouble?"

Then Elsie explained that her future child would surely be killed by the falling pick-ax when he was big enough to be sent to draw cider.

"Oh," said the mother, "who but our Clever Elsie could see so far ahead?" And she sat down beside the others and wept and sobbed just as loudly.

Her husband, sitting upstairs in the kitchen with Hans, waited and waited. At last he felt so thirsty that he said, "I must go down and see for myself what has become of Elsie."

But when he got down to the cellar and found all four sitting together weeping miserably, he asked what was the matter. And when he heard that the reason for their great sorrow was their fear that a child Elsie might have one day, if she married Hans, might be killed in case the pick-ax should fall down just at the time the child might be sitting there drawing cider, the father too, cried, "What a Clever Elsie we have!" And sitting down he began to weep, adding his tears to all the rest.

All this time Hans was sitting alone upstairs. He waited and waited but nobody came. "They're probably waiting down there for me. I'd better go and see what this is all about," he thought.

And there he found all five in a row lamenting and crying most pitifully, one louder than the next.

"Good people," cried Hans. "What terrible misfortune has befallen you?"

"Oh, Hans," wept Elsie. "Look at that dreadful pick-ax. If I marry you and we have a baby, and he grows up and we send him down here to draw some cider,

maybe that pick-ax will fall on his head and kill him. Isn't that enough to make us cry?"

"Well!" cried Hans. "No one in the world could expect more foresight from his bride! As you are so clever, Elsie, I will have you for my wife." And taking her by the hand he led her upstairs and the wedding was celebrated at once.

After Hans and Clever Elsie were married and had their own house and farm, Hans said, "Wife, I must go out to work to earn some money. Do you go into the field to reap the corn so that we may have corn bread."

"Yes, my dear Hans," said Clever Elsie. "I will do that at once."

When Hans had gone she cooked up a fine broth and took it to the field. When she reached the field, she began, as usual to use her brains, for she wanted to be sure she was doing the right thing. "Shall I eat first and reap later, or shall I reap first and eat later?" she asked herself. "Oh, I think I'll eat first," she decided.

So she ate up all the broth and found it so satisfying that it made her drowsy. So she said, "Shall I sleep first, or reap first? Oh, I think I'll sleep first." So she lay down among the corn and fell fast asleep.

By and by Hans came home, but no

Elsie was there. After he had been home for quite a long time his wife still had not returned. "What a clever Elsie I have," he said. "She works so hard she doesn't even come home to eat."

But as evening came and Elsie still had not returned, Hans went out to see how much corn his industrious wife had cut. He found that she had not cut any at all, and that she was lying there fast asleep.

Off went Hans and brought back with him a bird-net with little bells hanging from it. He threw the net over the head of his wife, who was so sound asleep that even the bells did not awaken her. Then he ran back to his house, locked the door, and sat down to work.

At last, when it was quite dark, Clever Elsie woke up. As soon as she stood up the bells began to jingle and jangle at every step she took. She did not know what to make of it and began to doubt whether she was really Clever Elsie.

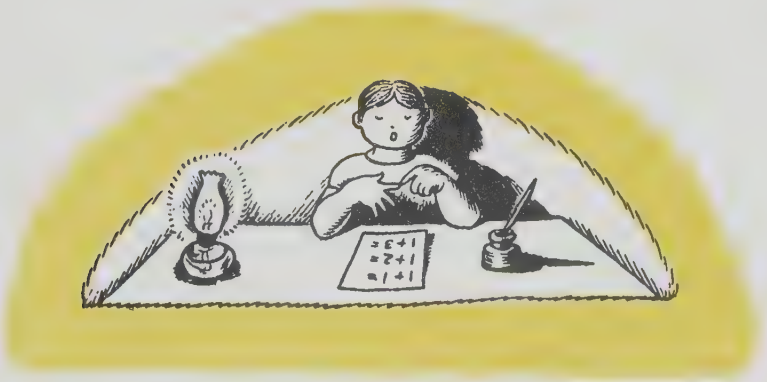
"I wonder," she said, "am I I? Or am I not I?" She could not make up her mind how to answer this question. "Now, you're clever—you must know. Think hard! Are you Clever Elsie or someone else?"

She still could not decide. At last she had an idea. "I'll go home and ask Hans. He'll know." She ran to the house but found the door locked. So she tapped on the window and cried, "Hans, is Elsie at home?"

Hans was by this time deep in his work and had quite forgotten that Elsie was not home. "Yes, she is," he answered absent-mindedly.

"Oh," thought Clever Elsie, "then I'm already at home, and this is not I. I'm not Elsie but somebody else." She went to another house and another; but when the people saw a girl with a bird-net over her head, they would not open their doors.

So at last Clever Elsie ran away from that village. But you may be sure she always got along well wherever she went because since she always thought of everything, she always remained Clever Elsie.



One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes

THERE was once a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called One Eye because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second had two eyes, like other people, and she was called Two Eyes. The youngest was called Three Eyes because she had three eyes, two like her second sister and one in the middle of her forehead.

Because little Two Eyes looked just like other people, her sisters and mother could not endure her. They said to her, "You with your two eyes are no better than common people. You don't belong to us."

They shoved her about, gave her old clothes to wear, let her eat only leftovers from their meals, and did all they could to make her unhappy. She was sent into the fields to take care of the goat and often went hungry, though her sisters had as much as they liked to eat.

One day when she was in the field with the goat, she sat down on a hillock and began to weep bitterly. In the midst of her tears she looked up and saw a woman beside her who said, "Why are you crying, little Two Eyes?"

"I cannot help crying," replied Two Eyes, "for my mother and sisters cannot bear me because I have two eyes like other people. They push me about, make me wear old clothes, and give me only leftover scraps to eat so that I am always hungry. Today they gave me so little that I am nearly starved."

"Dry your tears, little Two Eyes," said the wise woman. "After this when you are hungry, you need only say to your own little goat:

'Little goat, if you are able,
Come and deck my pretty table.'

and then a nicely spread table will stand before you, with the most delicious food on it you may wish to eat. And when you have had enough, just say:

'Little goat, when you are able,
Come and clear away my table.'

Then it will vanish from your sight." With that, the wise woman went away.

"Now," thought little Two Eyes, "I must try this at once and see if what she says is true, for I am very hungry." So she said:

"Little goat, if you are able,
Come and deck my pretty table."

Scarcely had she spoken the words when a little table covered with a white cloth stood there. On it were a silver knife, fork, and spoon, and a plate of delicious food steaming hot, as if it had just come from the kitchen. Little Two Eyes began to eat at once and enjoyed every morsel. When she had had enough, she said, as the wise woman had taught her:

"Little goat, when you are able,
Come and clear away my table."

In a moment, table and everything on it had disappeared. "What a pleasant way to keep house!" said little Two Eyes.

In the evening when she went home with the goat, she found an earthenware dish with some scraps her sisters had left for her, but she did not touch it. The next morning she went out with her goat, but left behind the few crusts her sisters had given her.

The first and second times that she did so the sisters did not notice it, but when they found it happening every day they said to one another, "There's something strange about Two Eyes. She leaves her supper untasted every day, and she used to eat up everything that was given her. She must get food somewhere else."

In order to learn the truth they arranged that One Eye was to go with Two Eyes the next time she took the goat to pasture and to watch her carefully.

So when Two Eyes started out the next morning, One Eye said to her, "I'll go with you to the pasture today and see that the goat is properly taken care of while you are resting."

But Two Eyes knew what One Eye had in mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass and said, "Come, One Eye, let us sit here and rest and I will sing to you." And she began to sing softly.

One Eye sat down, and being unused to walking so far began to feel drowsy. Two Eyes kept on singing. Soon One Eye closed her one eye and fell fast asleep. When Two Eyes saw this, she knew One Eye could not betray her, so she said:

"Little goat, if you are able,
Come and deck my pretty table."

She seated herself when it appeared, and ate and drank very quickly, and when she had finished she said:

"Little goat, when you are able,
Come and clear away my table."

and it vanished in a moment.

Two Eyes now awakened One Eye and said, "Oh, little One Eye, you started to watch the goat and fell asleep. In the meantime the goat might have wandered far away. Come, let us go home."

When they reached home, Two Eyes again left the scraps on the dish untouched, and One Eye could only say that she had fallen asleep and did not see what had happened.

Next day the mother said, "Three Eyes, today you shall go to the field and see if there is anyone who brings food to Two Eyes, because she must eat and drink in secret."

So when Two Eyes started out with her goat, Three Eyes said to her, "I'll go with you to the pasture today to see that the goat is properly taken care of while you rest."

But Two Eyes knew what Three Eyes had in mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass and said, "Come, Three Eyes, let us sit here and rest and I will sing to you."

Three Eyes was glad to sit down for

she was tired of walking and the heat of the sun made her drowsy. Two Eyes kept on singing and soon Three Eyes was obliged to close two of her eyes in sleep. But the third eye stayed open. In fact, Three Eyes was wide awake with one eye and saw all that Two Eyes did. Two Eyes, thinking her sister was asleep, spoke her piece to the goat, and the table came laden with good things, and the goat took it away when Two Eyes had eaten her fill. The sly Three Eyes saw it all with her one eye, but she pretended to be entirely asleep when her sister came to wake her.

That evening, when little Two Eyes again left her supper of scraps untouched, Three Eyes said to her mother, "I know where that proud creature gets her good eating and drinking." And then she recounted all she had seen in the pasture. "I saw it all with one eye," she said. "She made my other two eyes close with her fine singing, but luckily, the one in my forehead stayed open."

Then the envious mother exclaimed, "She shall not fare better than we!" And taking up a butcher's knife she went out and killed the little goat.

When Two Eyes saw what had happened, she went into the pasture, and sitting down on a hillock, began to weep bitterly. Presently the wise woman stood again before her. "Why are you crying, little Two Eyes?" she inquired.

"Oh," said Two Eyes, "the goat who spread my table so bountifully has been killed by my mother, and now I shall go hungry and thirsty again."

Then the wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, go home and ask your sisters for the heart of your goat. Then bury it in the ground in front of your house, and your fortune will be made." At this she disappeared.

Two Eyes returned home and said to her sisters, "Sisters, will you give me the heart of the goat? That is all I ask." Her sisters laughed and replied, "If that's all you want, you may have it."

Two Eyes took the heart and buried it that evening in front of the house as the wise woman had told her. Next morning, when they all woke and looked out of the window there stood a most wonderful tree. Its leaves were of shining silver and golden apples hung from every bough. In all the world there could be nothing more beautiful or precious.

None of them, except Two Eyes, guessed how the tree could have come there. Only she knew that it had grown from the heart of the goat.

Then the mother said to One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather some fruit from the tree for us."

One Eye climbed up but when she tried to pluck a golden apple the branch sprang out of her hand. This happened every time she made the attempt, so that she could not pick a single apple, though she tried as hard as she could.

"Three Eyes," said the mother, "climb up and try what you can do. You have three eyes and can see better than One Eye can."

One Eye slid down from the tree, and Three Eyes climbed up. But she could

do not a bit better than One Eye. The golden apples always sprang back from her grasp. At last the mother became impatient and climbed up herself, but her hand, too, always closed on thin air.

Then Two Eyes said, "May I try? Perhaps I shall do better."

"You, indeed!" cried her sisters. "How can *you* do better?"

But when Two Eyes climbed up, the golden apples did not spring away from her; they dropped into her hands, so that she could gather one after another, till she carried down a whole apron full.

The mother took them from her, but instead of treating little Two Eyes any better, she and One Eye and Three Eyes were only jealous because Two Eyes alone had been able to gather the apples, and they were more spiteful and cruel than ever.

One day as all the sisters were standing under the tree together, a young Prince came riding by.

"Quick, Two Eyes," said her sisters, "run away and hide yourself somewhere. We don't want you to disgrace us." Then in great haste they turned an empty barrel over her, and pushed the golden apples she had gathered under it too.

As the Prince approached the tree, he asked, "To whom does this beautiful tree belong? If a man had only one branch, he might obtain all he wished for."

"This tree belongs to us," said One Eye and Three Eyes. "We'll break off a branch for you if you like." They both tried very hard but it was of no use, for the branches and the fruit sprang back every time. Then the Prince said, "It is very strange that this tree should belong to you, and yet you are not able to break off a branch."

They insisted, however, that the tree was theirs. While they were so insisting, Two Eyes rolled out a few golden apples from under the barrel to the feet of the Prince, for she was angry because her sisters had not told the truth. When the Prince saw them, he asked in astonishment where they had come from.

One Eye and Three Eyes replied they had another sister but they dared not let him see her, for having just two eyes, she was like common people. Her name, they said, was simply Two Eyes. But the Prince was anxious to see her and called out, "Little Two Eyes, come forth." Then Two Eyes, quite comforted, came out from beneath the barrel and the Prince was amazed at her beauty. "Can you break off a branch of the tree for me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I can very easily, for the tree belongs to me." She then climbed up and, with no trouble at all, broke off a branch with its silver leaves and golden fruit and gave it to the Prince.

The Prince, looking down at her as she stood by his horse, said to her, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you in return for this?"

"Alas," she replied, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and want, from morn till night. If you would only take me away with you, I should be very happy."

So the Prince lifted Two Eyes on his horse and took her to his father's castle.

There she was dressed in beautiful clothes and was given as much to eat and drink as she could desire. But best of all the young Prince loved her so dearly that they were married with great rejoicing.

Now, when Two Eyes was carried off by the handsome young Prince, her two sisters were envious but they said, "The wonderful tree belongs to us now. Even though we cannot gather any fruit, everybody who passes will stop to admire it, and who can tell what good fortune it will bring us?" But next morning when they awoke, the tree had vanished.

When Two Eyes looked out of her window at the castle that same morning, there was the tree growing in all its shining splendor.

Little Two Eyes lived for a long time in happiness. One day two poor women dressed in rags came to the castle begging for alms. Two Eyes looked in their faces and recognized her sisters, One Eye and Three Eyes. They had fallen into such poverty that they had to beg their bread from door to door.

Two Eyes received them kindly and took care of them. In so doing she forgave them their cruelty and repaid it with kindness.

Hansel and Gretel

ONCE upon a time there lived in a little hut on the edge of a great forest a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children. The boy was called Hansel and the girl Gretel. They were always poor and hardly ever had enough to eat. And when a great famine came upon the land, there was only enough flour left to bake one last loaf of bread for the family.

One night, after they had gone to bed, the father worrying over his troubles, sighed heavily and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How are we going to feed the children?"

"There is only one thing to do," said the wife, who was the children's stepmother. "We must take the children into the thickest part of the forest. We'll light a fire for them and give each a piece of bread. Then we'll go to our work and let the children shift for themselves. They won't be able to find their way back and so we shall be rid of them."

She was a hard-hearted woman who had found the children troublesome and did not care what became of them. But the father loved his children dearly and said, "Leave my children alone in the forest! I could never have the heart to do that!"

"What a fool you are!" replied the wife. "Would you have all four of us die of hunger? The children may find berries to eat." And she nagged and scolded, giving the poor man no peace till he agreed to do as she said. "May heaven have pity on them," sighed the father.

The two children had not been able to sleep for hunger and they had heard every word their stepmother said to their father. Gretel began to cry softly but Hansel whispered, "Never mind, little sister. I'll find some way out of it."

When all was quiet in the house, Hansel got up, put on his jacket, opened the back door and slipped out. The moon was shining bright and the little white pebbles that lay around the house shone like silver coins. Hansel stooped down and filled the pockets of his jacket with all the stones they would hold.

Then he tiptoed back to Gretel and said, "Don't worry, sister, and go to sleep quietly. I've thought of a good plan." And then he went to bed again.

When day was breaking and before the sun rose in the sky, the wife came to wake the children. "Get up, you lazy things," she called. "We're going into the forest to cut wood." Then she gave each of them a piece of bread and said, "Don't eat it till noon, for you'll get no more today."

Gretel carried the bread for both of them under her apron for of course Hansel's pockets were full of pebbles. Then they all set off for the forest, the mother

walking ahead, then the father carrying his ax, Gretel with the bread, and Hansel coming along last. He walked very slowly stopping again and again to look back at the house.

"Come, come, Hansel, what are you looking back for?" asked his father. "Watch out or you'll trip."

"I'm looking at my little white kitten, father. I think she's sitting on the roof and wants to say good-by to me," said Hansel.

"You fool!" said the stepmother. "That's no cat. It's only the sun shining on the chimney."

But Hansel had really been dropping pebbles behind him, one at a time, all along the way, leaving a white trail back to the house.

When they reached the middle of the forest, their father told the children to gather some wood. "We'll build a fire to warm ourselves."

Hansel and Gretel gathered a huge pile of twigs and when it was lit it blazed up. Then the stepmother said, "Now lie down by the fire and rest. When your father and I have cut enough wood, we'll come back for you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire and when dinner-time came they each munched their piece of bread. They thought their father was quite near because they seemed to hear the sound of an ax. It was not an ax, however, but a dry branch brushing against a tree trunk in the wind.

The children settled down on a bed of leaves, so tired that they soon fell asleep. When they awoke, it was night and they were all alone. The tall silent trees frightened Gretel who began to cry, "Oh, Hansel, how shall we ever find our way home? It's so dark!"

But Hansel comforted her. "Don't cry, Gretel," he whispered. "Wait till the moon is up; then I'll find the way home."

When the round full moon rose, Hansel took his sister's hand and they followed the path of the white pebbles glistening in the moonlight which showed them the way home. They reached their father's hut just as dawn was breaking.

They knocked at the door. When their stepmother opened it and saw Hansel and Gretel she was angry. But she made her voice sound sweet as she said, "You naughty children, why did you stay so long in the woods? We were beginning to think you were never coming home again!"

But their father was delighted to see them, for his heart had been heavy since he had left them in the wood.

For a while things went a little better; but one night the children, lying awake again, heard their stepmother say to their father, "Every bit of food we had in the house is gone now except half a loaf of bread. When that's gone it will be the end. We must try again to get rid of the children, and this time we'll take them so far into the woods that they won't be able to find their way back."

The father was sad at heart and would

gladly have shared his last crust with the children. But the hard-hearted stepmother would listen to nothing he said and kept nagging him as before. He who says A must say B, too, and since he had given in to her the first time, he had to give in again.

Gretel was more worried than ever, but Hansel whispered, "Don't worry, Gretel, I'll take care of you." He slipped out of bed to gather pebbles again as soon as his parents were asleep; but this time he could not get out of the house, for his stepmother had locked the door.

Early the next morning she came and pulled the children out of bed. She gave them each a piece of bread, smaller than before, and they all started for the forest. Hansel was the last again, and kept lagging behind the others. He had crumbled up his bread in his pocket and stopped now and then to drop a crumb upon the ground.

"Hansel," said his father, "why do you keep stopping to look back?"

"I'm looking at the little pigeon that's sitting on the roof to say good-by to me," answered Hansel.

"You idiot!" said the stepmother. "That's not a pigeon. It's only the morning sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel still kept dropping crumbs as he went along.

The woman led the children far into the woods where they had never been before. Again a large fire was made and again the parents went to gather wood, leaving the children behind. At noon, Gretel shared her bread with Hansel who had used all of his to strew upon their path. Then they went to sleep and the evening passed and no one came for them. When the children awoke it was dark night and Hansel cheered his sister, saying, "Wait till the moon comes up; then we will see the bread crumbs I scattered to show us the way home."

But sad to say, when the moon rose, they could find no bread crumbs, for all the little birds of the forest had picked them up and eaten them.

Hansel kept saying to Gretel, "We'll soon find the way." But they did not. They walked the whole night and all the next day too, but they became more and more lost. They were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but a few berries they found here and there. At last, so tired that their legs could carry them no farther, they lay down on a bed of moss under a tree and fell asleep.

When they awoke in the morning it was the third day since they had left their father's cottage. They started walking again but only got deeper and deeper into the forest.

At mid-day they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a tree. It sang so sweetly that the children stood still to listen. When it had finished its song, it fluttered its wings and flew about them. They followed the bird till they came to a tiny cottage in a clearing. The children ran toward it eagerly and found to their delighted surprise that the house was built of gingerbread, its roof of cakes and cookies, and its windows of clear spun sugar.

"Hansel! Hansel! Look at the wonder-

ful house!" cried Gretel. "Now we won't be hungry any more." And the children began eating, Hansel breaking off a piece of the roof while Gretel tasted a piece of the sugary window pane.

Suddenly a sweet-sounding voice called from inside the house:

Nibble, nibble, like a mouse,
Who is nibbling at my house?

And the children answered:

It's only a breeze
Blowing through the trees.

Just then the door opened, and out hobbled a wrinkled old woman, leaning on a stick. Her nose was so long and sharp it nearly met her long, bony chin, and her face was ugly and shriveled.

The children were so frightened at the sight of her that they dropped what they were eating, ready to run away instantly, but she spoke to them with false sweetness, saying, "Oh you dear little children! How nice of you to come. You must stay with me a while. I'll take *such* good care of you.

She took them into her cottage and there they found a delicious meal waiting for them—pancakes and honey, tall glasses of milk, apples, and candy and nuts. After they had eaten, the old woman showed them their two little

white beds in which Hansel and Gretel quickly and happily fell asleep.

Now this old woman, who pretended to be so kind, was really a horrid, cruel witch who had built that gingerbread house just to attract small children. Witches have ruby-red eyes that cannot see far at all, but oh! how they can scent any smell with their long sharp noses! Especially human beings! When Hansel and Gretel were in the forest, the witch had known it very well. *Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!* went that sharp nose of hers—and she had been waiting for them all day. And when the children reached her cottage she laughed wickedly to herself, saying, "Now I have them, they shan't escape me."

Early next morning before the children were awake, the old witch got up to look greedily at their round rosy cheeks and chubby arms. "Mm-mm," she mumbled. "What a feast I shall have—such dainty morsels! But I must fatten them first."

Then she pulled Hansel out of bed and dragged him into the backyard where she locked him up in a chicken coop with a barred door. Poor Hansel yelled and screamed but it was of no use.

It was Gretel's turn next. The old witch shook her awake, crying, "Get up, you lazy-bones! Go get some water and cook some food for your brother. He's out in the chicken coop and has to be fattened up. And when he's nice and fat, mm, what a tasty dish he'll make!"

Gretel burst into tears, but she had to do as she was ordered; for the cruel witch cuffed her about the ears and beat her with a switch.

Every day Gretel had to cook potfuls of fattening food for poor Hansel, but

she herself got nothing but leavings, for the witch thought Gretel was plump enough.

Each morning the witch would hobble out to the chicken coop and cry, "Hansel, let me feel your finger so I can tell how fat you're getting."

But Hansel was clever. He had found a small, dry bone in the corner of the coop and it was this he kept poking out every day. The old witch, because of her poor eyesight, thought it was really Hansel's finger and wondered why he was getting no fatter.

When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still seemed to stay thin, the witch lost all her patience and said to Gretel, "Now, then, you, heat up a big pot of water. I can't wait forever. Fat or thin, I'm going to have Hansel for my supper tonight!"

Gretel wept and pleaded with the wicked witch. But the witch only replied, "All that noise won't do you a bit of good; spare your tears."

So Gretel had to fill the kettle with water while the old witch kindled a roaring fire in the oven. "First we will do the baking," said she. "I've heated the oven and kneaded the dough." Then the witch opened the oven door as if ready to put the bread loaves in.

"Gretel," she called, "come here and see if the oven is hot enough for the bread. Stick your head in and see. That's a good girl."

She meant, of course, to push Gretel in and shut the door—so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. But Gretel saw through her plans and said, "I really don't know how. Please show me."

"Stupid goose!" exclaimed the witch. "*This* way!" and she bent down and stuck her head and shoulders a little way into the hot oven. Quick as a flash Gretel pushed her with all her might and in she went entirely. Then Gretel banged the oven door shut and bolted. That was the end of the bad old witch—and good riddance!

Gretel ran as quickly as she could to the backyard. "Hansel! Hansel! We're free!" she cried as she opened the door of the chicken coop. "The old witch is dead!"

The children hugged each other for joy and hopped and skipped about wildly. And now, as they had nothing more to fear, they wandered all over the witch's house. In every corner stood great carved chests full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel as he filled his pockets, while Gretel thought, "I'll take some too," and filled her apron with them.

"Now," said Hansel, "we must get out of this bewitched wood." The children walked for about two hours till they came to a large round pond of blue water. "How can we ever cross to the other side?" asked Gretel. "There's no bridge or boat either."

As the children stood on the shore wondering what to do next, a white duck came by. Hansel and Gretel called:

Duck, duck that cries Quack Quack,
Take us quickly on your back,

Over this pond so round and blue,
Be our boat and steer us true.

The duck swam up to the shore and first Gretel and then Hansel got on its back. When the duck had taken them safely across to the opposite side, they thanked him politely. Along the water's edge ran a path that looked familiar. Soon they saw their father's cottage in the distance and they began to run as fast as their legs could take them.

Bursting into the house, they fell into their father's arms. He had not had a happy moment since he had left the children in the forest and had been grieving and looking for them all this time. Tears of joy streamed from his eyes as he embraced and kissed his children.

"See, father, what we've brought!" they shouted. "We'll never have to go hungry again." At this Gretel shook her apron and scattered pearls and jewels all over the floor, while Hansel emptied his pockets too.

As for the hard-hearted stepmother, what had happened to her? When it seemed as if Hansel and Gretel were really lost, and the poor father could think of nothing but his children, she had become so angry with him that she had gone away, and they never saw her again. So all their troubles were ended and Hansel and Gretel and their father lived happily from that day on.

Andersen's Fairy Tales

The Fir-Tree

By Hans Christian Andersen

Out in the woods stood a pretty little fir-tree. The place he had was a very good one. The sun shone on him, and there was plenty of fresh air, and around him grew many large-sized comrades, pines as well as firs. But the little fir wanted so much to be a grown-up tree.

He did not think of the warm sun and of the fresh air; he did not care for the little cottage-children who ran about and prattled when they were in the woods looking for wild strawberries. The children often came with a whole pitcherful of strawberries, or a long row of them threaded on a straw, and sat down near the young tree and said, "Oh, how pretty he is! what a nice little fir!" But this was what the tree did not want to hear.

At the end of a year he had shot up a good deal, and after another year he was still taller.

"Oh, were I but such a high tree as the others are," sighed he. "Then I should be able to spread out my branches, and with the tops to look into the wide world! Then would the birds build nests among my branches; and when there was a breeze, I could bend with as much stateliness as the others!"

In winter, when the snow lay glittering on the ground, a hare would often come leaping along, and jump right over the little tree. Oh, that made him so angry! But two winters were past, and in the third the tree was so large that the hare was obliged to go round it.

"To grow and grow, to get older and be tall," thought the tree, "that, after all, is the most delightful thing in the world!"

In autumn the wood-cutters always cut down some of the largest trees. This happened every year; and the young fir-tree, that had now grown to a very good

size, trembled at the sight; for the magnificent great trees fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the branches were lopped off, and the trees looked long and bare. Then they were laid in carts, and the horses dragged them out of the wood.

Where did they go to?

In spring, when the swallows and the storks came, the tree asked them, "Do you know where they have been taken?"

The swallows did not know anything about it; but the stork said, "I think I know. I met many ships as I was flying hither from Egypt; on the ships were magnificent masts. Maybe it was they that smelt so of fir. I may congratulate you, for they lifted themselves on high most majestically!"

"Oh, were I but old enough to fly across the sea! But how does the sea look in reality? What is it like?" asked the fir-tree.

"That would take a long time to explain," said the stork. And off he flew.

The wind and the sun kissed the tree, and the dew wept tears over him; but the fir understood it not.

When Christmas came, quite young trees were cut down, trees which often were not even as large or as old as this young fir-tree, who could never rest, but always wanted to be off. These young trees, and they were always the finest looking, retained their branches. They were laid on carts, and the horses drew them out of the wood.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir. "They are not taller than I; there was one indeed that was considerably shorter. Why do they retain all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know! we know!" chirped the sparrows. "We have peeped in at the windows in the town below! The greatest splendor and magnificence one can imagine await them. We peeped through the windows, and saw them planted in the middle of the warm room, and ornamented with the most splendid things—gilded apples, ginger-bread, toys, and many hundreds of lights!"

"And then?" asked the fir-tree, trembling in every bough.

"We did not see anything more. It was incomparably beautiful."

"Would I were destined for so glorious a career," cried the pine, rejoicing. "That is still better than to cross the sea! Were Christmas but come! I am now tall, and my branches spread like the others that were carried off last year! Oh, were I but already on the cart! Were I in the warm room with all the splendor and magnificence! Yes; then something better, something still grander, will surely follow, or why should they thus ornament me?"

"Rejoice in our presence!" said the air and the sunlight. "Rejoice in thy own fresh youth!"

But the tree did not rejoice at all. He grew and grew, and was green both winter and summer. People who saw him said, "What a fine tree!" And towards Christmas he was cut down. The ax struck deep into the very pith; the tree fell to the earth with a sigh. He realized suddenly that he should never see his dear old comrades, the little bushes and flowers around

him, any more; perhaps not even the birds!

The tree was unloaded in a courtyard with other trees, and he heard a man say, "That one is splendid! We don't want the others."

Then two servants came in rich livery and carried the fir-tree into a large and splendid drawing-room. Portraits hung on the walls, and near the white porcelain stove stood two large Chinese vases with lions on the covers. There were large easy-chairs, silken sofas, tables full of picture-books and toys. And the fir-tree was stuck upright in a tub filled with sand. But no one could see that it was a tub, for green cloth was hung all round it, and it stood on a large gaily colored carpet.

Oh, how the tree quivered! What was to happen? People were decorating it. On one branch there hung little nets cut out of colored paper, and each net was filled

with sugar-plums; among the other boughs there were gilded apples and walnuts looking as though they had grown there, and little blue and white candles were placed among the leaves. Beautiful dolls were put among the foliage, and at the very top a large star of gold tinsel was fixed. It was really most splendid.

"This evening!" they all said. "How it will shine this evening!"

"Oh," thought the tree, "if the evening were but here! If the candles were but lighted! And then I wonder what will happen! Perhaps the other trees from the forest will come to look at me! Perhaps the sparrows will beat against the window panes! I wonder if I shall take root here, and winter and summer stand covered with ornaments!"

The candles were now lighted. What brightness! What splendor! The tree trembled so in every bough that one of them set fire to the foliage. It blazed up splendidly.

"Help! Help!" cried the young people, and they quickly put out the fire.

Now the tree did not even dare tremble. What a state he was in! He was so uneasy lest he should lose something of his splendor that he was quite bewildered amidst the glare and brightness.

Suddenly both folding-doors opened, and a troop of children rushed in. The older persons followed quietly; the little ones stood quite still. But it was only for a moment; then they shouted so that the whole place echoed with their rejoicing. They danced round the tree, and one present after the other was pulled off.

"What are they about?" thought the tree. "What is to happen now?"

The lights burned down to the very branches and were put out one after the other. And then the children had permission to strip the tree. So they fell upon it with such violence that its branches cracked. If it had not been fixed firmly in the tub, it would certainly have tumbled down.

The children danced about with their beautiful playthings. No one looked at the tree except the children's old nurse, who peeped between the branches to see if a fig or an apple had been forgotten.

"A story! a story!" cried the children, drawing a little fat man toward the tree. He seated himself under it, and said: "Now we are where the tree can listen, too. But I shall tell only one story. Now which will you have; the one about Ivedy-Avedy, or about Klumpy-Dumpy who tumbled downstairs, and yet after all came to the throne and married the princess?"

"Ivedy-Avedy," cried some; "Klumpy-Dumpy," cried the others.

And the man told about Klumpy-Dumpy who tumbled down, but nevertheless came to the throne and at last married the princess.

And the children clapped their hands, and cried out, "Oh, go on! Do go on!" They wanted to hear about Ivedy-Avedy too, but the little man only told them about Klumpy-Dumpy.

The fir-tree stood quite still and thought, "The birds in the wood never told stories like this. 'Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet he married the

princess!' Yes, yes! that's the way of the world! Who knows, perhaps I may fall downstairs too, and get a princess as wife!" And the fir-tree looked forward with joy to the morrow, when he hoped to be decked out again with lights, playthings, fruits, and tinsel.

"I won't tremble tomorrow!" thought the fir-tree. "I will enjoy to the full all my splendor! Tomorrow I shall hear again the story of Klumpy-Dumpy, and perhaps that of Ivedy-Avedy too." And the whole night through the tree stood still and in deep thought.

In the morning the servant and the housemaid came in.

"Now then the splendor will begin again," thought the fir. But they dragged him out of the room, and up the stairs into the attic, and here in a dark corner, where no light entered, they left him.

"What's the meaning of this?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What shall I hear now, I wonder?" And he leaned against the wall lost in reverie.

Days and nights passed and nobody came up; and when at last somebody did come, it was only to put some great trunks in a corner out of the way. There stood the tree quite hidden. It seemed as if he had been entirely forgotten.

" 'Tis now winter out-of-doors," thought the tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow; men cannot plant me now, and therefore I have been put up here under shelter till the springtime comes! How thoughtful that is! How kind man is, after all! If it only were not so dark here, and so terribly lonely! Not even a hare. And out in the woods it was so pleasant, when the snow was on the ground, and the hare leaped by; yes—even when he jumped over me; but I did not like it then. It is really terribly lonely here!"

"Squeak! squeak!" said a little mouse at that moment, peeping out of his hole. And then another little one came. They snuffed about the fir-tree, and rustled among the branches.

"It is dreadfully cold," said the mouse. "But for that, it would be delightful here, old fir, wouldn't it?"

"I am by no means old," said the fir-tree. "There's many a one considerably older than I am."

"Where do you come from?" asked the mice, "and what can you do?" They were extremely curious. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on the earth. Have you never been there? Were you never in the larder, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from above; where one enters lean, and comes out fat and portly?"

"I know no such place," said the tree. "But I know the wood, where the sun shines, and where the little birds sing." And then he told all about his youth; and the little mice listened and said, "How much you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I!" said the fir-tree, thinking over what he had himself related. "Yes, those were happy times." And then he told about Christmas Eve, when he was decked out with cakes and candles.

"Oh," said the little mice, "how for-

tunate you have been, old fir-tree!"

"I am by no means old," said he. "I came from the wood this winter; I am in my prime, only short for my age."

"What delightful stories you know!" said the mice. And the next night they came with four other little mice, who were to hear what the tree had to tell. And the more he told, the more plainly he remembered all himself; and it appeared as if those times had really been happy times. But then the fir-tree began to tell the story he had heard from the fat man about Klumpy-Dumpy.

He could remember every single word of it; and the little mice jumped for joy up to the very top of the tree. But soon they grew tired of Klumpy-Dumpy.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the mice.

"Only that one," answered the tree. "I heard it on my happiest evening; but I did not then know how happy I was."

"It is a very stupid story!" said the mice; and they went home.

The tree sighed. "After all, it was very pleasant when the sleek little mice sat round me and listened to what I told them. Now that too is over. But I will take good care to enjoy myself when I am brought out again."

But when was that to be? One morning some people came and set to work in the attic. The trunks were moved, the tree was pulled out and thrown—rather hard—down on the floor; but a man drew him towards the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now a merry life will begin again," thought the tree. He felt the fresh air, the first sunbeam. And now he was out in the courtyard which adjoined a garden, and all was in flower: the roses hung fresh and fragrant over the balustrade, the lindens were in blossom, the swallows flew by, and sang "Quirre-vit!"

"Now, then, I shall really enjoy life," said the fir-tree, and spread out his branches; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow. It was in a corner that he lay, among weeds and nettles. The golden star of tinsel was still on the top of his tallest branch, and glittered in the sunshine.

In the courtyard some of the merry children were playing who had danced at Christmas round the fir-tree, and were so glad at the sight of him. One of the youngest ran and tore off the golden star.

"Look what is still on the ugly old Christmas-tree!" said he, tramping on it.

And the tree beheld all the beauty of the flowers, and the freshness in the garden; he beheld himself, and wished he had remained in his dark corner in the attic. He thought of his first youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little mice who had listened with so much pleasure to the story of Klumpy-Dumpy.

" 'Tis over—'tis past!" said the poor tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I had reason to do so!"

The gardener's boy chopped the tree into small pieces and set it on fire. The wood flamed up splendidly.

The boys played about in the court, and the youngest wore the gold star on his breast which the tree had had on the happiest evening of his life.

Five Peas in a Pod

By Hans Christian Andersen

Once there were five peas in a pod. They were green, and the pod was green, so they thought the whole world was green. The pod grew, and the peas grew, in a straight row. The sun shone outside and warmed the pod, and the rain made it almost transparent. It was a cosy and comfortable place, light by day and dark by night, as was right and proper, and the peas grew and developed their brains, for something to do.

"Must I sit here forever?" each one said. "I hope I shan't grow hard from sitting still too long. There must be something outside; I feel it in my bones."

Weeks passed; the peas grew yellow, and the pod grew yellow. "The whole world is turning yellow," they said.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the pod. It was torn off, and found itself first in a human hand and next in a coat pocket with several other bulgy pods. "It will soon be opening time," said the peas, waiting for that moment.

"I wonder which of us will be the greatest success," said the smallest pea.

"What will be will be," said the biggest one.

Pop! The pod split open, and all five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. They lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them, and he said they were just the right sort for his pea-shooter. So one of them was immediately put into the gun and shot off.

"Now I'm flying out into the wide world," said the pea. "Catch me if you can!" And he was gone.

"I," said the second, "shall fly straight into the sun." And *he* was gone.

"Wherever we go, we'll get there without effort," declared the next two. "Anyway we're sure to roll ahead." And they did roll on the floor first before they got into the pea-shooter, but they got there just the same. "We'll be the greatest success!" they said.

"What will be will be," said the last one, as he was shot into the air. He flew up to an old board under an attic window, straight into a crack in the wood filled with moss and soft mold, and the moss covered him up. There he lay, hidden from the world but not forgotten.

"What will be will be," he repeated.

In the little attic lived a poor woman who went out every day to polish stoves, and to saw logs and do other rough work, for she was strong and hardworking; but she remained just as poor as ever. At home in the tiny room lay her little daughter who was very delicate and thin. For a whole year she had lain in bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"I once had two children," sighed the

woman, "but it was difficult for me to provide for them both, so God took one to Himself. I hope I can keep the one I have left, but it looks as if He doesn't mean them to be separated, so she will most likely join her little sister."

said. "If it isn't a tiny pea-plant with green leaves! How ever did it get into the crack? Now you've got a little garden to look at!"

Then the invalid's bed was moved nearer to the window so that she could

But the sick child stayed on. She lay patiently and quietly the livelong day, while her mother went out to earn a little money.

It was springtime, and early one morning when the mother was just going out to work, the sun shone brilliantly through the little window, and the sick child looked out.

"Whatever can that tiny green thing be outside the window? It keeps moving in the wind!"

Her mother went to the window and opened it a little. "Did you ever!" she

see the sprouting pea, and the mother went out to work.

"Mother, I do believe I am getting better," said the little girl that evening. "The sun has been shining so warmly into our room all day. The little pea is getting on so well that I believe I shall get on, too, and be able to get up and go out in the sun."

"I do hope so," said her mother, and she fastened the green shoot, that had given the child such cheerful hope of life, to a little stick to prevent it from being broken by the wind. She tied a

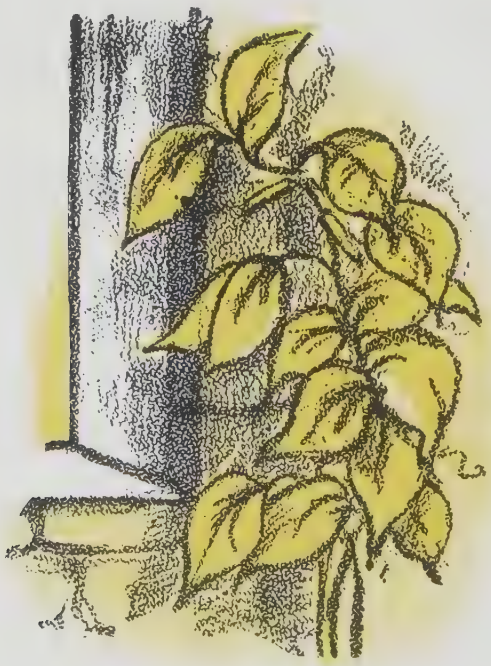
string from the board to the upper part of the window-frame so that the pea-plant would have something to hold on to and climb up on as it was growing.

"Look, it's going to flower," said the woman one morning, and now she too began to hope and believe that her little sick girl might recover. The child had spoken more cheerfully of late; the last few mornings she had gazed with sparkling eyes at her little pea-garden, which had come from one single pea. The following week she got up for the first time and stayed up for an hour. Radiant with joy she sat in the warm sunshine. The window was open, and outside she saw a pink and white sweet-pea flower fully out. The child bent her head and kissed the delicate petals very gently. It was a day of great joy for her.

"Our Lord planted it Himself, and made it thrive to give hope and pleasure to you, my precious child, and to me," said the happy mother, smiling at the sweet-pea blossom as though it were a good angel from God.

And what of the other peas? Three of them were, in time, eaten by the pigeons; the fourth fell into a gutter and lay there till he burst.

But the fifth—well, at the attic window stood the little girl, with sparkling eyes, and the glow of health on her cheeks. She folded her delicate hands over the sweet-pea blossom, and thanked the Lord for it.



Thumbelina

By Hans Christian Andersen

AN OLD WITCH was passing a house one day when she heard the woman who lived in it say, "If only I had a little child, how happy I would be!"

"That can be managed," said the witch to the woman. "Here is a barley corn. Plant it in a flower-pot and see what happens."

The woman, overjoyed, thanked the witch and ran home to plant the barley corn. Almost immediately a big beautiful red and yellow tulip bud shot up in the flower pot, and one day the petals opened to show, sitting in the flower, a tiny child.

The child was no bigger than a thumb and so she was named Thumbelina.

She was so tiny that she slept in a walnut shell with a rose petal for a blanket, and with a plate of water on a table for a lake, she took a tulip leaf for a boat and floated on it, back and forth, for fun.

One night, as Thumbelina lay asleep in her cozy walnut-shell bed a big ugly frog hopped in, saw the pretty little creature, and muttered, "What a lovely bride you would make for my son!" And the big ugly mother frog picked up the little shell with Thumbelina in it and hopped down to the muddy stream where she lived with her son.

The son, who was quite as ugly as his mother, croaked with delight when he saw Thumbelina. They made a little room for her under the mud, decking it with water-lily buds, and set her little bed afloat on a lily leaf.

When she awoke the next morning Thumbelina was terribly frightened. There was water all around her. How could she ever reach the shore?

Then she heard a loud "Croak! Croak!" from the ugly frog who had been chosen by his mother to be her husband.

Thumbelina was terrified and cried out. The fish popped up their heads, and when they saw the forlorn little maiden, they said, "She shall not marry that ugly toad. What can we do to help her?"

They found the green stem of the lily leaf she was on. They bit it till it broke, and away down the stream floated the leaf with little Thumbelina on it.

At last she reached the shore of a leafy wood, and she jumped into the trees. The birds sang, for it was summer.

But summer passed away and autumn came. The birds began to whisper of flying to warmer countries, and the flowers began to fade, and autumn passed away and it became winter.

Thumbelina shivered. Her little frock was thin and old. She wrapped herself in a withered leaf to try to keep from freezing to death. Suddenly she saw, at the edge of the wood, the short dry stubbly remains of a beautiful golden cornfield.

As Thumbelina, shivering with cold, picked her way through the hard husky stubble, she saw a little door just before her. It was the door to a little house a field-mouse had made under the stubble.

"Perhaps I shall get some food here," thought the poor little maiden. She knocked at the door like a beggar child. She had had nothing to eat for days and was nearly starved.

"How tiny you are!" exclaimed the field-mouse when he opened the door and saw Thumbelina. "Come in and eat with me."

She behaved so prettily that the field-mouse told her she could live there while the cold weather lasted.

Thumbelina was very happy, and she kept the field-mouse's house clean and neat and told all kinds of tales about her experiences in the outside world. The field-mouse loved having her there, and said, one day, "We shall have a visitor soon. My neighbor, Mr. Mole, comes to see me every week. He is very rich, and you might enjoy living in his house for a while. But he is blind, so you must tell him some of your prettiest stories."

The mole was indeed rich as well as wise and clever. He wore a handsome black velvet coat when he came to call. But, perhaps because he was blind, he lived in the dark, underground. He had no love for the sun or for flowers or for all the pretty things that Thumbelina loved. She couldn't bear the thought of living in his dreary dark house.

Now, the mole had dug a long underground passage from the field-mouse's house to his own, and when Thumbelina looked down the passage, she saw a little bird lying there on its back.

The bird was a swallow, and, according to the mole, had probably died of cold.

But Thumbelina, who dearly loved all birds, was troubled.

That night she got out of her tiny bed, and taking with her some straw, she groped her way down the long underground passage to where the bird was lying. Very gently Thumbelina covered the little bird with a blanket of straw.

Soon, however, as the blanket of straw began warming the bird, Thumbelina heard the pit-pat of its heartbeat and the flutter of its wings. The bird was alive!

"O, thank you, little one," said the swallow. "You have saved my life. Perhaps some day I can do something to help you."

"Don't think about that now," said Thumbelina gently. "Just try to get well."

Every day Thumbelina went into the underground passage and brought the swallow food and water. Sometimes she met the mole on the way, and he would always say, "Well, Thumbelina my child, when are you coming to live in my house?"

Poor Thumbelina! She didn't want to live where she would never see sunshine or flowers or hear birds singing.

Birds! It was almost as if the swallow had read her thoughts, for the next day when she came to him with food and water, he whispered to her, "I am strong and well now, little Thumbelina, thanks to your kindness. I will help you now.

Albertina
Randall
Wheelan

Come tonight and I will fly you far away, out of this dark place."

So that evening Thumbelina tiptoed down the dark underground passage to where the swallow sat.

"Get onto my back," said the swallow. And then Thumbelina noticed that he had made a hole through the roof of the underground passage—a tiny hole through which a thin ray of light came.

With Thumbelina on his back the swallow squeezed upward through the hole, and at last they were above ground on a grassy field silver with moonlight. Higher and higher flew the swallow, far above lakes and woods, above oceans and forests, high above mountains so lofty their peaks were crested with snow.

Thumbelina, holding on to one of the swallow's feathers, saw and felt that they were heading south. The air grew warmer and warmer, and in the daylight the bright sun shed hot golden rays on gardens and jungles of flowers of every color.

At last Thumbelina saw in the distance a beautiful white marble palace. Winding vines climbed up the graceful slender pillars and great bushes thick with green leaves and pink flowers grew all around.

As they flew into the palace garden, the swallow said, "This is my home." But before retiring to his nest high up in one of the bushes, he set Thumbelina down on a leaf of one of the flowers.

Imagine her surprise to see standing in the very heart of the flower, a little man, a Prince, as fair and as delicate as crystal. He was tiny, every bit as small as Thumbelina.

He bowed low to Thumbelina and told her he was the Prince of Flowers. Looking at her closely, he thought she was the loveliest maiden he had ever seen

He took off his golden crown and put it on the fair head of Thumbelina. And in a voice that sounded like a silver flute he asked, "Will you be my bride, lovely Thumbelina, and Princess of Flowers?"

Thumbelina was happier than she had ever been. "Yes, little Prince," she said, "I shall be happy to be your Princess."

Then out of each flower stepped tiny fairy-like creatures, Lords and Ladies of the Flowers, and each one presented Thumbelina with a gift and bowed before her. The most beautiful gift of all was a pair of tiny white wings, delicate as gossamer. They fastened the wings to Thumbelina's shoulders so that she could fly, whenever she wished, from flower to flower without ever having to touch the ground.

And so Thumbelina and the little Flower Prince were married, and at the wedding the bridal song was sung in the sweetest music, by the best friend of both the bride and the groom—the swallow who had brought them together.

The Nightingale

By Hans Christian Andersen

MANY years ago the great country of China was ruled by a mighty Emperor. The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of fine porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how one touched it. In the garden were the most exquisite flowers, and to the loveliest of them were tied silver bells which tinkled in the breeze so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers.

The Emperor's beautifully arranged garden was so big that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman, who had many others things to do, stopped still and listened when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets.

"How beautiful that is!" he said. But he had many tasks to perform, and after a while he forgot the bird. But when the bird sang on the next night, the fisherman exclaimed again: "How beautiful that is!"

From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor and admired it, and the palace, and the garden; but when they heard the Nightingale, they said: "That is the best of all!"

And the travelers told of it when they came home; and the wise men among them wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they esteemed the Nightingale highest of all. And those who were poets wrote magnificent poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books and poems went through all the world, and once some of them came to the Emperor. He sat on his golden throne and read and read. As he did so, he kept nodding his head, for it pleased him to read the masterly descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all," said all the books. And the poems extolled the bird in exquisite language.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know this Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my own garden? I've never heard of it. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And hereupon he called his Cavalier. This Cavalier was so grand that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "Tsing-pe!" and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale," said the Em-

peror. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the Cavalier. "He has never been introduced at court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself."

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the Cavalier. "But I will seek him. I will find him."

But where was this Nightingale to be found? The Cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. And the Cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said it must be a fable invented by the writers of books.

"Your Imperial Majesty cannot believe how much is written that is fiction, besides something they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan. It cannot be a falsehood. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor; and if it does not come, all the court shall be trampled upon after the court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the Cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like the idea of being trampled upon.

Then there was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at the Emperor's court.

At last they met a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said:

"The Nightingale? I know it well, yes, and it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the strand, and when I get back tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the tears come into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me!"

"Little kitchen girl," said the Cavalier, "I will get you a better place in the kitchen, one where you can see the Emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale, for it is demanded for this evening."

So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing. Half the court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey a cow began to moo.

"Oh!" cried the court pages, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows mooing!" said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese court preacher. "Now I hear it—it sounds just like little temple bells."

"No, those are frogs!" said the little kitchen maid. "But now I think we shall

soon hear it."

Then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! Yonder it sits."

And she pointed to a little gray bird.

"Is it possible?" cried the Cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the kitchen maid, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him. Will you?"

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like crystal bells!" said the Cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" asked the Nightingale, for the bird thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the Cavalier, "I have great pleasure in in-

viting you to a court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the green wood!" replied the Nightingale. Still it came willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished.

The palace was festively adorned. The walls and the floor, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and all the bells rang so loudly in the breeze that one could not hear oneself speak.

In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed for the Nightingale. The whole court was there, and the little cook-maid had got leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird.

The Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor's eyes and ran down his cheeks. And when the Nightingale sang still more sweetly, the Emperor was so pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear around its neck. But the Nightingale declined this with thanks, saying "I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes—that is the real treasure to me. An Emperor's tears have a peculiar power. I am rewarded enough!"

Then the Nightingale sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

"Of all the coquetry!" exclaimed the ladies who stood round about, and they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they would sound like nightingales too. And the lackeys and chambermaids reported they were satisfied too; and that was saying a good deal, for they are the most difficult to please. In short, the Nightingale achieved a real success.

The bird was now to remain at court, to have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom held a silken string fastened to the bird's leg. There was really no pleasure in an excursion of that kind.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said nothing but "Nightin," and the other said "gale"; and then they sighed and understood each other. Eleven peddlers' children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written "The Nightingale."

"This must be a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

It was not a book however, but a little work of art, contained in a box, an artificial nightingale, which was designed to sing like a natural one, and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, he could sing one of the pieces that the real Nightingale sang, and his tail moved up and down and shone with silver and gold. Around his neck

hung a little ribbon, and on it was written, "The Nightingale of the Emperor of China is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan."

"Is that so!" said they all, and he who had brought the artificial bird immediately received the title Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

"Now the two must sing together; what a duet that will be!" they said.

And so the two birds had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial bird sang in another.

So they tried having the artificial bird sing alone. It had just as much success as the real one, and besides, it was much handsomer to look at—it shone like necklaces and bracelets.

Three and thirty times over the bird sang the same song, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now.

But where was the living Nightingale? No one had noticed that it had flown from its cage, out of the open window, and back to the green wood!

All the courtiers abused the Nightingale and declared that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird, after all," said they. And the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time they listened to the same piece. And the playmaster praised the bird particularly, declaring that it was better than a real nightingale, not only because of its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but as a singer as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real nightingale one can never calculate what is coming, but in this artificial bird everything is settled. One can explain it; one can open it and make people understand where the songs come from, how they go, and how one follows another."

"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

And the speaker received permission to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing, too, the Emperor commanded; and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as if they had all got tipsy upon tea, for that's quite the Chinese fashion; and they all said "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said, "It sounds well enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there's something wanting, I know not what!"

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed. All the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it. In title it had advanced to be the High Imperial-After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank to number one on the left hand; for the Emperor considered that side the most important on which the heart is placed, for even in an Emperor the heart is on the left side. And the playmaster wrote a work of five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird. It was very learned and very long; yet all

the people declared they had read it and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best: they could sing it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang, "Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!" and the Emperor himself sang it too.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed and caused his physician to be called. But what could *he* do?

Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and investigating, the bird was put into something like order. But the watchmaker said the bird must be carefully treated, for the barrels were worn, and it would be impossible to put new ones in so that the music would go. There was a great lamentation; only once in a year was the bird allowed to sing, and that was almost too much. But then the playmaster made a little speech, full of long words, and said the bird was just as good as before—and so, of course, it was.

Now, five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their Emperor; and now he was ill and, it was said, could not live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the Cavalier how their old Emperor did.

"Tsing-pe!" said he, and shook his head.

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great gorgeous bed. The whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler.

All about, in all the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, very quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet.

High up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was as if something lay upon his chest. He opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, and in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth, a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. These were the Emperor's bad and good deeds, and they stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" and they told him so much that the perspiration ran from his forehead.

In distress the Emperor cried, "Music! music!" And to the artificial nightingale he called "You little golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden

slipper around your neck—sing for me now, sing!"

But the bird stood still. No one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that. And Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great hollow eyes, and it was fearfully quiet.

Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale who was sitting outside on a spray. The little gray bird had heard the Emperor's sad plight and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. And as it sang the specters grew paler and paler; the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said:

"Sing on, little Nightingale, sing on!"

"But will you, Death, give me the Emperor's golden sword? Will you give me his rich banner? Will you give me his crown?" sang the Nightingale.

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. The Nightingale sang on and on; it sang of the quiet churchyard gardens where white roses grow, where the elder blossom smells sweet, and where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of those mourning their loved ones. At last Death felt a longing to see his garden, and he floated out the window in the form of a cold white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" cried the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the

Nightingale. "I have drawn tears from your eyes when I sang the first time—I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow strong again. I will sing you something."

And the Nightingale sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. How refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke refreshed and restored. Not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead. Only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You will sing as you please; and the artificial bird shall be broken into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it; I must live in the woods. But let me come when you need me; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window and sing you something, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. As a little singing bird I fly far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to everyone who dwells far away from you and from your court. I will come and sing to you—but one thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a bird who tells you everything."

The Emperor promised happily, with all his heart, and the Nightingale flew away.

Next morning the servants came in to pay their last respects to their Emperor, who they believed was dead. But there he stood, alive and happy and smiling, and he greeted them with a hearty "Good morning!"

The Steadfast Tin Soldier

By Hans Christian Andersen

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers in a box. They were all brothers for they had all been born of one tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets and looked straight before them, very splendid in their uniforms of red and blue.

The first thing they had heard in this world when the lid was taken off their box were the words, "Tin soldiers!" A little boy shouted it, clapping his hands with delight. The soldiers had been given to him for his birthday and now he was busily setting them up on the table.

All the soldiers looked exactly alike except one. He looked a little different because he had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him. Still, there he stood, as steady on his one leg as the others on their two. And it was just this tin soldier who turned out to be the remarkable one.

On the table with the soldiers were many other playthings, but the toy that caught the eye more than any other was a wonderful cardboard castle with little windows through which one could see straight into the rooms. In front of the castle some little trees stood around a small mirror supposed to represent a lake. Wax swans swam on this lake and were reflected in the glass.

All this was very pretty, but prettiest of all was the little lady who stood at the open doorway of the castle. Though she was a paper doll, she wore a dress of the sheerest gauze and a narrow blue ribbon went over her shoulders like a scarf. In the middle of this ribbon was a glittering rose spangle as big as her whole face.

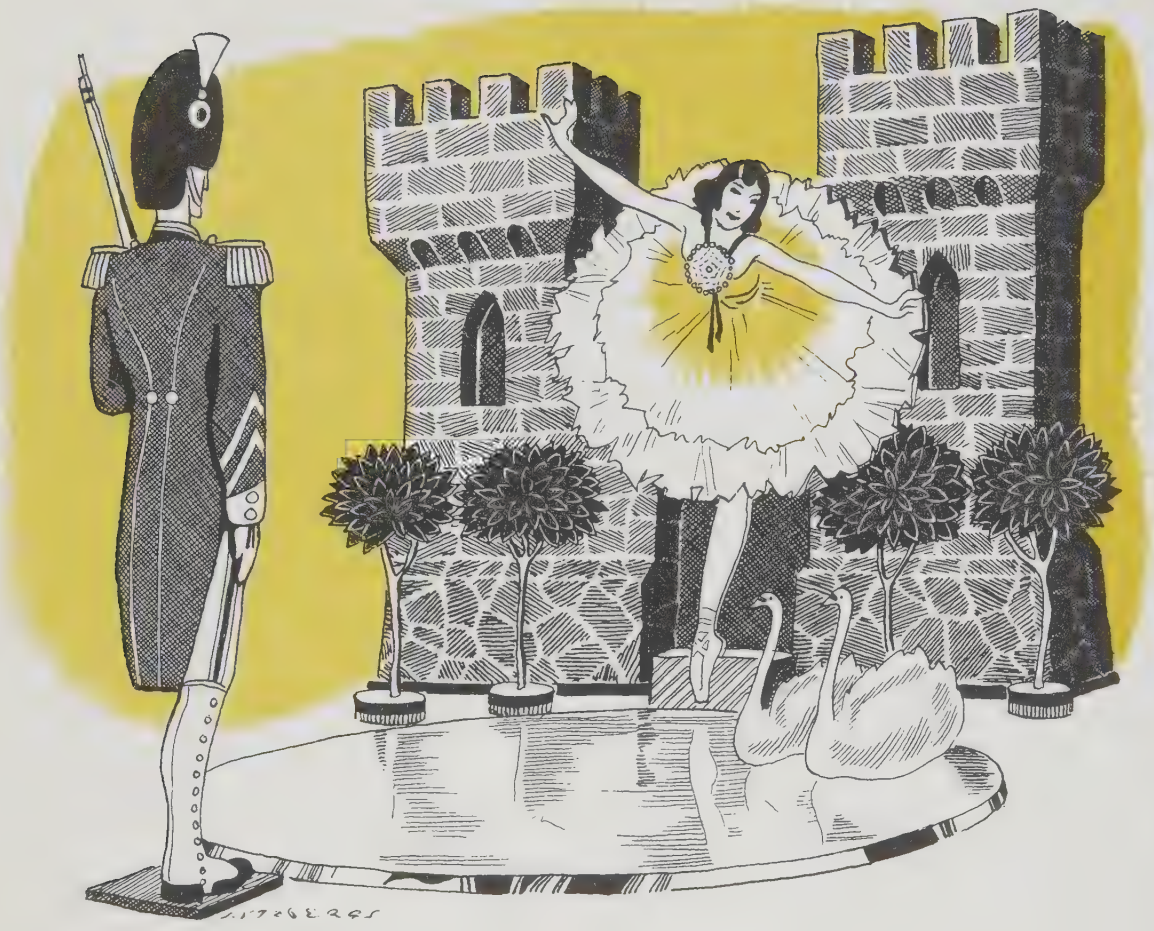
The little lady held out both her arms, as a ballet dancer does, and one leg was lifted so high behind her that the tin soldier couldn't see it at all, and he supposed she had only one leg like himself.

"That's the wife for me," he thought, "but perhaps she's too grand a lady. She lives in a castle while I have only a box and there are five-and-twenty of us to share it. It's no place for her. Just the same I must make her acquaintance."

And then, still as stiff as when he stood at attention, he lay down full length behind a snuff-box that stood on the table. From there he could easily admire the dainty little lady who kept standing on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box and the people of the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at games like visiting and giving balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join in the fun but could not raise the lid.

The nut-cracker turned somersaults



and the slate pencil wrote jokes on the slate. The toys made so much noise that they woke the canary who made a speech to them in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She stood firmly on the tip of her toe with both arms outstretched. The tin soldier was just as steadfast on his one leg, and never once did he take his eyes off her.

Now the clock struck twelve—and *pop!*—up sprang the lid of the snuff-box. There was no snuff in it; instead there was a little black goblin in it—a little jack-in-the-box. You see, it was a trick box.

"Tin soldier," ordered the jack-in-the-box, "kindly keep your eyes to yourself!"

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till tomorrow!" said the jack-in-the-box.

But when morning came, and the children got up, the tin soldier was placed on the window sill. And whether it was the jack-in-the-box or a gust of wind that did it, all of a sudden the soldier

fell head over heels from the third story. It was a terrible trip! He fell with breath-taking speed and landed helmet first, with his bayonet buried between the paving stones, and his one leg pointing straight up in the air.

The housemaid and the little boy ran down immediately to look for him, but though they almost stepped on the little tin soldier they walked right past without seeing him. If the soldier had called out, "Here I am!" they would have found him. But he did not think it dignified to make an uproar since he was in uniform.

Then it began to rain. The drops fell faster and faster until they came down by the bucketful. When the rain was over two boys came along.

"Hi, look," said one of them, "here's a tin soldier. Let's give him a boat ride!"

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the tin soldier in it. Away he sailed down the gutter with the two boys running beside him clapping their hands. Mercy on us! how the waves rose in that gutter and what a swift current! But then you must remember the rain had come down in torrents. The paper boat pitched and tossed and sometimes it whirled about so rapidly that it made the soldier's head spin. However, he stood as steady as ever, never flinching, his eyes straight ahead, his musket on his shoulder.

Suddenly the boat rushed under a long plank where the gutter was boarded over. It was almost as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he wondered. "This must be the doing of that jack-in-the-box. But if only the little lady were here in the boat with me, it could be twice as dark for all I'd care."

All at once there appeared a great water rat that lived under the plank.

"Have you a passport?" said the rat. "Hand it over, I say!"

The tin soldier said nothing and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat rushed on, and the rat after it. Ugh—how he gnashed his teeth as he called to the sticks and straws, "Stop him! He hasn't paid toll—he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the current became stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could see the bright daylight where the board ended, but he also heard a roaring noise which might very well have frightened the boldest man. Right where the plank ended, the water poured into a huge canal, and for him that would have been as dangerous as for one of us to be carried over a great waterfall.

By this time he was so near he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor tin soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say of him that he even blinked an eye. The boat whirled round three or four times and was full of water to the very brim. It must soon sink.

The tin soldier was already up to his neck in water. The boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was rapidly going to pieces. Now the water was closing over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little lady whom

he would never see again and in his ears there echoed the old song:

Farewell, farewell, O warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!

And now the paper boat came apart and the tin soldier fell through. At that moment a great fish came by and swallowed him up in its toothy jaws!

Oh, how dark it was inside that fish's body! It was even darker than under the gutter-plank and it was so narrow, too, that the tin soldier was terribly cramped. Yet he remained as steadfast as ever and lay at full length still shouldering his musket.

The fish swam freely to and fro, but suddenly it flopped and floundered most strangely, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through it like lightning. Broad daylight appeared and a voice exclaimed, "It's the tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, brought to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen where the cook cut him open with her large knife. She seized the soldier by his middle with two fingers and took him into the living room. Everyone was anxious to see this remarkable fellow who had traveled about inside a fish's stomach. But the tin soldier wasn't proud.

They set him on the table, and there—well, what curious things do happen in this world! The tin soldier found himself in the very same room he had been in before! He saw the very same children; the very same toys stood on the table. And there was the cardboard castle with the graceful little dancer! She was still balancing herself on one foot, lifting the other in the air. She too was steadfast. That touched the tin soldier so deeply that he came close to weeping tin tears—only that would not have been proper. He looked at her and she looked at him, but they did not say anything.

Just then one of the little boys picked up the tin soldier and threw him right into the stove. He couldn't give any reason for doing it. It must have been the little goblin in the snuff-box that put him up to it.

The tin soldier stood all lit up and felt a heat that was terrible, but whether this heat came from the fiery flames or from his love he didn't know. He had lost all his splendid colors, but whether that had happened during his travels or had been caused by sorrow no one could say. He looked at the little lady and she looked at him, and he felt himself melting. But he still stood steadfast, musket firmly on his shoulder.

Then suddenly the stove door blew open. A puff of wind caught the dancer and she flew, like a sylph, into the fire with the tin soldier, blazed up in a flame, and was gone.

The tin soldier melted down into a lump and when the housemaid took the ashes out of the stove next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the pretty dancer nothing remained but the rose spangle, and that was burned as black as coal.

The Real Princess

By Hans Christian Andersen

THERE was once a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess, but she had to be a *real* Princess. So he traveled all over the world to find one. There were plenty of Kings with daughters they called Princesses; but how was he to know whether they were *real* Princesses? There always seemed to be something not quite right about every one of them. So he came home in very low spirits, for he wanted to have a *real* Princess for his wife.

One evening a terrible storm came on. It thundered and lightened and the rain poured in torrents. It was perfectly dreadful. In the midst of it all a knocking was heard at the palace gate. The old King went to open it.

And in all that downpour there stood a Princess! But goodness gracious, what a sight she looked from the rain and the storm! The water was streaming from her hair and her clothes were soaking wet. The rain leaked in at her shoe-tips and ran out at the heels.

"Come in, my dear," said the old King. "Who are you?"

"I'm a Princess," answered the young girl, "a *real* Princess."

"We'll soon find that out," thought the old Queen for she had her own ideas about *real* Princesses. But she said nothing, only hurried into the guest-room to fix a bed for the chilly little Princess.

First she stripped off all the bedclothes. Then she laid one little dried pea on the mattress. Then she put twenty mattresses on top of the pea and again twenty eiderdown quilts on top of the mattresses. And this was where the Princess had to sleep.

When the Princess came down for breakfast next morning, they asked her, "How did you sleep?"

"Well," answered the Princess, "I don't like to complain, but I could scarcely close my eyes all night. Goodness knows what was in that bed. I lay on something so hard, my body is black and blue."

"She is really a *real* Princess!" exclaimed the Queen, and when she told her son, the Prince, about it, he decided this was indeed the *real* Princess he had been seeking since she was so tender and sensitive that she could feel one little dried pea through all those mattresses and feather quilts.

So the Prince married her, though for the life of me *I* can't understand why the silly Prince wanted a wife with such tender feelings. As for the pea, that was put into the Royal Museum where it is to this day unless someone has carried it off. Now this is just the way the story was told to me!

Blaisdell

The Emperor's New Clothes

By Hans Christian Andersen

MANY years ago there lived an Emperor who cared about nothing but clothes. He wanted to be known as the best-dressed man in the world and he spent all his time and money for that purpose. He had a completely new outfit for every occasion, and showing off his clothes was all he ever wanted to do.

When he was not on his throne or presiding at state affairs, people would ask, "Where is the Emperor?" And his lackeys would always have to say, "His Royal Highness is in his dressing-room changing his clothes."

One day there arrived at the Emperor's court two rather strange-looking men. They introduced themselves as weavers, though actually they were swindlers and cheats. They told the Emperor they could weave cloth in all manner of unusual patterns and colors. What was more, they said, all clothes made with their fabrics had a magic quality. "Whoever wears them," they assured the Emperor, "will be able to test the wisdom or folly of anyone who looks at him when he has them on. People who are stupid or unfit for their jobs will not see the clothes at all. Only those who are very wise or particularly good at their jobs will be able to see them."

The Emperor thought this would be a wonderful thing for him. "If I had a suit made of this magic cloth," he said to himself, "I should be able to tell, without any trouble to myself, just who are the fit and who are the unfit among my subjects."

So the Emperor ordered his ministers to pay the two men large sums of money to weave him enough of their magic cloth for a handsome outfit.

Two fine looms were set up in the royal weaving room, and the men asked for spools of the finest silk and the costliest gold and silver threads. But being cheats and not really weavers at all, they put the valuable threads into their pockets and merely *pretended* to be working at the looms.

After a while the Emperor was curious to see what progress the weavers were making. But he was a little worried, for he thought, "If I happen not to be able to see the cloth they are weaving, they will say I am stupid or unfit for my job. I'd better send someone else to look first. My faithful and honest old minister, John, would be a good one to send. No one is better fitted for his job than he, or wiser either. He will see the fabric and know how good it is."

So the honest old minister went to find out how the work was progressing. When he saw the weavers sitting at empty looms, he thought, "Mercy on us!

I see nothing at all!"

"How do you like the cloth so far?" asked the two cheats. "Isn't it exquisite?"

Peering through his spectacles, the minister still saw nothing. But he knew what that was supposed to mean, and as he certainly did not wish to be thought foolish or unfit for his job, he replied, "It is exquisite indeed. Such fine patterns, such rich colors! I shall tell the Emperor how beautiful it is."

The two cheats then asked for more fine silk, more gold and silver threads, and all they got they put into their own pockets as they went on pretending to weave on the empty looms.

By and by the Emperor sent another highly trustworthy minister of his court to see the weaving.

"Isn't it the most exquisite piece of cloth you ever saw?" said the cheats pointing at what looked to the second minister like empty space.

"Heavens!" thought he. "I know I'm not stupid. Maybe I'm not fit for my job, though. Well, if I'm not I certainly don't want anybody to know it, least of all the Emperor. So I shan't let on that I don't see the cloth."

"It is indeed exquisite," he replied. "Exquisite! I shall tell the Emperor."

Soon the whole town was buzzing with curiosity about this magic fabric the Emperor was having woven for his new clothes. "It must be something out of this world!" thought the people.

As for the Emperor, *his* curiosity knew no bounds. Vain as he was, he decided he would have to see the cloth for himself. After all, hadn't two of his ministers seen it? Hadn't they told him how beautiful it was? Surely he was at least as wise as they and at least as well fitted for his job as they were for theirs. There could be nothing for him to worry about.

He took the two ministers with him, and a dozen more of his retinue as well, and marched down to the weaving room.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the Emperor to himself as his eyes beheld the two men busily working at empty looms. "I can't see a thing. What can this mean? That I am a fool? That I am not fit to be Emperor? If so, I am certainly not going to let anybody know it."

So he nodded approvingly at the two cheats who pretended to be weaving and said, "You are right. The cloth is indeed beautiful."

The whole retinue stared. Not one of them saw anything, for of course there was nothing to see. But each one was as afraid as the Emperor of being considered foolish or unfit. So they said, "Yes, Your Majesty, the cloth is beautiful indeed. When your suit is made of it, you must wear it to lead us in the imperial procession next month."

The Emperor paid the weavers another large sum of money so that the suit might be finished in time.

The night before the procession was to take place, the cheats lighted a hundred candles to convince the people that they were hard at work completing the Emperor's new clothes. They made the motions of taking yards of cloth from the looms. They made cuts in the air with

huge scissors. They used silver needles without thread for their sewing. And at last, just before dawn, they announced, "The Emperor's new clothes are ready!"

In great excitement the Emperor came with his noblest courtiers. "See!" said the cheats, holding up nothing but empty air, "Here are the trousers. Here is the waistcoat. Look at this wonderful jacket. Now put on the royal cloak."

The Emperor took off the outfit he was wearing, and as he was helped into each piece of nothing at all, the cheating weavers said "Isn't it wonderful how light the clothes are? But that is part of the magic."

Finally they said to the Emperor, "Now, Your Majesty, you are all ready. Aren't the clothes exquisite? Their patterns, their colors! And their fit!"

"Let me see myself in them," said the Emperor. And his courtiers brought him a full-length mirror framed in gold.

Neither the Emperor nor any of the courtiers dared admit that the mirror revealed no clothes at all. "Magnificent!" they exclaimed. And the Emperor commanded his two train-bearers to pick up the train of his cloak and follow him with it out to where he was to lead the imperial procession.

The streets of the town were lined with great crowds of people eager to see the Emperor in the magnificent new clothes they had been hearing so much about.

Under the royal canopy strode the Emperor, his head high, his bearing regal. Down the broad highway, between rows and rows of cheering spectators, he led the procession. And although none of them could see any clothes on the Emperor at all, each one, afraid of being considered foolish or unfit for his work, shouted great praise for the Emperor's wonderful new outfit.

"How magnificent!" they said. "How beautifully woven! and tailored!"

No costume, no uniform, not one of the royal regalia that the Emperor owned had ever caused so much favorable comment from so many people.

But in the sidelines, almost crushed between his elders, stood a little child, a child so innocent that he cared not what others might think of him. "Why," he said, "he hasn't got any clothes on at all! The Emperor is naked!"

"Hush!" said the child's father severely, trembling with fear.

But the spell had been broken. The crowd knew that the child had spoken the truth because he was not afraid to. "It's true!" they whispered one to the other. "The Emperor is quite naked. He has nothing on at all!"

The Emperor shivered. He knew they were right. But being an Emperor, he knew too that the ceremonies must go on, regardless. So, squaring his shoulders, he marched proudly forward, at the head of the procession, his train-bearers holding high the royal train which was not there at all.

The Ugly Duckling

By Hans Christian Andersen

THAT summer the country was particularly beautiful, and it was glorious to be out in the green fields and meadows. It was so amusing to see the white stork parading around on his long red legs and to hear him talking Egyptian, a language he had learned from his mother.

In the midst of the sunny meadow stood an old farmhouse. It was surrounded by a deep canal, and from the walls down to the water grew burdock shrubs so tall that children could stand under them. It was so nice and shady there that a mother duck decided it would be a good place to sit on her nest and hatch out her young ones.

At last one of the eggs cracked open, and then another and another until eight new little yellow ducklings poked out their heads and cried "Peep! Peep!"

"How big the world is!" exclaimed the ducklings. They were glad to be out of those tight little eggs, and their mother was glad to let them look around at the leaves, for she knew how good for the eyes the color green is.

"But this isn't the whole world by any means," she told the ducklings. "There is much more of it. It extends far beyond the other side of the garden. Maybe we can all go there some time. Let me see now; are we all here?"

She looked around and saw that one of her eggs, the largest, had not yet hatched. "Oh, dear," she said to herself, "I am so tired of sitting on eggs! I wonder how much longer this is going to last."

But she sat down on the nest again and waited some more.

At last the big egg cracked and broke open. Out came two big feet and a head. But it wasn't a soft little downy yellow head like the other ducklings. This one was big and white, with a long scrawny neck and a fuzzy body.

"My, my!" exclaimed the mother duck when she saw him. "He certainly doesn't look like any of my other children. I wonder how he got to be so funny-looking?"

"He's ugly!" quacked the other ducklings. "He doesn't look a bit like us. We don't want to play with him." And they waddled down to the pond with their mother behind them. She shoved them

in and jumped in after them. They all swam beautifully.

"I'll bet that big ugly white brother of ours can't swim!" exclaimed one of the little yellow ducklings.

But the ugly duckling had followed them down to the pond and, seeing them all swimming, he jumped in and swam too, at least as well as any of them.

"On my word!" exclaimed the mother duck. "He certainly can swim, big and ugly as he is! He must be my own child, and, after all, he's not so very ugly if you look at him right."

The next day the mother duck decided to let her ducklings see something of the world. "Come along," she said, "and I'll introduce you to the animals in the poultry yard across the meadow. Stay close to me now, all of you, so you won't get stepped on. And look out for the cat."

When they got to the poultry yard, a terrible fight was going on. "Dear, dear!" said the mother duck. "People are always fighting!"

But she gave her ducklings their first lesson in good manners too. "You see that big haughty-looking duck with the red ribbon around her leg?" she said. "That means she is a very important person—a Spanish grandee, in fact. Now, I want you all to curtsy to her politely."

They did it, nicely too, but the Spanish grandee took one look at the poor ugly duckling and bit him in the neck.

"You leave him alone!" commanded his mother. "He may not be as pretty as some, but he has a sweet disposition, and he is the best swimmer of the lot. Besides, he'll look better when he grows up. He won't seem so big and awkward then."

But all the creatures in the yard made fun of the ugly duckling just the same. The ducks pushed him and the chickens teased him and the turkeys bit him. Even the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. And his own brothers and sisters were so mean to him that he felt just *terrible.*

One day, when he couldn't stand it any longer, he decided to fly away. He flew over the barnyard fence and on and on, weary and unhappy, until he came to the marsh where the wild ducks lived.

When they saw the poor duckling, they said, "My, how ugly you are! But we don't really mind as long as you don't marry any of us. You can stay here if you want to."

The poor duckling was very grateful and lay down to get some much-needed rest. But at that very moment two shots rang out, and two wild geese fell down dead in the marsh. A hunter had shot them, and the ugly duckling was frightened almost to death. He bent down and put his head under his wing until the gunshots stopped. When they did, it began to rain, and soon it was *pouring.* But the duckling didn't care. He had to get away. So he half ran and half flew over many fields and meadows, though he was drenched by the storm.

At last he came to a miserable little shack that seemed to remain standing only because it didn't know which way to tumble down.

The door hung open crookedly, and

the duckling slipped in out of the rain.

Inside he found a woman with a pet cat named Sonnie and a pet hen who, because of her little legs, was called Chickabiddy-Shortshanks. The ugly duckling fell asleep at once and no one noticed him. But in the morning the cat purred and the hen clucked and the woman said "What's the matter?" Her eyesight wasn't very good and she thought, "Maybe this is a rare prize duck who will lay eggs for me."

"Can you lay eggs?" the hen asked.

"No," replied the duckling.

"Can you purr and arch your back?" asked the cat.

"No."

"Then what *can* you do?" they wanted to know.

"I can swim," exclaimed the ugly duckling. "It's delightful to dive into the water and feel it all around you."

"You must be crazy," said the cat and the hen. "Who would like that?"

"I do," replied the duckling, "and I'm going out into the wide world right now to try it again."

"Go ahead," said the cat and the hen. And the duckling went. He swam and dived and ran and flew but everyone gave him the cold shoulder because he was so ugly.

At last summer was over and autumn came with leaves turning brown and

whirling in the chilly wind. The duckling was miserable indeed all alone in the cold cruel world.

But one evening, just as the sun was setting, he saw coming out of the bushes a flock of handsome white swans with long graceful necks. They spread their wings and, with a strange cry, rose higher and higher as they flew to warmer regions.

The ugly duckling thought he had never seen such beautiful creatures before. How he admired them! He would have been happy indeed if they had so much as noticed him.

But they did not. They flew south, not even seeing the ugly duckling in the freezing lake. And soon it was winter and the lake froze over and the ice held the duckling fast. What a terrible night that was for the poor creature! He almost froze to death.

But early the next morning a farmer passing by broke the ice, lifted out the duckling, and took him home.

The duckling soon came to himself again as the farmer's children played with him. But he was so frightened at these strange surroundings that he fluttered into the milk-pan, spilling milk all over the place. The farmer's wife was annoyed by this and the duckling, frightened out of his wits, flew first into the butter-tub and then into the flour-barrel. What a sight he was! The woman struck out at him with the fire-tongs while the children laughed and screamed and tumbled all over each other trying to catch him.

Luckily for him the door was open and he was able to slip out. He lay behind a bush in the snow and stayed there until the winter was over. But at last it grew warm and sunny. Birds sang and buds swelled. It was spring!

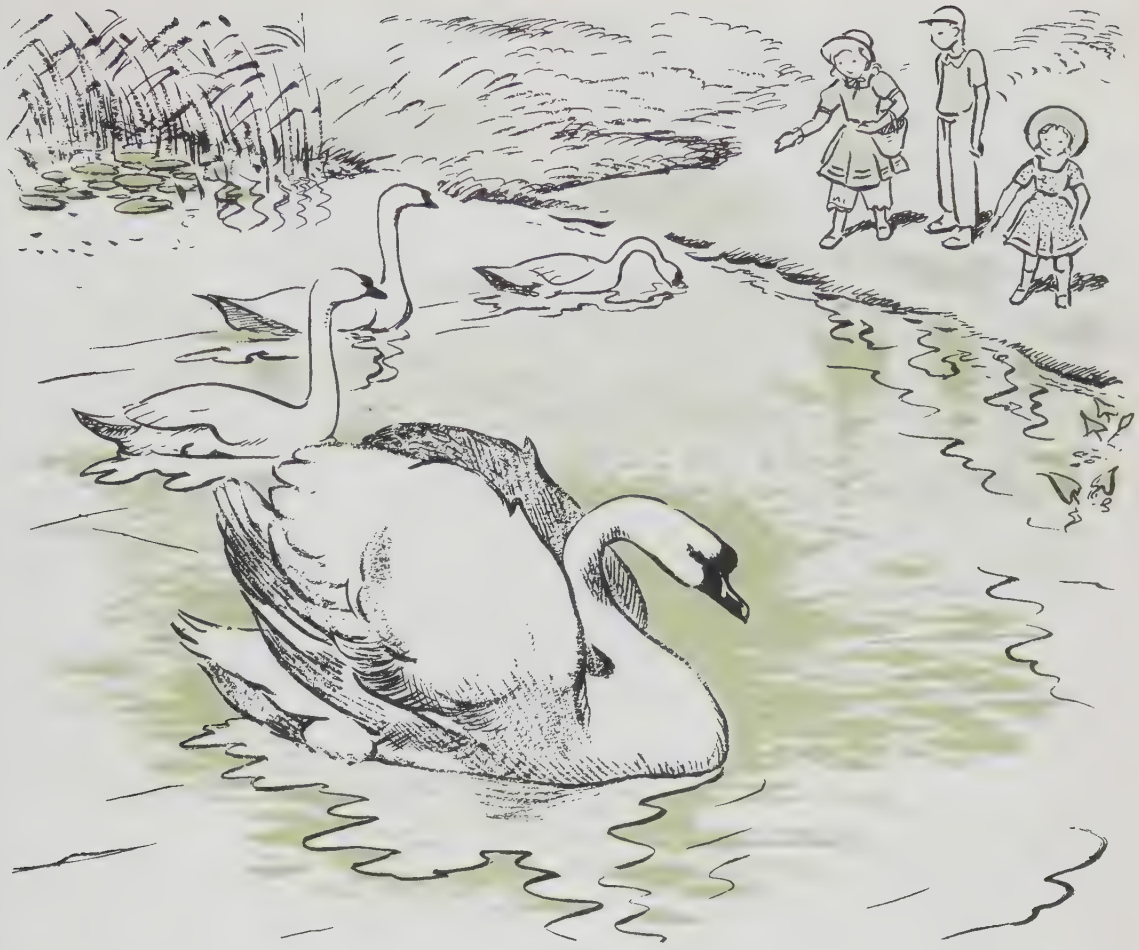
All at once the duckling found he could flap his wings, and one day he found himself in a beautiful garden where sweet-scented blossoming trees bent down to the water. Suddenly three glorious white swans appeared ruffling their feathers as they swam lightly across the water. The ugly duckling gazing at the beautiful birds, thought to himself, "If I dare go near them, they will kill me because I am so ugly. But I don't care. Better to be killed by these beautiful creatures than to be bitten by ducks and hens, or kicked by the poultry-girl, or starve in winter."

So he dived into the water and swam out to the swans. "Kill me!" cried the poor creature, bending his head down to the water.

But what was this he saw reflected in the clear water? It was his own image! For the first time he saw himself as he really was. And, to his utter amazement, he saw that he was not an ugly duckling—or a duckling at all—but a swan—a beautiful white swan!

You see, a bird who comes from a swan's egg is a *swan* even if the egg happens to have been hatched by a duck, and ducks think that no one is pretty except a duck. They think anyone who doesn't look like a duck is ugly, even the most beautiful swan.

But now the "ugly duckling" knew



why he had felt such love for the beautiful swans, and he knew he was as beautiful himself as they were. The swans recognized him too, as one of them, and they swam around him stroking him with their beaks.

By and by some children came down to the lake to throw breadcrumbs to the swans. "Look!" cried the youngest. "There's a beautiful new white swan!" And the other children shouted happily, "Yes, he is the most beautiful one of all."

Of course the swan who had been considered an ugly duckling was very happy. But he never became vain or conceited. He always remembered how it felt to be despised and teased, and he was very sorry for all creatures who are so treated merely because they are different from the people around them.

But now that he was appreciated at last, he rustled his wings, lifted his slender neck, and sighed happily, "To think that this joy should come to one who has always been considered an ugly duckling! It's almost too good to be true."

What the Old Man Does Is Always Right

ONCE upon a time there was a little old tumble-down farmhouse by the roadside. Moss and weeds had taken root and sprouted on its thatched roof. The house had crooked walls that sagged as if they were too tired to stand straight, and as most of the windows were almost in the ground, only one of them would open. An elderberry bush hung over the fence, near a tiny pond with a duck and a few ducklings swimming about on it. There was also a watchdog that barked at every passer-by, even though few of them were strangers.

In this humble little farmhouse lived an old man and his old wife. They lived happily together even though they had few possessions. Little as they had, however, they felt they could manage with one thing less, and that was their horse who grazed in a ditch along the road.

The old man used to ride the horse into town, and sometimes he loaned him to neighbors who did small favors for him in return. Still, the two old people decided it would pay them better to sell the horse, or to exchange it for something that would be even more useful to them. But what should it be?

"You know best," said the old woman to her husband. "It's market day today. Ride into town and get some money for the horse or make a good bargain with him. Whatever you do will be right. Now off you go!"

She tied his kerchief about his neck, with a double knot that made him look quite natty, and she brushed his hat with the palm of her hand; then she kissed him and sent him off on the horse that he was to sell or trade. Of course he was sure to do whatever was best for both of them.

The sun was burning hot, and there was no shade anywhere. The dusty road was crowded with people going to market, some in carts, some on horseback, and others on foot.

Among the throng was a man leading a cow—as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"I'm sure she must give very fine milk," thought the old man. "If I could get her, that would certainly be no bad bargain."

"You, there, with the cow!" he called. "Wait a moment. How about having a word together?"

The cowherd came up to him, and the old farmer said, "Now I'm almost sure that a horse is worth more than a cow, isn't it? But I don't care about that, for I've more use for a cow. Shall we trade?"

"To be sure I will," said the man with the cow, and the bargain was made. Now the farmer might very well have turned and gone home, for he had finished what

he had set out to do. But the old man had made up his mind he was going to market, and to market he would go; just to have a look at it. So on he went with his cow stepping out briskly and coming nearer to town.

Soon they overtook a man who was leading a plump sheep covered with fine wool.

"I wouldn't mind having that sheep," said the old man to himself. "There's plenty of good grazing along our ditch and in winter we could take her into the cottage with us. Besides we could much better afford to keep a sheep than a cow."

So he called out to the man with the sheep, "Ho, fellow! Shall we trade?"

Of course the man with the sheep was quite willing, so the trade was made and the farmer went along the high road with his sheep. Presently he saw a young man carrying a large goose under his arm.

"That's a good heavy fellow he's got there," thought the old man. "He's got both feathers and fat in plenty. How nicely we could tie him up near our little pond, and we could feed him the scraps from our table. How often my good wife has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now here's my chance to get her one."

"Shall we trade?" he called to the man with the goose. "I'll give you my sheep for your goose, with many thanks."

Naturally, the young man did not

mind in the least, and now the old man took his goose and went on his way.

By this time he was near the town gate. The highway grew more crowded every minute. The old man was becoming tired and found himself shoved about by the people thronging to market. They finally pushed him up close to the cottage of the gate-keeper where he saw a hen tied to a post by a string. She was a beautiful, plump, black hen with shiny feathers. As the old man looked at her, she winked an eye and looked very wise, crying, "Cluck, cluck!"

What the hen was thinking, it would be hard to say, but what the old man thought when he saw her was, "That's the finest hen I've ever seen. Why she's prettier even than the parson's brood-hen. I should certainly like to have her. A hen can always find a seed or two and can almost keep herself. I shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to get her instead of the goose. Would you like to trade?" he asked the gate-keeper.

"Trade?" repeated the gate-keeper. "Don't mind if I do." So the gate-keeper kept the goose, and the old farmer carried off the hen. After a few more steps he was right in town. By this time he was very hot and very tired. "What a lot of business I've done since I left home," he thought. "I'd like to sit down and rest for a few minutes, and what I need is a nice cool drink and a bite to eat too."

Soon he found himself before an inn and he was just about to step through the door when a young boy came out, carrying a heavy sack chock-full of something.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the old man.

"Rotten apples," said the boy. "A whole bagful for the pigs."

"What a huge bagful you have! Why, last year we had only one single apple on our whole tree, the one down by the water-hole. We kept that apple on the cupboard till it burst. 'While we've got that, we've got wealth,' my wife used to say. How I wish she could see so many apples all at once. Then she'd know what wealth really meant."

"Well," said the boy, "what would you give me for the bagful?"

"What would I give?" cried the farmer. "Why I'll give you my hen!"

So the boy took the hen and the old man took the apples and went into the inn. There he propped his sack against the stove without realizing that the stove had a fire burning in it. The inn was full of visitors—horse dealers, cattle traders, and two Englishmen. Those two Englishmen had lots of money—their pockets were bursting with golden coins and they were very fond of making bets too, as you shall see.

Suddenly, a loud hissing sound was heard in the room. "Hiss-s-s! hss-s-s!" The sound came from near the stove. The apples were beginning to roast. "What is that?" asked the Englishman.

"My bag of apples!" cried the old farmer. And he told them the whole story of the horse he had traded for a

cow and all the rest of it down to the rotten apples.

"My poor man!" cried one of the Englishmen. "You're in for trouble when you get home. I'll bet you anything you'll get a good sound cuffing from your wife when she sees you. Heaven help you!"

"She'll bring the house down about your ears!" said the other Englishman.

"Oh, no, indeed," said the old man. "I shall get kisses, not blows. And my wife'll say 'My old man is always right.' "

"Shall we have a bet on it?" asked the Englishman. "We'll wager gold pieces—a hundred sacks of gold to a hundred sacks of apples!"

"One bushel will do," said the farmer. "I have just one bushel of apples to wager against you, but with me and my good wife on top, that will surely be more than full measure! Shall we call it a bet?"

"Done! Taken!" they cried, and the bet was made.

The innkeeper's cart was borrowed, and first the two Englishmen got in, then the old man and the bag of rotten apples, and they all rode to the old farmer's house.

"Good evening, wife," said the old man stepping into the doorway.

"Good evening, to you, husband."

"I've made a bargain," said the old man.

"I'm sure you made a good one," said his wife, giving him a hug, and paying no attention to the two Englishmen or the sack of rotten apples.

"I traded the horse for a cow," the old man continued.

"God be thanked!" said his wife. "What wonderful milk we'll have now, and butter and cheese on the table. That was a fine trade!"

"Yes—but then I exchanged the cow for a sheep."

"Oh, that's even better! You always do think of everything! We have plenty of grazing for a sheep. We'll have sheep's milk and sheep's cheese, and woolen stockings and even woolen nightgowns! Why, a cow doesn't give those. She only sheds her hair. How well you manage everything!"

"But I traded the sheep for a goose."

"Then, my dear old man," said his wife, "this year we shall really be able to celebrate Christmas. You're always thinking of something to please me. We can tie the goose to our willow tree and fatten him up for the holidays."

"But I gave away the goose for a hen," said the husband.

"A hen? That was a *very* good trade!" said the woman. "The hen will lay eggs, she'll hatch them, and we'll have chickens. We'll have a whole yard full of chickens. That's what I've always wanted most."

"But, wife, I traded the hen for a sack of rotten apples," said the old man.

"What, dear husband?" exclaimed his wife. "I must really kiss you for that, my dear. Now I'll tell *you* something. While you were gone I thought I'd make you a right fine supper—an omelet with parsley in it. I had the eggs, but not the parsley—

so I went over to the schoolmaster's house. They've got parsley there, you know. The housekeeper is nice, but a little stingy. I begged her to give me a small bunch. '*Give*,' she answered me. 'Nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a rotten apple. I couldn't give you so much as that, my dear woman.' But now *I* can give *her* ten apples, even a whole bagful. Isn't that wonderful? What my old man does is always right!" And she gave him a good kiss.

"That's the spirit," exclaimed the Englishmen coming forward. "Always going downhill, yet always happy! It's well worth the whole bet." And, content with their bargain, they paid their wager—a bushel of gold pieces to the old farmer because he received kisses instead of blows for his bad bargains.

So you see, it paid for the wife to say What the old man does is always right.

Stories that Never Grow Old

Beauty and the Beast

A FRENCH FAIRY TALE

By Madame Leprince de Beaumont

ONCE upon a time there was a rich merchant who had three daughters. They lived in a very fine house in a beautiful city, and had many servants in grand liveries to wait upon them. All their food was served on gold and silver dishes, and their gowns were made of the richest fabrics embroidered with jewels.

The two eldest were called Marigold and Dressalinda. Never a day passed but these two went out to some feast or junketing; but Beauty, the youngest, loved to stay at home and keep her old father company.

Now, it happened that misfortune came upon the merchant. Ships of his which were sailing the high seas laden with merchandise of great price, were wrecked, and in one day he found that he was no longer the richest merchant in the city, but a very poor man.

There was still left to him a little house in the country, and to this, when everything else had been sold, he retired. His daughters, of course, went with him.

Marigold and Dressalinda were very cross to think that they had lost all their money and that after being so rich and sought after they must now live in a miserable cottage.

But Beauty's only thought was to cheer her old father; and while her two sisters sat on wooden chairs and cried and bewailed themselves, Beauty lighted the fire and got the supper ready, for the merchant was now so poor that he could not keep a servant.

And so it went on. Beauty swept the floors and washed the dishes and did her best to make the poor cottage pleasant, while the two eldest sisters would do nothing but sulk in corners. They led their sister a dreadful life too, with their complaints, for not only did they refuse to do anything themselves, but they said everything she did was done wrong. Beauty, however, bore all their unkindness patiently, for her father's sake.

In this way a whole year went by, and one day a letter came for the merchant.

He hastened to find his daughters, for he was eager to tell them the good news in the letter.

"My dear children," he said, "at last our luck has turned. This letter says that one of the ships supposed to have been lost has come safely home to port, and if that be so, we need no longer live in poverty. We shall not be so rich as before, but we shall have enough to keep us in comfort. Get me my traveling cloak, Beauty. I will set out at once to claim my ship. And now tell me, girls, what shall I bring you when I come back?"

"A hundred pounds," said Marigold, without hesitating an instant.

"I want a new silk dress," said Dressalinda, "an apple-green one, sewn with seed-pearls, and green shoes with red heels, and a necklace of emeralds, and a box of gloves."

"And what shall I bring for you, my Beauty?" asked the father, as his little daughter helped him to put on his cloak.

"Oh, bring me a rose," said Beauty.

"You silly girl," said Marigold, "you just want our father to think you are more unselfish than we are—that's what you want! A rose, indeed!"

"No, sister," said Beauty, "that was not the reason. I thought our father would have enough to do in seeing to the safety of his ship, without being troubled to do shopping for me."

But the sisters, very much annoyed, went off to their own room to talk of the fine things they would have when their father came back.

In the meantime the merchant went his way to the city, full of hope and great plans as to what to do with his money.

But when he got there, he found that someone had played a trick on him. No ship of his had come into harbor, so he was just as badly off as before.

He spent the whole day looking about to make sure there was no truth in the letter he had received, and it was begin-

ning to get dark when he started out, with a sad heart, to make the journey home again. He was tired and miserable, and he had tasted no food since morning.

It was quite dark by the time he came to the great wood through which he had to pass to get to his cottage, and when he saw a light shining through the trees, he decided not to go to his home that night, but to make his way towards the light in the wood and ask for food and shelter.

He expected to find a woodcutter's cottage, but what was his surprise, as he drew near to the light, to find that it came from the windows of a beautiful palace!

He knocked at the gates, but no one answered, and presently, driven by hunger and cold, he mounted the marble steps into the great hall.

All the way he never saw a soul. There was a big fire in the hall, and when he had warmed himself, he set out to look for the master of the house. But he did not look far, for behind the first door he opened was a cosy little room with a delicious supper set for one.

So the merchant sat down as bold as you please, and had a very hearty supper, after which he again thought he would look for the master of the house.

He started off and opened another door, but there he saw a fine big bed. And he said to himself:

"This is some fairies' work. I had better not look for the master of the house."

He tumbled into bed, and, being very tired, he went to sleep at once, and slept like a top till it was time to get up.

When he awoke he was quite surprised to find himself in such a soft and comfortable bed, but presently he remembered all that had happened to him.

"I must be going," he said to himself, "but I wish I could thank my host for my good rest and my good supper."

When he got out of bed he found he had something else to be grateful for, for on the chair by the bedside lay a fine suit of new clothes, marked with his name, and with ten gold pieces in every pocket. He put on the suit and jingled the gold pieces of money in his pockets.

When he went downstairs, he found a good breakfast waiting for him in the little room where he had supped the night before, and when he had had a good meal, he thought he would walk in the garden.

Down the marble steps he went, and when he came to the garden, he saw that it was full of roses, red and white and pink and yellow. The merchant looked at them, and remembered Beauty's wish.

"Oh, my poor daughters," he thought, "what a disappointment it will be to them to know that my ship has not come home after all. But Beauty at any rate can have what she wanted."

So he stretched out his hand and plucked the biggest red rose he saw.

As the stalk snapped in his fingers, he started back in terror, for he heard an angry roar, and the next minute a dreadful Beast sprang upon him. It was taller than any man, and uglier than any animal, but, what seemed most dreadful of all to the merchant, it spoke to him with a man's voice, after roaring with the Beast's.

"Ungrateful wretch!" said the Beast.

"Have I not fed you, lodged you, and clothed you, and now you must repay my hospitality by stealing the only thing I care for, my roses?"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the merchant.

"No," said the Beast, "you must die!"

The poor merchant fell upon his knees and tried to think of something to say to soften the heart of the cruel Beast; and at last he said, "Sir, I took this rose only because my youngest daughter asked me to bring her one. I did not think, after all you have given me, that you would grudge me a flower."

"Tell me about this daughter of yours," said the Beast. "Is she a good girl?"

"The best and dearest in the world," said the old merchant. And then he began to weep to think that he must die and leave his Beauty alone in the world with no one to be kind to her.

"Oh!" he cried, "what will my poor children do without me?"

"You should have thought of that before you stole the rose," said the Beast. "However, if one of your daughters loves you well enough to suffer instead of you, she may. Go back and tell them what has happened to you. But you must give me your promise that either you or one of your daughters shall be at my palace door three months from today."

The wretched man promised.

"At any rate," he thought, "I shall have three months more of life."

Then the Beast said, "I will not let you go empty-handed."

So the merchant followed him back into the palace. There, on the floor of the

hall, lay a great and beautiful chest of wrought silver.

"Fill this with any treasures that take your fancy," said the Beast.

And the merchant filled it up with precious things from the Beast's house.

"I will send it home for you," said the Beast, shutting down the lid.

And so, with a heavy heart, the merchant went away. But as he went through the palace gate, the Beast called to him that he had forgotten Beauty's rose, and at the same time held out to him a large bunch of the very best.

The merchant put these into Beauty's hand when she ran to meet him at the door of their cottage.

"Take them, my child," he said, "and cherish them, for they have cost your poor father his life."

And with that he sat down and told them the whole story. The two elder sisters wept and wailed, and of course blamed Beauty for all that had happened.

"If it had not been for your wanting a rose, our father would have left the palace in safety, with his new suit and his gold pieces. Your folly has cost him his life."

"No," said Beauty, "it is *my* life that shall be sacrificed, for when the three months are over, I shall go to the Beast, and he may kill me if he will, but he shall never hurt my dear father."

The father determined not to let her go. But she had made up her mind, and at the end of the three months she set out for the Beast's palace.

Her father went with her, to show her the way. As before, he saw the lights shining through the wood, knocked and rang in vain at the great gate, warmed himself at the fire in the big hall, and then found the little room with the supper on the table that made him hungry to look at. But now the table was laid for two.

"Come, father dear," said Beauty, "take comfort. I do not think the Beast means to kill me, or surely he would not have given me such a good supper."

But the next moment the Beast came into the room. Beauty screamed and clung to her father.

"Don't be frightened," said the Beast gently. "But tell me, do you come here of your own free will?"

"Yes," said Beauty, trembling.

"You are a good girl," said the Beast, and then, turning to the old man, he told him he might sleep there for that night, but in the morning he must go and leave his daughter there.

The next morning the father departed, weeping bitterly.

Beauty, left alone, tried not to feel frightened. She ran here and there through the palace, and found it more beautiful than she had imagined.

The most beautiful rooms in the palace were marked, over the doors, "Beauty's Rooms," and in them she found books and music, canary-birds and Persian cats, and everything that could be thought of to make the time pass pleasantly.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "if only I could see my poor father I should be almost happy."

As she spoke, she happened to look at a big mirror, and in it she saw the form of

her father reflected, just riding up to the door of his cottage.

That night, when Beauty sat down to supper, the Beast came in.

"May I dine with you?" said he.

"That is as you please," said Beauty.

So the Beast sat down to supper with her, and when it was finished, he said:

"I am very ugly, Beauty. But I love you. Will you marry me?"

"No, Beast," said Beauty gently.

The poor Beast sighed and went away.

And every night the same thing happened. He ate his supper with her, and then asked her if she would marry him. And she always said, "No, Beast."

All this time she was waited on by invisible hands, as though she were a queen. Beautiful music came to her ears without her being able to see the musicians. And the magic looking-glass was best of all, for in it she could see whatever she wished. As the days went by, and her every wish was granted almost before she knew what she wanted, she began to feel that the Beast must love her very dearly, and she was very sorry to see how sad he looked every night when she said "No" to his offer of marriage.

One day, she saw in her mirror that her father was ill; so she said to the Beast:

"Dear Beast, you are so good to me; will you let me go home to see my father? He is ill, and he thinks that I am dead. Do let me go and cheer him up, and I will promise faithfully to return to you."

"Very well," said the Beast kindly, "but don't stay away more than a week, for if you do, I shall die of grief, because I love you so dearly."

"How shall I reach home?" said Beauty. "I do not know the way."

The Beast gave her a ring, and told her to put it on her finger when she went to bed, turn the ruby towards the palm of her hand, and then she would wake up in her father's cottage. When she wanted to come back, she was to do the same thing.

In the morning, when she awoke, she found herself at her father's house, and the old man was beside himself with joy.

But her sisters did not welcome her very kindly, and when they heard how kind the Beast was to her, they envied her.

"Tell us all about your grand palace," said Dressalinda, "and what you do, and how you spend your time."

So Beauty, thinking it would amuse them to hear, told them. And their envy increased day by day. At last Dressalinda said to Marigold:

"She has promised to return in a week. If we could only make her forget the day, the Beast might be angry and kill her, and then there would be a chance for us."

So on the day before she ought to have gone back, they put some poppy juice in a cup of wine which they gave her, and this made her so sleepy that she slept for two whole days and nights. At the end of that time her sleep grew troubled, and she dreamed that she saw the Beast lying dead among the roses in the beautiful gardens of his palace; and from this dream she awoke crying bitterly.

Although she did not know that a week

and two days had gone by since she left the Beast, yet after that dream she at once turned the ruby towards her palm, and the next morning there she was, sure enough, in her bed in the Beast's palace.

She did not know where his rooms in the palace were, but she felt she could not wait till supper-time before seeing him, so she ran hither and thither, calling his name. But the palace was empty, and no one answered her when she called.

"Oh! what shall I do if I cannot find him?" she said.

Then she remembered her dream, and ran to the rose garden, and there, sure enough, lay the poor Beast without any sign of life in him.

Beauty flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, dear Beast," she cried, "and are you really dead? Alas! alas! then I, too, will die, for I cannot live without you."

Immediately the Beast opened his eyes, sighed, and said: "Beauty, will you marry me?"

And Beauty, beside herself with joy when she found him still alive, answered:

"Yes, Beast, for I love you dearly."

At these words the rough fur dropped to the ground, and in place of the Beast stood a handsome Prince, dressed as for a wedding. He knelt at Beauty's feet and clasped her hands.

"Dear Beauty," he said, "nothing but your love could have disenchanted me. A wicked fairy turned me into a Beast, and condemned me to remain one until some fair and good maiden should love me well enough to marry me, in spite of my ugliness. Now, dear one, the enchantment is broken; let us go back to my palace. You will find that all my servants—who, too, have been enchanted, and have waited on you all this long time with invisible hands—will now become visible."

So they returned to the palace, which by this time was crowded with courtiers, eager to kiss the hands of the Prince and his bride. And the Prince whispered to one of his attendants, who immediately disappeared but soon came back with Beauty's father and sisters.

The sisters were condemned to be changed into statues and to stand at the right and left of the palace gates until their hearts should be softened and they should be sorry for their unkindness to their sister.

But Beauty, happily married to her Prince, went secretly to the statues every day and wept over them. And by her tears their stony hearts were softened, and they were changed into flesh and blood again, and were good and kind for the rest of their lives.

And Beauty and the Beast, who was a Beast no more, but a handsome Prince, lived happily ever after.

And indeed I believe they are living happily still, in the beautiful land where dreams come true.

—Adapted by E. Nesbit

Cinderella

Once upon a time there was a man whose wife died when their daughter, a lovely kind-hearted girl, was still just a child. Feeling that she ought to have a mother, the father married again.

His new wife was a widow with two daughters of her own. But, alas, she turned out to be not a kind stepmother at all but a vain, selfish, mean one. And her two daughters, as ugly and ill-tempered as she, were also mean and cruel to their little stepsister. The truth is that they were jealous of her because of her beauty and sweetness, and that made them feel uglier and meaner than ever.

They did everything they could to humble her. While they themselves dressed in silks and satins, they gave her only rags to wear. While they spent their time at parties and dances, they made her do all the hard dirty work: sawing wood and carrying water from the well; getting up before dawn to start the fire; cooking the meals, washing the dishes, and cleaning the house. Then at night when she was so tired that she could hardly keep her eyes open, the cruel stepsisters made her sleep in the ashes on the hearth. And since her clothes were always covered with cinders, they called her Cinderella. But even in her torn dirty rags, Cinderella was far more beautiful than her stepsisters in all their finery.

One day it was announced that the King was going to give a grand ball for his son, the Prince. All the lords and ladies in the land were invited, including Cinderella's two stepsisters. How excited they were when the invitations came!

On the great day they kept Cinderella busy dressing their hair, lacing their corsets, and getting them into their elegant new ball-gowns.

"Don't you wish you were going too?" asked one of them nastily.

"Indeed I do," sighed poor Cinderella. "Wouldn't you let me?"

"You!" They laughed in her face. "A pretty sight *you'd* be at a ball!"

And her stepmother said severely, "Now Cinderella, you go back to your housework. You have spent time enough looking at our handsome clothes." And, as the three of them stepped into the coach which was to drive them to the ball, Cinderella went back to her chimney-corner and cried.

Suddenly she heard a silvery voice saying, "Why do you cry, my child?"

Looking up she saw standing before her a beautiful fairy with a crown of jewels on her head and a star-tipped wand in her hand.

"I wish," began Cinderella, "I wish—." She could say no more for she was choked with sobs.

"You wish you could go to the ball;

isn't that right?" said the fairy kindly. And when Cinderella nodded, she continued, "Well, you *shall* go, for I am your fairy godmother and I can make wishes come true."

"But look at me!" exclaimed Cinderella. "These rags I have to wear—these old broken shoes! Everyone would laugh at me."

The fairy smiled. "Now, stop crying," she said, "and do just as I say. First you must find me a pumpkin."

Cinderella didn't see how a pumpkin was going to get her to the ball, but she ran out into the garden and picked the biggest one she could find.

"Now find me six white mice," said the fairy godmother.

That was easy. There were many of them in the cellar.

"And now a big gray rat."

That was easy too; there was an enormous one in the rat-trap in the attic.

"And now," added the fairy godmother, "do you think you can find me two lizards?"

"Oh, yes," replied Cinderella. "There are lots in the garden." And in no time at all she was back with two shiny lizards.

"Good!" said the fairy godmother. "Now take off your ragged dress and shoes and leave them with me while you go and bathe. Wash yourself nice and clean from head to toe."

When Cinderella came back all sweet and clean, her hair neat and shining, the

fairy godmother's wand touched the old ragged dress and the old broken shoes which Cinderella had left in her chimney-corner. And lo! The dress became a beautiful ball-gown of shimmering silver satin embroidered with diamonds and pearls. And the shoes had become tiny exquisite slippers of spun glass such as only fairies could have fashioned.

So radiantly beautiful did the girl look that even the fairy godmother exclaimed at her loveliness.

"But how will I get to the ball?" cried Cinderella.

The fairy godmother smiled again, and with a touch of her magic wand she transformed the pumpkin into a golden coach and the six white mice into six snow-white horses. The gray rat became a coachman complete with uniform, powdered wig, and silken hose, while the lizards were changed into liveried footmen who bowed before the lovely lady they ushered into the golden coach.

"And now, my child," said the fairy godmother, "go and have a happy time at the ball. Dance and be gay. But remember this: You must come home promptly at twelve o'clock, for at the stroke of midnight the coach will change back into a pumpkin, the white horses will again become mice, the coachman a rat, and the footmen lizards. And your beautiful clothes will once more be rags."

"I'll remember," said Cinderella. And throwing her arms around the fairy, she whispered, "Oh, thank you, dear godmother, for making me so happy!"

When Cinderella arrived at the ball, everyone exclaimed at her beauty. And everyone wondered who she was. Even her stepmother and stepsisters didn't recognize her.

When the Prince saw her, he bowed and led her to the dance floor. The King, as charmed by the lovely girl as was his son, whispered to the Queen that she must be a Princess, perhaps from another land.

The evening passed for Cinderella in a dream of delight, the Prince dancing with no one else and waiting on her with his own hands at supper. The hours flew by and she had no idea of how late it was. Suddenly she looked at the clock and saw it was a quarter to twelve. Remembering her godmother's warning, she bade the Prince a hasty farewell, dashed into her golden coach, and drove home. When she arrived, the fairy was waiting for her. "Now you are Cinderella again," she said. And sure enough, the coach, the horses, the coachmen, and the footmen had all vanished, and Cinderella in her dirty rags was again huddled in the chimney-corner.

"Oh, godmother dear," wailed Cinderella, "the ball is to go on for two more nights, and I *know* the Prince would like me to be there again."

"You shall be, my child," replied the fairy. "Sleep well now." And she vanished.

The next morning, the two stepsisters, thinking to make Cinderella jealous, told her about the wonderful time they had had at the ball, although, they said, the Prince had danced every dance with a stranger, an exquisitely beautiful Princess who was one of the guests.

"Who was she?" asked Cinderella, wondering what they would say.

"Nobody knows. She would not tell her name though the Prince begged her to on bended knee."

"Oh," replied Cinderella innocently, "how I should love to see her! Dear sisters, will not one of you lend me an old ball-gown so that I too may go tonight?"

"You!" they replied in scorn. "Indeed not. You would disgrace us!" And they spent the whole day ordering Cinderella to do this and that for them so that they could look their best at the second night of the ball and perhaps attract the Prince's attention.

The next morning they told her that the beautiful Princess had been there again. And so she had, for again the fairy godmother had come and transformed pumpkin, mice, rat, and lizards into a royal golden coach and Cinderella into a girl even more lovely, more radiant, and more exquisitely gowned than she had been the night before.

"But do you know," said one of the stepsisters, "it was the same story: The Prince had eyes for no one but this girl, whoever she is. But she wouldn't tell him her name, and just before midnight she disappeared in a golden coach driven by six snow-white horses."

"How odd!" said Cinderella. "I wonder whether she will be there again tonight."

"I hope not!" exclaimed both the stepsisters. "The Prince won't go near anyone else when she is there."

But the fairy godmother saw to it that she *was* there the next night, and more exquisitely gowned than ever. And she was more angelically sweet and lovely and beautiful than ever. The Prince was, by this time, head over heels in love with her. He danced every dance with her and implored her to tell him who she was for he wanted desperately to marry her and would never, he said, marry anyone else.

Just as he was earnestly whispering these words into Cinderella's ear, the clock started to strike. It was one minute before midnight! Aghast lest her beautiful gown turn to rags before the clock stopped striking, the girl flew down the grand staircase and out of the palace before the Prince could stop her.

She arrived home exactly on the stroke of twelve; but in her haste she had dropped one of her glass slippers on the palace stairs and had not dared to take the time to pick it up.

The next morning, just as her stepsisters were once more telling her about the Princess who had had all the Prince's attention at the ball and how he had followed her and looked all over for her but the gatekeeper said no one had gone through the gate but a ragged little beggar girl, there was a loud trumpet-blast outside. It was the King's herald proclaiming to all that the Prince wanted to find the lady whose foot fit the tiny glass slipper he had found on the palace stairs the night before, for he wanted to make her his bride.

Up and down the Kingdom the Prince

traveled on his royal steed, giving every lady in the land a chance to try on the glass slipper.

At last, when he came to their house, the stepsisters tried to squeeze their feet into the slipper, but neither of them could get more than a toe into it.

"Is there no one else living here on whom I might try the slipper?" asked the Prince.

"No!" replied the stepsisters, and their mother added, "There is only my stepdaughter, but she is our scullery maid, always dirty, and of course you wouldn't want to see her, much less touch her."

"But I do," said the Prince. "I shall not rest until every lady in the land has tried on the slipper, for none shall ever be my bride but the one it fits."

So they called Cinderella who did indeed look ragged and dirty for she had been doing the heavy cleaning in the house all day. But the Prince tried the slipper on her foot, and lo! it fitted her exactly!

Then the Prince looked carefully at her face and exclaimed in joy, "Yes, it is she—the lovely Princess who did me the honor of dancing with me—the beautiful girl with whom I am deeply in love! She and she alone will be my bride."

The stepsisters were uglier than ever with jealousy and rage. But the Prince turned his back on them, and lifting Cinderella up on his horse, he rode away with her to the palace.

So Cinderella married the Prince, and by and by they became King and Queen, and they lived together in great love and happiness forever after.

Why the Sea Is Salt

A SCANDINAVIAN FOLK TALE

In ancient times there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. Christmas day was approaching, and the poor man had not a bit of meat nor a morsel of bread to make his Christmas feast; so he went to his brother and asked for a trifling gift. The brother was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly. But as it was Christmas time, when even the worst people give gifts, he took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at him, and bade him begone and never to return.

The poor man was very glad to have such a fine ham and, thanking his brother, put it under his arm and went his way.

He had to pass through a great wood on his way home; and, when he reached the thick of the wood, he saw an old man, with a long white beard, hewing timber. "Good evening," said the young man.

"Good evening," returned the old one, raising himself up from his work. "That is a fine ham you are carrying." And at this the poor man told him all about it.

"It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you have met me; for I can put you in the way of making a splendid bargain with that ham. Now, if you will take it

into the land of the dwarfs, the entrance of which lies just under the roots of this tree which I am chopping down, you can get any money for it; because the dwarfs are very fond of ham, and hardly ever get any. But, mind what I say: you must not sell it for money. Let them offer you ever so much; but demand for it the 'old handmill which stands behind the door.' When you come back, I'll show you how to use it; for that mill is something particular, I can tell you."

The poor man thanked his new friend, and said he would take his advice. The old man showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree, where he entered the subterranean land of the dwarfs. No sooner had he set foot within it, than the fragrant smell of his ham attracted the dwarfs from all parts; and such a throng came about him as nobody could believe, offering him queer, old-fashioned money, and gold and silver ore, if he would but sell them the ham.

The poor man, however, refused all their tempting offers, as the old man in the wood had bade him, and said that he had no particular wish to sell his ham, which was intended for his Christmas dinner. Seeing that they had all set their hearts on it, however, he said he would exchange it, not sell it; and they could have it for the old handmill behind the door.

At these words the dwarfs, poor little things, looked as if they were shot. They all fled back, and then stood stock still, holding up their little old hands, and looking quite perplexed.

"You don't agree to my bargain then," said the poor man; "so I'll bid you all a good-day!" And with that he swung his fine smoked ham around, so that the fragrance of it reached all the remoter parts of dwarf-land. And soon other little troops with spades, and pickaxes, and shovels, came up from their work of digging out the ore, and they were all eager for the ham, again offering gold and silver by the barrowful. But again the poor man was resolute: he would only barter his ham for the old handmill behind the door.

"Let him have it," said several of the newly arrived dwarfs, "It is quite out of order, and he won't know how to use it. Let him have it and we'll have the ham."

And so in the end it was settled. The dwarfs had the smoked ham, and the poor man had the old handmill. Carrying it in his hand, for it was a little thing, not a quarter the size of the ham, he went back again to the old man with the long white beard in the wood; and the old man was as good as his word, and showed him exactly how he was to use it—for there was a very particular trick about it.

All this had taken up a deal of time, and it was midnight when the poor man reached home.

"Where in the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have sat waiting and waiting, and we have not so much as two sticks in the house to make the porridge-pot boil, even if we had anything to put in it for our Christmas supper."

The house was dark and cold; but the man, with a cheery word, bade her wait and see what he had been about. Groping his way to the table he set down the little handmill and began to grind. As he ground, out there came, first, candles, because in his own mind he said they must come—grand lighted candles, and plenty of them, and a fire in the grate, and a porridge-pot boiling over it. Then he ground out a tablecloth, and dishes, and spoons, and knives, and forks. Down they went clattering and ringing into a big basket which he had ground out to receive them. The poor man himself was astonished at his good luck, as you may believe. As to his wife, I could not possibly tell you the state of amazement and joy she was in.

Well, they had a good supper; nor did they go to bed all that night, but instead, ground out of the mill everything they could possibly think of to make their house and themselves warm and comfortable—bedding, and furniture, and clothes, and plenty to eat and drink. And so they had a merry Christmas eve and morning.

The poor man's house was not far from the church, and next day when the people went there they could hardly believe their eyes, to see what a change there was in the place. Such a smoke came out of the chimney; there was glass in the windows instead of a wooden shutter, and the man himself, dressed in a fine suit of clothes, was seen devoutly praying in the church.

"There is something very comical in

all this," said everybody.

"Something very comical indeed!" said the rich brother, when three days afterward he received an invitation from the formerly poor brother to a grand feast.

What a feast it was! There was a grand table, almost bigger than the house would hold, covered with a cloth as white as snow, and glittering with gold and silver. And such dishes! How the poor man and his wife ever thought of them is more than I can tell. You may imagine the astonishment of the rich brother. He could not, in his great house and with all his wealth, set out such a table.

"Where in the name of fortune," exclaimed he to his brother, "have you got all these things from? Why, the day before Christmas Eve you were as poor as a church mouse!"

The formerly poor man told his brother how he had exchanged the ham for a little old handmill, which, however, had the magical power of grinding out whatever one wished. With that he put the mill on the table, and ground out boots and shoes, and coats and cloaks, and stockings and blankets, and woolen petticoats and waistcoats. He bade his wife hand them out as fast as ever she could to crowds of poor people, who had gathered round the house to peep in and get a sight of the wonderful dinner which the poor brother had made for the rich one.

The sight of this wonderful mill raised such a desire in the mind of the rich brother to possess it, that he let the other have no peace, day or night. He offered money, land, anything for it; and at last, in hay-harvest, he got him to consent to

his having the use of it for one day, meaning in his own mind—for he was not an honest man—never to let his brother have it again and to become himself richer than a king.

It was hay-harvest, as I said, when he fetched the mill. That he might have it all to himself, he sent his servants and his wife into the hay-fields, and bade them not to come back till night. You may think how pleased he was when, after a long walk to his brother's and back before breakfast, he shut the door, and being quite alone in the house, thought first of all, to save time and trouble, that he would grind out his breakfast—his favorite breakfast of milk-soup and herrings.

So the mill began to grind; and grind it did. Milk-soup and herrings in shoals and streams. He caught it in basins, and jugs and cans, and buckets and tubs, and kettlefuls and potfuls; and then, when all were full, it ran over the floor. It was no use trying to stop it or turning the handle the other way.

Out came the milk-soup and herrings till the kitchen floor swam, and put out the fire, and filled the cellar, and ran out

of doors in gallons!

The man felt half mad! What could he do? The beds swam, the tables and the chairs swam in the milk-soup and knocked against the herrings. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! he was up to his knees in this abominable milk-soup; and more, and more, and more, and more came streaming out! It was enough to drive him wholly mad! He could not stop it! There was nothing for it but to run to his brother's as fast as he could, and ask him to come and carry away this confounded mill, which had al-

ready made such a mess of all his excellent furniture.

Away he ran! And the wife, in the meantime, being tired of hay-making, set off home to see about dinner. Scarcely, however, had she got halfway back when she was met by a flood of milk-soup and herrings, which flowed down the lane to meet her; and farther on, crowds and crowds of poor people were scooping it up in wooden bowls, and eating and carrying it off to their families at home.

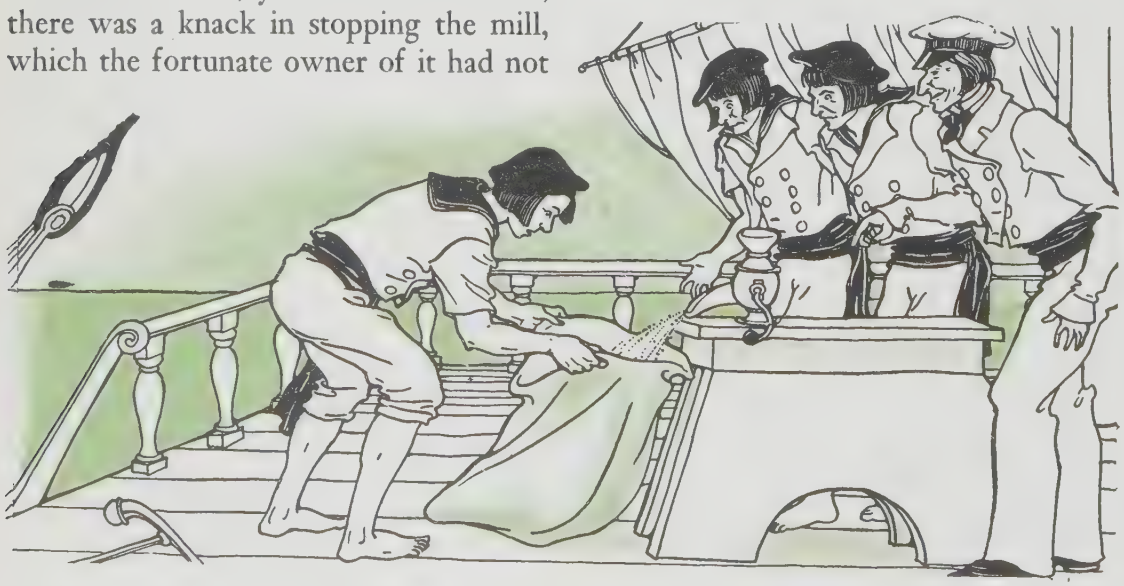
It was the queerest thing that had ever been seen; and the farther she went, and the nearer she came home, the more plentiful was the flood. And so delicious was the smell that people came from all sides, out of the woods and the hay-fields, old and young, who had been lured hither by the extraordinary fact of a meal floating in the fields.

Well, the brother took back the mill, and received the thanks of the other.

The truth was, you must understand, there was a knack in stopping the mill, which the fortunate owner of it had not told to his brother; so that, if he had not stopped it, it would have gone on and on grinding milk-soup and herrings forever.

Some years went on after this, and the mill ground out for its possessor houses and lands and everything that could be thought of. And, at last, he built himself a grand castle on a rock by the sea, facing the west. The sailors out at sea, for miles and miles, could see the golden sunset reflected in its many glass windows—and thus it was a wonderful landmark; and every ship that passed the coast of Norway slackened sail, and gazed on the wonderful castle which had been built in such a wonderful manner. Strangers from foreign parts often came on purpose to see, not only the castle, but the mill of which such extraordinary tales were told.

At length, a great merchant came, and he inquired, when he had seen it, whether it would grind salt. Being told that it would, he said it would just suit him,



because he traded in salt, and if he had it he could supply all his customers and need not take long and dangerous voyages. He, therefore, offered to buy it; but the man would not sell it, because he was now so rich that he no longer used it for himself, but for the use of the poor. He ground them out coals, and clothes, and food; medicine for the sick, and new books for the little children to take with them to school. So he refused all the rich offers of the merchant and would not sell the mill at any price. The merchant, however, determined to have it, bribed one of the man's servants, and before long sailed off in triumph with the mill.

Scarcely, however, was he out at sea than, like the rich brother, he set the mill at once to work.

"Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might!—salt, salt salt!"

The mill began to grind and the sailors to fill the sacks with it; but their sacks were soon full—the ship was soon full—and, in spite of all that could be done to shovel it overboard, it filled and filled more than ever. The greedy merchant was now frightened. Throw the mill overboard he would not; but what was to be done? Stop grinding it would not; and at last the ship was so full that, in spite of all the shoveling overboard, down it went, making a great whirlpool.

The ship itself went to pieces very shortly; but some of the peasants of Scandinavia think the mill still stands at the bottom of the sea grinding "salt, salt, nothing but salt."

That, they say, is why sea water is always salt.

Jack and the Beanstalk

A long time ago a boy named Jack lived in a tiny cottage with his mother. Jack's mother loved him dearly and did all she could for him. But she was very poor and at last all she had was gone. Then the poor woman began to cry, and said to her son, "Oh, Jack, there is nothing in the house to eat; and there is no money to buy food. You will have to take the old cow to town and sell her. She is all we have left."

Jack felt very bad when he saw his mother crying; so he quickly got the cow and started off to town. As he was walking along he passed the butcher, who stopped him and said, "Why, Jack! what are you driving your cow away from home for?"

And Jack replied sadly, "I am taking her to town to sell her."

Then he noticed that the butcher held in his hand some colored beans. They were so beautiful he could not keep from staring at them.

Now, the butcher was a very mean man. He knew the cow was worth more than the beans, but he did not believe Jack knew it, so he said, "Let me have your cow, and I will give you a whole bag of these beans."

Jack was so delighted he could hardly wait to get the bag in his hand. He ran off home as fast as he could.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he shouted. "See what I got for the old cow!"

His mother came hurrying out of the house, but when she saw only a bagful of colored beans she was so disappointed she flung the beans as far as she could out into the garden.

That night Jack and his mother had to go to bed without anything to eat.

Next morning, when Jack looked out of his window, he could hardly believe his eyes. In the garden, where his mother had thrown the beans, there were great beanstalks. They were twisted together so that they made a ladder. When Jack ran out to the garden to look more closely he found the ladder reached up so high he could not see the top.

Jack was very excited, and called, "Mother dear, come quickly! My beans have grown into a beautiful beanstalk ladder that reaches to the sky! I am going to climb up and see what is at the top."

Hour after hour he climbed until he was so tired he could hardly climb any more. At last when he came to the end, he peered eagerly over the top. Not a thing was to be seen but rocks and bare ground.

"Oh," said Jack to himself, "this is a horrid place. I wish I had never come."

Just then he saw, hobbling along, a wrinkled ragged old woman. When she reached Jack she said, "Well, my boy, where did you come from?"

"I came up the ladder," answered Jack.

The old woman looked at him sharply.

BLAISDELL

"Do you remember your father?" she asked.

Jack thought this a queer question, but he replied, "No, I do not. Whenever I ask my mother about him she cries and will not tell me."

At this, the old woman leaned her face very close to Jack's and snapped her bright eyes. "I will tell you," she said, "for I am a good fairy. But before I tell you anything, you must promise to do exactly as I say."

Jack promised, and the fairy began:

"A long while ago, when you were only a tiny baby, your father and mother lived in a beautiful house, with plenty of money and everything nice. They were very happy and everyone loved your father for he always helped people who were poor or in trouble.

"Now, miles and miles away there was a wicked giant. When he heard how good your father was, he went to your house and *killed him.* He would have killed you and your mother, too, but she fell down on her knees and begged, 'Oh, please do not hurt me and my little baby. Take all our treasures, but do not kill us.'

"Of course the money was what the giant really wanted, so he said, 'If you promise that you will never tell your little boy who his father was, or anything about me, I will let you go. If you do tell him, I shall kill you both.'

"Your mother quickly promised, and then she ran out of the house as fast as she could. All day long she hurried over the rough roads with you in her arms. At last, when she could hardly walk a step farther, she came to the little house where you live now.

"Now, my dear Jack, I am your father's good fairy. The reason I could not help him against the wicked giant was because I had done something wrong. When a fairy does something wrong she loses her power. My power did not come back to me until the day when you went to sell your cow. Then *I* put it into your head to sell the cow for the pretty beans. *I* made the beanstalk grow. *I* made you climb up the beanstalk.

"Now, Jack, this is the country where the wicked giant lives. I had you come here so you could get back your mother's treasure."

Jack was very excited.

"Follow the road," said the fairy, "and you will come to the giant's house. And do not forget that some day you are to punish the wicked giant." And then she disappeared.

Jack had not gone far before he came to a great house. In front of it stood a little woman. Jack went up to her and said, "Please, kind lady, let me come in your beautiful house and have something to eat and a place to sleep."

The woman looked surprised. "Why, what are you doing here?" she said. "Don't you know this is where my husband, the terrible giant, lives? Everyone my husband finds he locks up in his house. Then when he is hungry he *eats them!* He sometimes walks fifty miles to find someone to eat."

When Jack heard this he was frightened. But he remembered what the fairy

had told him and once more he asked the woman to let him in.

"Just let me sleep in the oven," he said. "The giant will never find me there."

He seemed so tired and sad that the woman couldn't say no, and she gave him a nice supper.

Then they climbed a winding stair and reached a bright cozy kitchen. Jack was just beginning to enjoy himself when suddenly there was a great pounding at the front door.

"Quick, quick!" cried the giant's wife, "Jump into the oven."

Jack was no sooner safely hidden than the giant said, in tones of thunder:

Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!

When Jack heard this he thought surely the giant knew he was in the house, but the wife said calmly, "Oh, my dear, it is probably the people in the dungeon."

Then they both came down to the kitchen. The giant sat so close to the oven that by peeping through a hole, Jack could easily see him. He was enormous! And how much he did eat and drink for his supper! When at last he was through, he roared, "Wife, get my hen!"

And the woman brought in a fine hen.

"Lay!" commanded the giant, and the hen laid a golden egg. Every time the giant said "Lay!"—and he said it many times—the hen obeyed.

At last both the woman and her husband fell asleep. But Jack did not dare to sleep. He sat all cramped and tired in the oven watching the giant.

When it began to get light he slowly pushed the oven door open and crawled out softly. For a minute he hardly dared breathe for fear of waking the giant. Then quick as a flash, he seized the hen and stole out of the house as fast as his feet could carry him.

He did not stop running until he reached the beanstalk. All out of breath he climbed down the ladder with the hen in his arms.

Now, all this time Jack's poor mother thought her son was surely lost. When she saw him she cried, "Oh, Jack, why did you go off and leave me like that?"

"But, mother," said Jack—and proudly he held out the hen—"See what I have brought you this time: a hen that lays golden eggs! Now we can have everything we want. You need never be sad any more."

Jack and his mother were very happy for many months. Whenever they wanted anything, they just told the hen to lay a golden egg.

But after a while Jack remembered his promise to the fairy to punish the giant. So he said to his mother, "Mother dear, I think I will go back and get some more of our treasure from the giant."

"Oh, please do not go, Jack," she begged. "This time the giant will find you and kill you for stealing his hen."

Jack decided he would not worry his mother but he *would* find a way to fool the giant. He got some paint to color his skin brown and wore a queer suit of clothes so that no one could discover who he was. Without telling anyone, he

got up early one morning and climbed up the beanstalk.

It was dark and cold before he reached the giant's house. There at the front door was the giant's wife; but she did not know Jack in his queer clothes.

"Good evening, lady," said Jack, very politely. "Will you let me in for a night's rest? I am very tired and hungry."

But the woman shook her head. "I can't let anyone in. One night I let in a poor boy like yourself, and he stole my husband's favorite treasure. My husband is a cruel giant, and since his hen was stolen he has been worse than ever."

"Oh, *please*, let me come in just for tonight. If you don't I shall have to lie here on the ground and die."

"Well, I can't let you do that. But mind, I shall have to hide you in the lumber-closet or my husband may find you and eat you up."

Jack was very glad to agree to this. As soon as he was safely hidden away he heard a tremendous noise, and knew that the giant had come home. The big fellow walked so heavily he shook the whole house as he shouted:

Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!

"Oh, no, my dear," she answered. "It is an old piece of meat that a crow left on the roof."

"All right," said the giant. "Now, hurry and get my supper." And with that he tried to strike his poor wife. "It

was you who let in the boy that stole my hen," he kept saying to her. And when Jack heard this he shivered.

After supper the giant said in a very cross voice, "Now, wife, bring me my bags of gold and silver."

So the old woman brought in two huge bags and put them down on the table. The giant opened each and poured out great heaps of silver and gold. For a long while he sat counting the money. But at last he began to get drowsy. So he put the gold carefully back and fell over in his chair asleep.

Jack thought maybe the giant was only pretending to be asleep, so that he could catch anyone who might try to take his gold. But when the giant had been snoring some time, the boy carefully opened the door of the closet and tiptoed over to the table. Slowly Jack reached out to take the bags of money.

"Bow, wow, wow!" A little dog that Jack had not seen before jumped up barking furiously. Jack had never been so frightened in his life. Surely the giant would wake and kill him.

But the giant had eaten so much that he just went on snoring. So Jack snatched the bags and dashed for the beanstalk. When at last he reached the bottom, he ran to the cottage to show his mother the treasure.

For three years Jack and his mother lived very happily. But all this time Jack could not forget what might happen to him if he did not keep his promise to the fairy. At last he felt he must go and kill the wicked giant. He got some yellow paint and another queer suit, so that he would not look like himself at all. Early one morning, when it was barely light, he crept softly out of the house and climbed up into the giant's country.

This time he was bigger and older, and did not feel as frightened as he had before. He met the giant's wife, just as he had the two other times; and after a great deal of coaxing she let him in, and hid him in the boiler.

He was barely in when he felt the house shake, and he heard the giant roar:

Fee, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!

But now Jack remembered what had happened before, and he thought he was quite safe. But this time the giant would not listen to anything his wife said. He jumped up and began stamping around the room, shouting: "There is fresh meat here! I can smell it! Where is it?" And he put his hand right on the boiler.

Jack held his breath and did not move a muscle. Just when he felt sure the giant was going to lift off the lid and find him, he heard him say, "Well, never mind now. Bring me my supper." And then he went to the table and began to eat. It seemed to Jack that he ate more than ever. But suddenly he stopped and called out, "Wife, bring me my harp."

The poor woman ran at once and brought back the most beautiful harp Jack had ever seen. She placed it beside her husband, and he commanded: "Play!"

And the most surprising thing happened. The harp began to play the love-

liest tunes without anyone touching it at all! Jack had never seen anything so wonderful, and he thought, "That harp really belongs to my mother. I shall get it away from the giant and take it to her."

Soon the giant fell asleep. Jack crawled very quietly out of the boiler and up toward the table. He stretched out his hand to seize the harp. The harp was enchanted and as soon as strange hands touched it, it shouted, just as if it had been alive, "Master, master, wake up!"

Jack was horrified. The giant opened his eyes, but before he could get to his feet Jack was running for his life with the harp. He felt the floor tremble as the giant came roaring after him. He was panting for breath when he reached the front door, but did not dare to stop. If he did he knew the giant would catch him, and that would be the end of him.

But the giant had eaten so much for his supper he could hardly run at all. Even so, he was close behind Jack all the way. And all the time he kept up his roaring and shouting, which frightened Jack all the more.

As soon as Jack reached the beanstalk he called out, "Get me a hatchet quick, someone!" Then he almost fell down the beanstalk in his hurry. When he reached the bottom the giant had already started to come down after him.

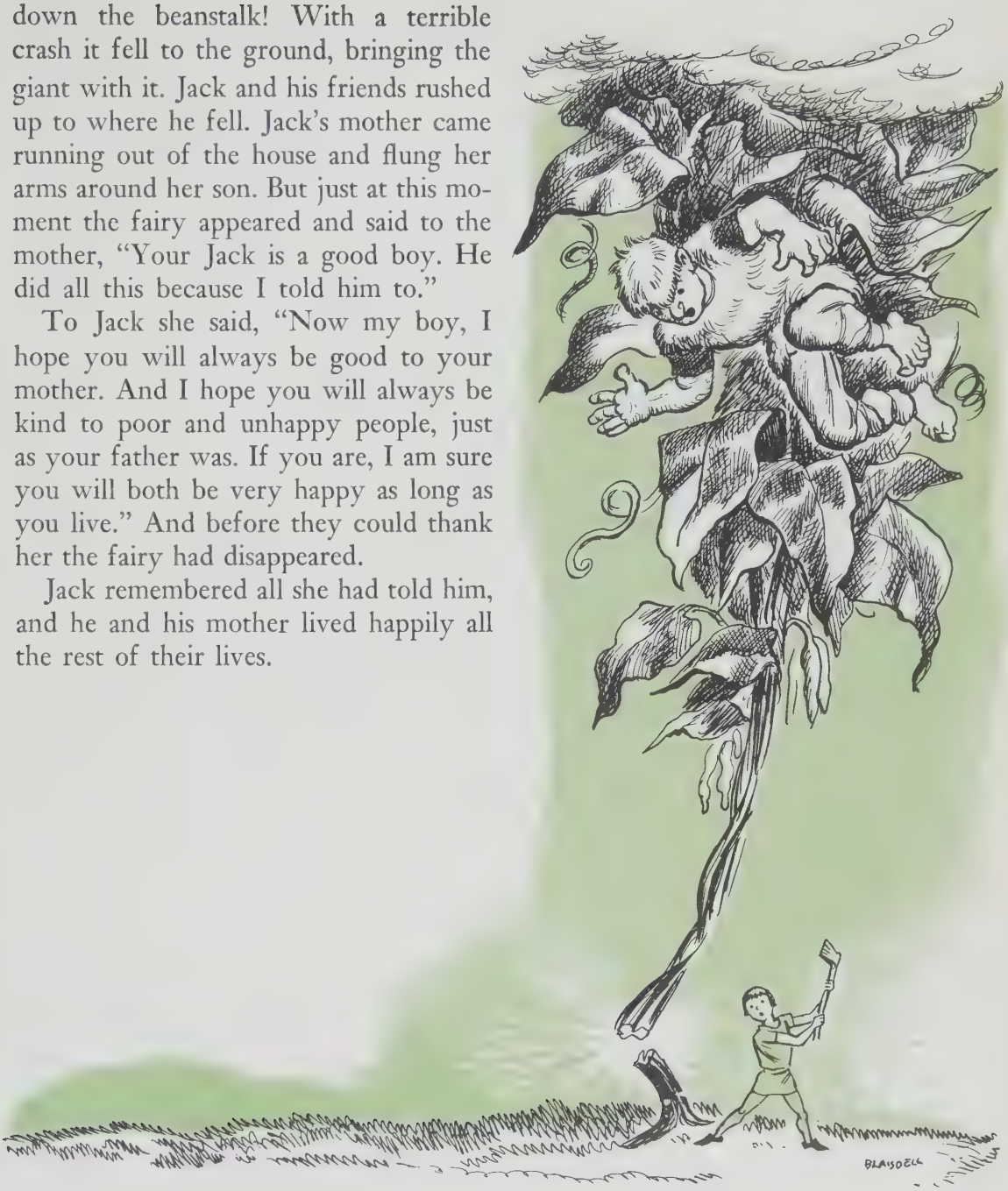
"Oh, now," thought poor Jack, "he will come and burn our house and kill my mother and me."

Just then a neighbor ran up to Jack with a hatchet. Jack grabbed it and cut

down the beanstalk! With a terrible crash it fell to the ground, bringing the giant with it. Jack and his friends rushed up to where he fell. Jack's mother came running out of the house and flung her arms around her son. But just at this moment the fairy appeared and said to the mother, "Your Jack is a good boy. He did all this because I told him to."

To Jack she said, "Now my boy, I hope you will always be good to your mother. And I hope you will always be kind to poor and unhappy people, just as your father was. If you are, I am sure you will both be very happy as long as you live." And before they could thank her the fairy had disappeared.

Jack remembered all she had told him, and he and his mother lived happily all the rest of their lives.



Tom Thumb

BACK in the days of the good King Arthur, there lived a poor man and his wife who had no children. They wanted a child more than anything else in the world; and one day the woman said to her husband, "Husband, if I had a son, even if he were no bigger than my thumb, I should be the happiest woman alive."

Not long after, they did have a little son. He was so tiny that his father burst out laughing when he saw him and called him Tom Thumb. No matter how much he ate he never grew any bigger. But in spite of his tiny size Tom was brave and clever, and his parents were as proud of him and as happy as if he had been a regular-sized boy.

Tom Thumb had many exciting adventures and narrow escapes, because he was so small. He used to drive his father's horse by standing in the horse's ear and calling out "Gee up!" and "Gee whoa!" just like his father. When people saw the horse and cart going along at a brisk pace, and heard the voice but saw no driver, you may be sure they were surprised.

One day two men saw Tom Thumb and thought they might get rich if they could get him, take him to country fairs, and make him do funny things to amuse the crowds. They offered his father a sum of gold for the tiny fellow, but the good man said, "I would not take any sum of money for my dear son."

But Tom climbed up his father's coat and whispered in his ear that if his father would let him go, he would come back home when the fairs were over. The father told the men they could take Tom to the fairs if they would pay him a salary. So they took Tom off, letting him ride on the brim of one of their hats.

After they had traveled some distance, Tom grew very tired, and he soon fell asleep on the hat brim. The next thing he knew was that he awakened when he hit the ground with a thud. He looked about and found that he had fallen into a mouse-hole. He called to the two men, but they had gone. While he was looking for them he found an empty snail shell, and crept in to sleep.

Just as he was snuggling up for the

night, he heard voices from beyond the hedge. Two thieves were planning a robbery.

The first robber said, "There is plenty of gold and silver in the rector's house, but his doors are locked and his windows barred."

"Yes," said the other one, "and if we break in we shall wake up the servants."

This conversation gave Tom an idea. Stepping through the hedge he said in a loud voice, "I can help you. I am so small I can get between the bars on the window. Then I'll pass all the gold and silver out to you, and when I get out you can divide with me."

The robbers were pleased with the idea. They decided between themselves that as soon as they got the money in their own hands they would make off and not divide it at all. They never suspected that Tom Thumb was planning to catch them.

Reaching the rector's home they lifted Tom up, and he crawled between the bars and out of reach of the robbers.

Then he called out in a very loud voice, so as to waken the servants, "Will you have everything I can get?"

The servants came running, calling "Thief! Thief!" and the two robbers escaped as fast as their feet would carry them.

Now, the servants told in such loud voices what they would do if they caught anyone in the house that little Tom Thumb was very much afraid. So he climbed out through the window and hid in the hay barn.

It is best for little people to stay out of harm's way; the queerest things may happen. While our small adventurer was peacefully sleeping, the milkmaid came to give the cattle their morning fodder. As bad luck would have it, she took the very truss of hay in which Tom lay, and he awoke with a start to find himself in the cow's great mouth, in danger of being crushed at any minute by her tremendous teeth. He dodged back and forth in terror; and it was a relief when the cow gave one big swallow, and he slid down into her roomy stomach.

It was dark and moist down there, however, and more hay came down with every swallow; so Tom called out with all his might: "No more hay, please! No more hay!"

The milkmaid screamed, and ran to the house, telling everyone that the cow had been talking to her just like a man.

"Nonsense!" said the rector. "Cows do not talk." Nevertheless, he went to the cow-shed. No sooner had he stepped inside the door than the cow lifted her head, and a voice called in great distress, "No more hay, please! No more hay!"

"Alas!" cried the rector, "My beautiful cow is bewitched! It is best to kill her before she makes mischief with the other cows."

So the cow was slaughtered, and the stomach, with Tom Thumb inside, was flung away.

"Now, I will work my way out and run home," thought Tom. But he was to have another adventure first. He had just got his head free when a hungry wolf,

attracted by the smell of the freshly killed meat, seized the stomach in its jaws, swallowed it, and sprang away into the forest.

Instead of losing courage, Tom Thumb began to plan a way of escape. He decided on a bold scheme. In his loudest voice he called, "Wolf, if you are hungry, I know where you can get a choice dinner."

The wolf was so pleased that, forgetting to find out whose voice this was, he asked "Where?"

"There is a house not far away, and I know a hole through which you can crawl into the kitchen. Once there you can eat and drink to your heart's content," replied Tom.

The wolf did not know that Tom meant his own home; but the mention of these good things to eat made him very hungry, and following Tom's directions he quickly reached the house.

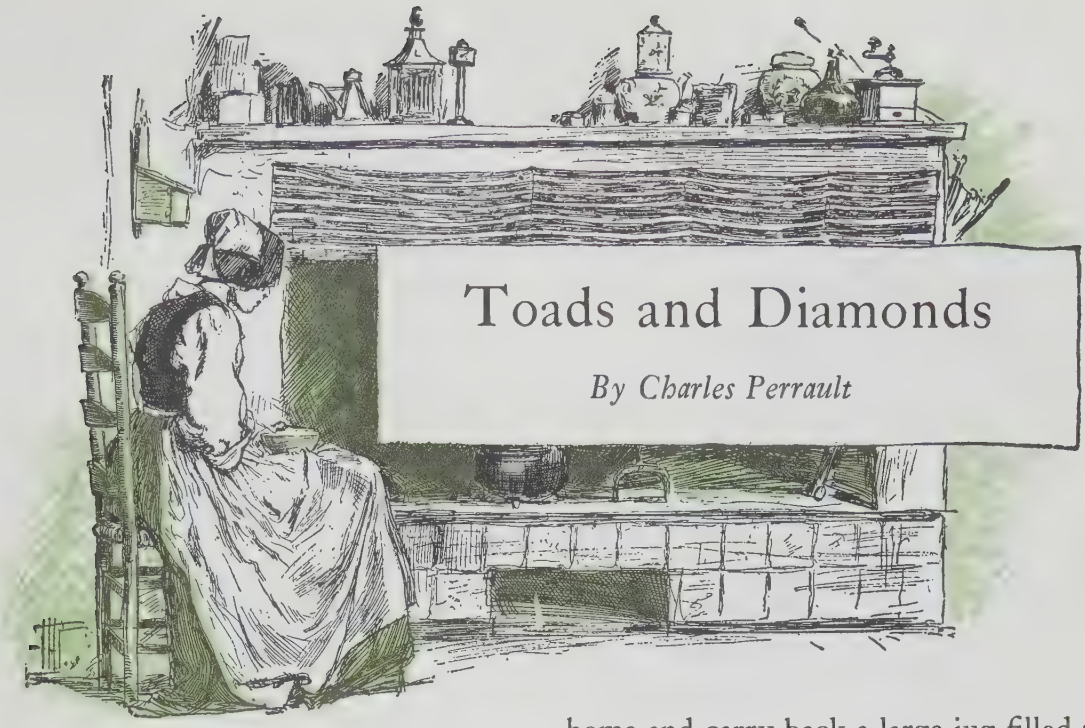
Things were exactly as promised. Tom waited till he was sure the wolf had eaten so much that he could not get out through the hole he came in. Then he called from inside the wolf, "Father, mother, help! I am here—in the wolf's body."

It did not take long for the father to kill the wolf and rescue his dear boy.

"We shall never let you go again, not for all the riches of the world," said the mother and father. But Tom was rather pleased with his adventures.

One day, not long after his return, when walking beside the river, he slipped and fell in. Before he had a chance to swim out a fish came along and swallowed him. Tom had escaped so often from such dangers that he was not much afraid. After a time the fish saw a dainty worm, and, little thinking that it was on a hook, took it in his mouth. Before the fish realized what had happened he was pulled out of the water, with little Tom Thumb still inside.

Now, as luck would have it, this fish was to be for the King's dinner. When the cook opened the fish to clean it and make it ready for broiling, out stepped Tom Thumb, much to the astonishment and delight of everyone. The King said he had never seen so tiny and merry a fellow. He knighted him, and had Sir Thomas Thumb and his father and mother live in his palace for the rest of their lives.



Toads and Diamonds

By Charles Perrault

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters. The elder was so like her mother, in face and disposition, that to have seen one was to have seen the other. They were both so disagreeable that it was impossible to live with them. The younger, who was the exact image of her dead father, was as beautiful a girl as one could see, and she was as kind and sweet-natured as she was pretty.

The widow doted on the daughter who was so like herself, but had no love for the other, whom she compelled to work hard all day and to live on what her elder sister had left over.

Among her other hard tasks, the poor girl was forced to go twice a day to fetch water from a place more than a mile from home and carry back a large jug filled to the brim.

One day when she had just filled the jug at this spring, a poor old woman came up to her and asked the girl to give her some water to drink.

"With all my heart," replied the lovely girl. Glad to show a kindness to one who was old and weak, she held the jug while the woman quenched her thirst.

Now, the old woman was not really a trembling old peasant, as she appeared to be, but a fairy who rewarded good deeds.

"Your face is pretty and your heart is gentle," said she. "For your kindness to a poor old woman, I will make you a gift. With every word you speak, either a flower or a precious stone will fall from your mouth."

The girl had no sooner reached home

than her mother began scolding her for coming back so late. "I am sorry, Mother," she said gently, "that I was

away so long," and as she spoke, there dropped from her mouth six roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

"What is this I see!" exclaimed the astonished widow. "Pearls and diamonds seem to be dropping from your mouth! How is this, my daughter?" It was the first time she had called her daughter.

The poor girl was so happy to be called daughter by her mother that she eagerly related her experience with the old woman at the spring, and while she spoke, precious stones and roses continued to drop from her lips.

The widow immediately called her favorite daughter to her. "Look, Fanchon," she said. "See what falls from your sister's mouth when she speaks! Wouldn't you like to receive such a gift, too? All you have to do is to go and fetch water from the spring and if an old woman asks you for some to drink, give it to her nicely and politely."

"I'd like to see myself going to the spring," answered the girl crossly.

"I insist on your going," the mother went on, "and at once!"

The elder girl went off, still grumbling and sullen, taking with her the handsomest silver tankard she could find.

She had no sooner arrived at the spring than she saw a handsomely dressed lady walking towards her from the wood. She asked for some water to drink.

It was the same fairy who had appeared to the sister, but she had now put on the airs and garments of a princess, in order to see how far her rudeness would go.

"Do you think I came here just to draw water for you?" answered the unmannerly girl. "But if you want some take the pitcher and help yourself. I'd have you know I am as good as you are!"

"You are scarcely polite," said the fairy, without losing her temper, "and to equal your discourtesy and ill-breeding, I will make you a gift. With every word you speak, a snake or a toad shall fall from your mouth."

The girl ran home to her mother, who met her at the door. "Well, daughter," she said, impatient to hear her speak.

"Well, my mother!" replied the ill-tempered girl, spitting out as she spoke two snakes and a toad.

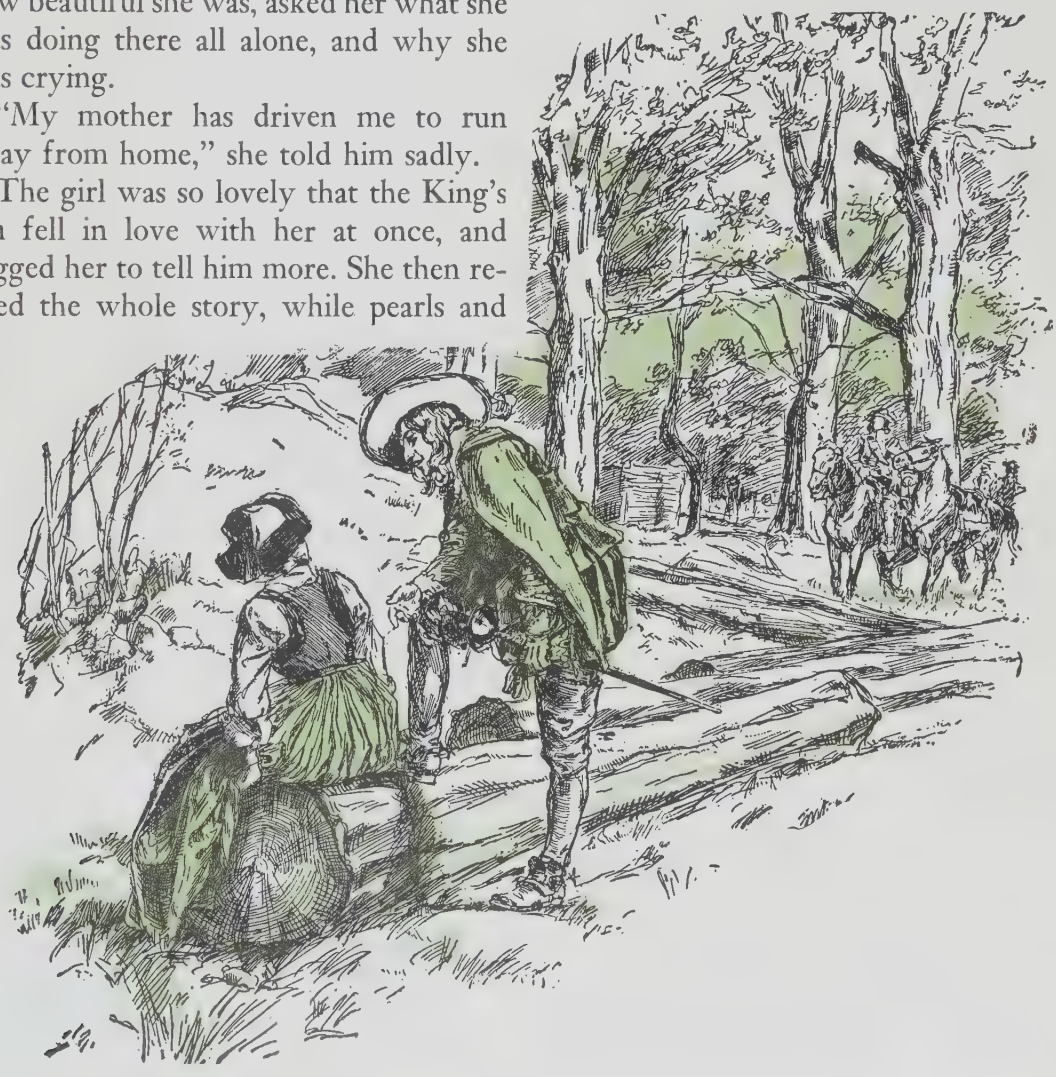
"Alas!" cried the horrified mother. "This is the fault of your wretched sister." She ran toward the poor younger daughter intending to beat her. The unhappy girl fled from the house to a neighboring forest to escape the cruel blows, and threw herself upon the green grass, weeping bitterly.

The King's son, who was returning from a hunting trip, found her, and seeing how beautiful she was, asked her what she was doing there all alone, and why she was crying.

"My mother has driven me to run away from home," she told him sadly.

The girl was so lovely that the King's son fell in love with her at once, and begged her to tell him more. She then related the whole story, while pearls and diamonds and roses kept dripping from her lips. Enraptured, he took her to the King, who gave his consent to their immediate marriage.

As for her sister, she made herself so hateful and disagreeable that even her own mother turned against her and drove her from the house. The miserable girl, after finding that no one would take her in, crept into the woods and died.



The Selfish Giant

By Oscar Wilde

EVERY afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large, lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flower-like stars; and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish Ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all he had to say, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived, he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried gruffly, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant. "I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all around it, and put up a notice:

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children now had nowhere to play. They tried the road, but the road

was dusty and full of stones. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to one another.

Then the spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it, as there were no children; and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. "Spring has forgotten this garden," cried the snow and the frost, "so we will live here all year."

The snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down.

"This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the hail on a visit."

So the hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the spring is so late in coming," said the selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the spring never came, nor the summer. The autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. So it was always winter there, and the north wind, and the hail, and the frost, and the snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the hail stopped dancing over his head, and the north wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement.

"I believe the spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in and they were sitting in the branches of trees. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the grass and laughing.

It was a lovely scene; only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all around it,

crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the north wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up, little boy," said the tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

The Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they all ran away. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him.

The other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the spring.

"It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great ax and knocked down the wall. And when the people went to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-by.

"But where is your little companion," he said, "the boy I put into the tree?" The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children. "He has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said they did not know where he lived and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved stayed away. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him.

Years went by, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge arm-chair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the winter now, for he knew that it was merely the spring asleep, and that the pretty flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung from

them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said: "Who has dared to wound you?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who?" cried the Giant. "Tell me that I may take my sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "these are the wounds of love."

"Who are you?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him:

"You let me play once in your garden. Today you shall come with me to my garden which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

Dick Whittington and His Cat

MANY long years ago there lived in a small country village of England a boy named Dick Whittington. His father and mother had died when he was very young and so he remembered nothing about them.

A kindly neighbor had cared for him for a year or two, but when this good neighbor died, Dick was left a homeless, ragged boy running about the village.

As Dick was not old enough to work he was very badly off. He never had enough to eat and never knew what the next day might bring, for the people in the village were very poor themselves and could not spare more than the parings of potatoes and now and then a crust of bread.

Yet despite his hard life Dick managed to get along. He was a bright lad always listening to what everybody talked about. So he came to hear many strange tales about the great city of London told by the postboys and wagoners who came from there. They enjoyed seeing Dick's eyes grow round with wonder at their stories of how there was nothing but dancing and merriment in London all day long—and how happy and rich all the people were. And they told him (winking at each other as his eyes almost popped from his head in amazement) that the streets of London were paved with gold.

Dick dreamed of the day he might walk to London. "There I can surely pick up enough gold to buy me some warm clothes and perhaps a whole loaf of bread," he thought hopefully. The postboys laughing among themselves would encourage him in his dreams, but told him he must wait till his legs grew longer.

One spring day a large wagon drawn by eight splendid horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was standing by the sign-post. When he found that they were bound for London, he picked up enough courage to ask the driver if he might walk along beside the wagon.

At first the man refused. However, when the driver heard that Dick was a homeless orphan, and when he saw how ragged he was, he realized that the boy could hardly be worse off in London, so he agreed to let him come along. Good-natured people in the towns they passed through gave the ragged little boy something to eat, and at night the driver let him climb into the wagon to sleep.

At last Dick glimpsed the church spires of London. He was in such a hurry to see those wonderful streets paved all over with gold that, after thanking the driver, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him through street after street. Every moment he expected he would come to those paved with gold. For Dick had seen a golden coin three times in his

own little village and he knew that it would buy a great many things. Now, he thought, he had nothing to do but take up some little bits of the pavement and then he would have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick, breathlessly eager to see his dreams come true, ran till he was worn out, only to find instead of golden pavements and gay merrymaking, dirty streets and people just as ragged and poor as himself. Finally, when night came, he curled himself up in a dark corner, hungry, tired and miserable, and cried himself to sleep.

All night the boy slept in the street and when morning came, being even more hungry, he begged for a half-penny to keep from starving. Few people paid any attention to him and soon he became weak and faint for lack of food. Nor could he find anyone who would give him work to do in exchange for something to eat.

When finally he could walk no more, he lay down on the doorstep of a rich merchant, Mr. Fitzwarren. Here he was found by the cook, a cross, ill-natured woman. "What are you doing here, you rogue," she screamed. "Be off with you or we'll see how you'll like a dousing of hot dish-water!"

Just at this moment Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner. When he saw the dirty, ragged boy lying on his doorstep, he said to him, "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to be at work."

"Indeed, sir," answered Dick, "I would willingly work, but I do not know anyone in London, and I am now very weak for the want of food."

"Poor fellow," said the merchant, as Dick tried to rise. But he had to lie down again, for he was too weak to stand. Being a kind-hearted man, Mr. Fitzwarren had Dick taken into his house and ordered that he be given a good meal. Then he told Dick he might stay and work for the cook by preparing the vegetables, scouring pots and pans, and running errands for her.

Dick might have been quite contented in this household had it not been for the ill-natured cook who found fault and scolded and beat him from morning to night. Dick patiently bore the cook's unkindness because he was grateful to Mr. Fitzwarren.

One day, little Alice Fitzwarren, the merchant's daughter, happened to come into the kitchen and found the cook beating Dick. When Alice learned that he was being punished for nothing he had done, she told her father about the cook's meanness. Mr. Fitzwarren warned her she would be dismissed if she vented her ugly temper on Dick again.

After that, life would have been pleasanter for Dick except for one thing. The cook had given him sleeping quarters in an attic that was so overrun by rats and mice that the boy was kept awake all night fighting them off.

Now, Dick had one precious possession—a penny a gentleman had given him

for cleaning his shoes. When the rats and mice tormented the boy so much he could not sleep, he at length decided to spend his penny for a cat.

One day, when he was on an errand for the cook, he met a little girl carrying a cat. "Will you sell the cat to me for a penny?" Dick asked.

"Yes, I will," she answered. "She's a good mouser, too." Dick carried the cat home under his coat and hid her in the attic. Soon he was no longer troubled by the rats and mice and could sleep undisturbed. The boy and his cat, whom he called "Mouser," soon became fast friends. He took care to save part of his food for her and when his work was over, there in the attic was Mouser waiting to jump into his arms with a purr.

Mr. Fitzwarren was a merchant who used to fill his ships with all kinds of goods to be sold abroad and as he was a generous man he thought his servants should have an opportunity to do well for themselves, too.

One of these ships, the *Unicorn*, was ready to sail. The merchant called all his servants into the parlor and asked them what they would send out. They all had something they were willing to sell except poor Dick who had nothing. He stayed up in his attic alone with Mouser.

Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's young and pretty daughter, guessed what was the matter.

"You must send something, Dick," she told him.

"But I have nothing," said Dick, "except my cat, Mouser," and he patted the cat gently.

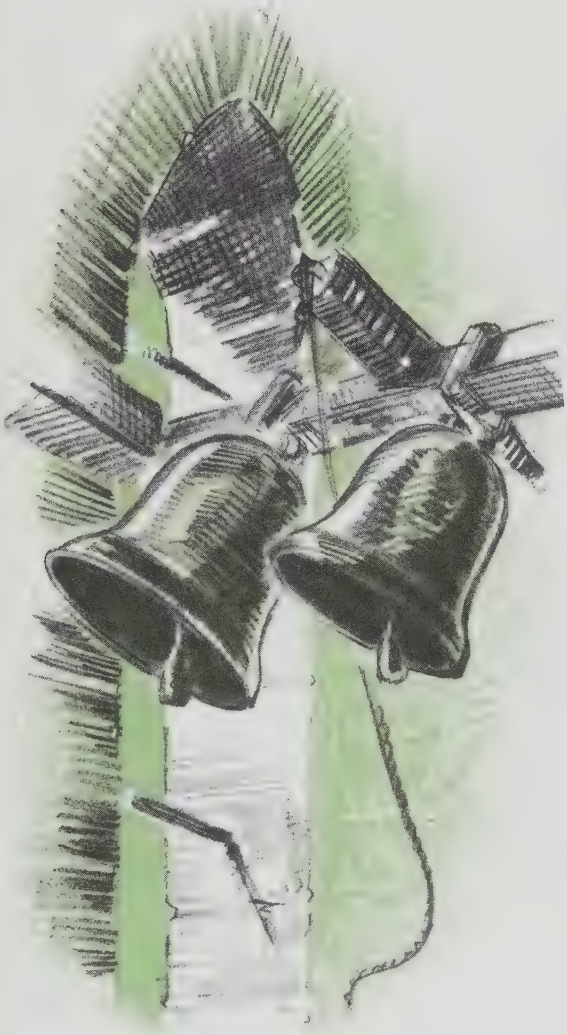
Alice reported this to her father who urged Dick to send his cat, saying, "You never know, my boy, what will sell best in those foreign lands."

Poor Dick—he could not bear to part with his faithful friend. But Alice and her father had been so kind to him that he did want to please them. So the cat was brought down and when Mouser meowed to protest being handed over to the ship's captain, the tears streamed down Dick's face as he stroked her neck in farewell. He hoped Mouser might find a better home than she had had with him.

All the servants laughed at this, but Alice comforted Dick and gave him money to buy another cat.

Just the same Dick missed Mouser and

was lonelier than ever. Worst of all, the ill-tempered cook, resenting Miss Alice's kindness to Dick, began to mistreat him even more cruelly than before. She teased him unmercifully for having sent his cat to sea. "Your cat," she taunted, "will



bring just enough money to buy a stick to beat you with."

At last Dick could not bear it any longer. No word had been heard from the *Unicorn* except a rumor that she had gone down in a storm. Dick mourned for his Mouser whom he had sent so far away.

One day when the cook tormented him even more unjustly than usual, he resolved to run away. Dick tied up his few belongings in a handkerchief and early one morning crept out of the house and started to walk back to the little village from which he had come. In the darkness he trudged as far as Holloway. There he sat on a stone (which to this day is called Whittington's Stone) and wondered which road he should take.

While he was thinking of this, the bells of Bow Church in London began to chime, the sound carrying far across the fields. Dick pricked up his ears, for in the quiet of the dawn they seemed to be sending him a message that said:

Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!
Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!

"Lord Mayor of London!" murmured Dick to himself. "To be Lord Mayor of London when I grow to be a man I would endure anything now, even the cook's cuffings and scoldings."

So for the second time Dick Whittington entered London. He hurried as quickly as his legs could take him and was lucky enough to get back and set about his work before the cook was aware he had gone.

Mr. Fitzwarren's ship the *Unicorn*, with Dick's cat on board, was a long time at sea. Driven off its course by a terrific

storm, it landed at last on a part of the coast of Barbary, among the Moors, a people the English had never known.

They received their visitors kindly, flocking down to the shore eager to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded. The captain, as was his custom on entering a foreign country, sent the King a few rich presents from his cargo; and the King was so delighted that he invited the captain to the palace.

The dining hall was magnificent and richly carpeted in rugs patterned with silver and golden flowers, and beautiful silks and brocades hung from the walls. The King and Queen made the captain welcome and then they sat down to dinner. A number of servants brought in many dishes piled high with rich food.

They had just begun to eat when to the amazement of the captain, a vast horde of rats and mice rushed in from all sides, seized the food, and made off with it. The captain asked the King and Queen, "Why do you stand for this?" And the King answered, "Stand it, in-

deed! Why I would give half my treasure for anything that could destroy these vermin!"

The captain jumped for joy. He remembered Dick Whittington's cat. "I have a cat aboard my ship, Your Majesty," he told the King. "She will make short shrift of these pests for you."

"A cat?" said the King. "What is that? Is it a new sort of tiger? We've tried lions and tigers, but not one of them will kill a mouse for me. Bring this creature to me and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who now saw his chance, described the wonderful powers of the cat.

"Run, run," said the Queen. "I am impatient to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship to bring Mouser. In the meantime the King had another dinner prepared. The captain appeared with Mouser just as the rats and mice began to swarm over the food.

The cat leaped out of the captain's arms and in a few moments most of the rats and mice lay dead at her feet; the rest had scampered away into their holes in fright.

The King and Queen, overjoyed, asked that the creature that had performed so great a favor for them be brought to them for inspection. The captain picked Mouser up and carried her to the Queen. The Queen was afraid at first to touch her; but when the captain stroked the cat and she began to purr, the Queen took Mouser to sit on her lap where, playing with the Queen's hand, she purred herself to sleep.

The King was delighted by Mouser's exploits, the more so when he had been told that she would have kittens, who would have more kittens, enough to take care of all the mice and rats in his country. So he bargained with the captain for his ship's entire cargo, and then gave him ten times as much for the cat as for all the rest.

Not long after Dick had returned to London, the *Unicorn* reached port after a safe and happy return voyage. The captain, with some of his men to carry the treasure, hurried to the merchant's home to tell him of his success and of Dick's good fortune. Mr. Fitzwarren sent for all his servants to come and hear the captain's story. The wicked cook, hearing of Dick's good luck, tried to persuade her master that Dick was only a poor kitchen boy and not worthy of such a treasure. But the merchant was not only a kind man but a just and honest one. "Every penny of it shall go to the boy!" he said. "Send him to me."

Dick was scouring pots and pans for the cook who was spiteful enough not to let him make himself presentable. So, unkempt and dirty as he was, he edged his way into the parlor. Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be placed for Dick and called him "Mr. Whittington." Dick thought he was making fun of him. "Please, sir," he said, "let me go back to my work in the kitchen."

Mr. Fitzwarren made haste to reassure him. "These gentlemen have brought you

wonderful news. The captain sold your cat to the King of Barbary and has brought you in return for her a great fortune in gold and jewels—more riches than I can ever hope to possess. May you live long and enjoy them!" Then Mr. Fitzwarren told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them.

Dick was so overwhelmed at his great luck that he could hardly speak for joy. No longer was he to be a kitchen boy scolded and beaten by an ill-natured cook! When he recovered his voice he thanked them all.

He begged Mr. Fitzwarren to take as much of the treasure as he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered the merchant, "this is all your own, and I have no doubt but that you will use it well."

Dick insisted on everyone's getting a fine gift, first giving a large sum of money to the captain of the *Unicorn* and all his crew, then presenting gifts to Mr. Fitzwarren, to Alice, and to all the merchant's servants, not omitting even the ill-natured cook.

Mr. Fitzwarren invited Dick to stay on in his home, an invitation which Dick was only too happy to accept. And when well dressed and well cared for, Dick was as handsome a lad as could be found. Now, too, he could study and prepare himself for his future life.

As the years passed Dick became a fine young man. He had loved Alice Fitzwarren from the time of her first kindness to him, and so, when they were grown up, they were married. There was a sumptuous feast for the wedding, and among the guests were the Lord Mayor of London himself, the aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants of the city.

History tells us that Dick Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor and were very happy. But he never forgot his early hardships and was always generous to the poor and less fortunate. He became sheriff and then thrice Lord Mayor of London. The Bells of Bow Church had spoken truly when they chimed to young Dick:

Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

Puss in Boots

By Charles Perrault

ONCE upon a time there was a miller, who was so poor that at his death he had nothing to leave to his three children but his mill, his donkey, and his cat. The eldest son took the mill, the second the donkey; so there was nothing left for poor Jack but to take Puss.

Jack could not help thinking that he had been treated shabbily. "My brothers will be able to earn an honest livelihood," he sighed, "but for me, though Puss may feed himself by catching mice, I shall certainly die of hunger."

The cat, who had overheard his young master, jumped upon his shoulder, and, rubbing himself gently against his cheek, began to speak. "Dear master," said he, "do not grieve. I am not as useless as you think me, and will undertake to make your fortune for you, if only you will buy me a pair of boots, and give me that old bag."

Now, Jack had very little money to spare, but, knowing Puss to be a faithful old friend, he made up his mind to trust him, and so spent all he possessed upon a smart pair of boots made of buff-colored leather. They fitted perfectly, so Puss put them on, took the old bag which his master gave him, and trotted off to a neighboring warren in which he knew there was a great number of rabbits.

Having put some bran and fresh parsley

into the bag, he laid it upon the ground, hid himself, and waited. Presently two foolish little rabbits, sniffing the food, ran straight into the bag, when the clever cat drew the strings and caught them.

Then, slinging the bag over his shoulder, he hastened off to the palace, where he asked to speak to the King. Having been shown into the royal presence, he bowed and said:

"Sire, my Lord the Marquis of Carabas has commanded me to present these rabbits to Your Majesty, with his respects."

The monarch having desired his thanks to be given to the Marquis (who, as you will guess, was really our poor Jack), then ordered his head cook to dress the rabbits for dinner, and he and his daughter ate them with great enjoyment.

Day by day Puss brought home stores of good food, so that he and his master lived in plenty, and besides that, he did not fail to keep the King and his courtiers well supplied with game.

Sometimes he would lay a brace of partridges at the royal feet, sometimes a fine large hare, but whatever it was, it always came with the same message: "From my Lord the Marquis of Carabas." Everyone at Court was talking of this strange nobleman, whom no one had ever seen, but who sent such generous presents to His Majesty.

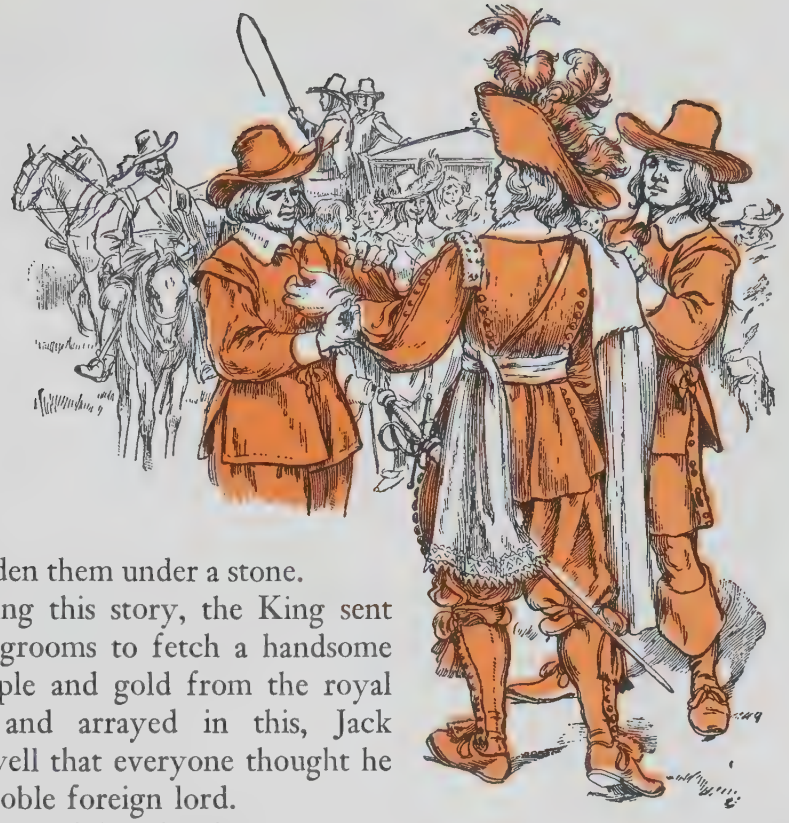
At length Puss decided that it was time for his master to be introduced at Court. So one day he persuaded him to go and bathe in a river nearby, having heard that the King would soon pass that way.

Jack stood shivering up to his neck in water, wondering what was to happen next, when suddenly the King's carriage appeared in sight. At once Puss began to call out as loudly as he could:

"Help, help! My Lord the Marquis of Carabas is drowning!"

The King put his head out of the carriage window and, recognizing the cat, ordered his attendants to go to the assistance of the Marquis.

While Jack was being taken out of the water, Puss ran to the King and told him that some robbers had run off with his master's clothes while he was bathing, the truth of the matter being that the cunning



cat had hidden them under a stone.

On hearing this story, the King sent one of his grooms to fetch a handsome suit of purple and gold from the royal wardrobe, and arrayed in this, Jack looked so well that everyone thought he was some noble foreign lord.

The King and his daughter were so pleased with his appearance that they invited him into their carriage. At first Jack hesitated, for he felt a little shy about sitting next to a Princess, but she smiled at him so sweetly, and was so kind and gentle, that he soon forgot his fears and fell in love with her there and then.

As soon as Puss had seen his master seated in the royal carriage, he whispered directions to the coachman, and then ran on ahead as fast as he could trot, until he came to a field of corn, where the reapers were busy.

"Reapers," said he fiercely, "the King will shortly pass this way. If he should ask you to whom this field belongs, remember that you say, 'To the Marquis of Carabas.' If you dare to disobey me, I will have you all chopped up as fine as mincemeat."

The reapers were so afraid the cat would keep his word that they promised to obey. Puss then ran on and told all the other laborers he met to give the same answer, threatening them with terrible punishments if they disobeyed.

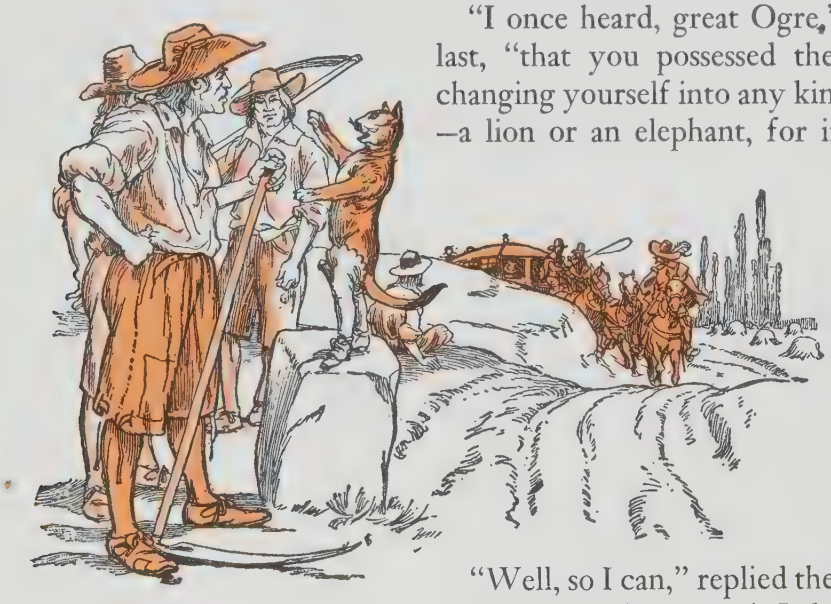
Now, the King was in a very good humor, for the day was fine, and he found the Marquis a very pleasant companion; so he told the coachman to drive slowly in order that he might admire the beautiful country.

"What a fine field of wheat!" he said

presently. "To whom does it belong?"

Then the men answered as they had been told: "To our Lord the Marquis of Carabas."

Next they met a herd of cattle, and again to the King's question, "To whom do they belong?" they were told, "To the Marquis of Carabas."



And it was the same with everything they passed.

The Marquis listened with the greatest astonishment, and thought what a very wonderful cat his dear Puss was; and the King was delighted to find that his new friend was as wealthy as he was charming.

Meanwhile Puss, who was well in advance of the royal party, had arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to a cruel Ogre, the richest ever known, for all the lands the King had admired so much belonged to him. Puss knocked at the door and asked to see the Ogre, who received him quite civilly, for he had never seen a cat in boots before, and the sight amused him. So he and Puss were soon chatting away together.

The Ogre, who was very conceited, began to boast of what clever tricks he could play, and Puss sat and listened, with a smile on his face.

"I once heard, great Ogre," he said at last, "that you possessed the power of changing yourself into any kind of animal —a lion or an elephant, for instance."

"Well, so I can," replied the Ogre.

"Dear me! how much I should like to see you do it now," said Puss sweetly.

The Ogre was only too pleased to find a chance of showing how very clever he was, so he promised to transform himself into any animal Puss might mention. "Oh! I will leave the choice to you," said the cat politely.

Immediately there appeared where the Ogre had been seated, an enormous lion, roaring, and lashing with its tail, and looking as though it meant to gobble the cat up in a trice.

Puss was really very much frightened,

and, jumping out of the window, managed to scramble on to the roof, though he could scarcely hold on to the tiles on account of his high-heeled boots.

There he sat, refusing to come down, until the Ogre changed himself into his natural form, and laughingly called that he would not hurt him.

Then Puss ventured back into the room, and began to compliment the Ogre on his cleverness.

"Of course, it was all very wonderful," he said, "but it would be more wonderful still if you, who are so great and fierce, could transform yourself into some timid little creature, such as a mouse. That, I suppose, would be quite impossible?"

"Not at all," said the vain Ogre. "One

is quite as easy to me as the other, as I will show you." And in a moment a little brown mouse was frisking about all over the floor and the Ogre had vanished.

"Now or never," said Puss, and with a spring he seized the mouse and gobbled it up as fast as he could.

At the same moment all the gentlemen and ladies whom the wicked Ogre had held in his castle under a spell became disenchanted. They were so grateful to their deliverer that they would have done anything to please him, and readily agreed to enter into the service of the Marquis of Carabas when Puss asked them to do so.

So now the cat had a splendid castle, full of heaped-up treasures, at his command. Ordering a magnificent feast to be prepared, he stood at the castle gates to welcome his master and the royal party.

As soon as the castle appeared in sight, the King enquired whose it was, "For," said he, "I have never seen a finer."

Then Puss, bowing low, threw open the castle gates, and cried:

"May it please your Majesty to alight and enter the home of the most noble, the Marquis of Carabas?"

Full of surprise, the King turned to the Marquis. "Is this splendid castle indeed yours?" he asked. "Not even our own palace is more beautiful, and doubtless it is as splendid within as without."

Puss then helped his Majesty to alight, and conducted him into the castle, where a group of noble gentlemen and fair ladies were waiting to receive them. Jack, or the Marquis as he was now called, gave his hand to the young Princess, and led her to the banquet. Long and merrily they feasted, and when at last the guests rose to depart, the King embraced the Marquis, and called him his dear son. And the Princess blushed so charmingly and looked so

shy and sweet that Jack ventured to lay his heart and his fortune at her feet.

And so the miller's son married the King's daughter, and there was great rejoicing throughout the land.

On the evening of the wedding day a great ball was given, to which princes and noblemen from far and near were invited. Puss opened the ball, wearing for the occasion a pair of boots made of the finest leather, with gold tassels and scarlet heels. I wish you could have seen him!

When the old King died, the Princess and her husband reigned in his stead, and their most honored and faithful friend at Court was Puss himself, for his master never forgot to whom he owed all his good fortune. Puss lived upon the daintiest meat and most delicious cream, and was petted and made much of all the days of his life, and never again ran after mice and rats, except for exercise and fun.

How Robin Hood Became an Outlaw

Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle

In merry England in the time of old, when good King Henry the Second ruled the land, there lived within the green glades of Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham Town, a famous outlaw whose name was Robin Hood. No archer ever lived that could speed a gray goose shaft with such skill and cunning as his, nor were there ever such yeomen as the seven-score merry men that roamed with him through the greenwood shades. Right merrily they dwelt within the depths of Sherwood Forest, suffering neither care nor want, but passing the time in merry games of archery, or bouts of cudgel play, living upon the King's venison, washed down with draughts from crystal fountains.

Not only Robin himself but all the band were outlaws and dwelt apart from other men, yet they were beloved by the country people round about, for no one ever came to jolly Robin for help and went away again with an empty fist.

And now I will tell how it first came about Robin Hood fell afoul of the law.

When Robin was a youth of eighteen, stout of sinew and bold of heart, the Sheriff of Nottingham proclaimed a shooting-match and offered a prize of forty marks to whoever should shoot the best shaft in Nottinghamshire. "Now," quoth Robin, "will I go too, for fain would I draw a string for the bright eyes of my lass, for so goodly a prize as that." So up he got and took his good stout yew bow and a score or more of broad arrows, and started off from Locksley Town through Sherwood Forest to Nottingham.

As he walked along with a brisk step and a merry whistle, he came suddenly upon some foresters seated beneath a great oak tree, fifteen in all, making merry. Each man was clad in Lincoln green, and a fine show they made, seated upon the sward beneath that fair, spreading tree. Then one of them, with his mouth full, called out to Robin,

"Hello, where goest thou, little lad, with thy one-penny bow and thy farthing shafts?"

Then Robin grew angry, for he was mightily proud of his skill at archery.

"Now," quoth he, "my bow and mine arrows are as good as thine; and I'll hold the best of you twenty marks that I hit the clout at threescore rods."

At this all laughed aloud, whereat Robin grew right mad. "Hark ye," said he, "yonder, at the glade's end, I see a herd of deer, even more than threescore rods distant. I'll hold you twenty marks I cause the best hart among them to die."

"Then I will take thy wager," cried one of the foresters, "and will hold thee twenty marks that thou causest no hart to die." Robin took his good yew bow in his hand, and drew the gray goose-feather to his ear; the next moment the bowstring rang and the arrow sped down the glade. High leaped the noblest hart of all the herd, only to fall dead, reddening the green path with his heart's blood.

"Ha!" cried Robin, "how likest thou that shot, good fellow?"

Then all the foresters were filled with rage, and he who had wagered the twenty marks was more angry than all. "Get thee gone," cried he, "or I'll baste thy sides until thou wilt ne'er be able to walk again. Thou hast killed the King's deer, and, by the laws of our gracious lord and sovereign, King Harry, thine ears should be shaven close to thy head."

Never a word said Robin Hood, but he looked at the foresters with a grim face; then, turning on his heel, strode away from them down the forest glade. But his heart was angry, for his blood was hot and youthful and prone to boil.

Now, well would it have been for him who had wagered had he left Robin Hood alone; but his anger was hot. Of a sudden, and without any warning, he sprang to his feet, seized upon his bow and fitting to it a shaft, sent the arrow whistling after Robin.

It was well for Robin Hood that that same forester's fingers slipped the string a little, or else he would never have taken another step. As it was, the arrow whistled within three inches of his head. Then he turned around and quickly drew his own bow, and sent an arrow back.

"Ye said I was no archer," cried he aloud, "but say so now again!"

The shaft flew straight, the forester fell forward with a cry, and lay on his face upon the ground, his arrows rattling about him from out of his quiver, the gray goose shaft wet with his heart's blood. Then, before the others could gather their wits about them, Robin Hood was gone into the depths of the greenwood. Some started after him, but not with much heart, for each feared to suffer the death of his fellow. Presently they all came and lifted the dead man up and bore him away to Nottingham.

So Robin Hood became outlawed and so he came to dwell in the greenwood that was to be his home for many a year to come. Two hundred pounds was set upon his head as a reward for whoever would bring him to the court of justice.

But Robin Hood lay hidden in Sher-

wood Forest for one year, and in that time there gathered around him many others like himself, outlawed for this cause and for that.

That year, fivescore or more good stout yeomen joined themselves to him, and chose him to be their leader and chief. Then they vowed that even as they themselves had been despoiled they would despoil their oppressors, whether baron, abbot, knight, or squire, and that from each they would take that which had been wrung from the poor by unjust taxes, or land rents, or in wrongful fines; but to the poor folk they would give a helping hand in need and trouble, and would return to them that which had been unjustly taken from them. Besides this, they swore never to harm a child or to wrong a woman, be she maid, wife, or widow; so that, after a while, when the people began to find that no harm was meant to them, but that money or food came in time of want to many a poor family, they came to praise Robin and his merry men, and to tell many tales of him and of his doings in Sherwood Forest, for they felt him to be one of themselves.

Up rose Robin Hood one merry morn when all the birds were singing blithely among the leaves. "For fourteen days," said he, "we have seen no sport, so now I will go abroad to seek adventures. But tarry ye, my merry men all, here in the greenwood; only see that ye mind well my call. Three blasts upon the bugle horn I will blow in my hour of need; then come quickly, for I shall want your aid."

So saying, he strode away through the leafy forest glades until he had come to the verge of Sherwood. There he wandered for a long time, through highway and byway, through dingly dell and forest. At last he took a bypath that dipped toward a broad pebbly stream spanned by a narrow bridge made of a log of wood. As he drew nigh this bridge he saw a tall stranger coming from the other side. Thereupon Robin quickened his pace, as did the stranger likewise; each thinking to cross first.

"Now stand thou back," quoth Robin, "and let the better man cross first."

"Nay," answered the stranger, "then stand back thine own self, for the better man I wot am I."

"That shall we presently see," quoth Robin. "Meantime bide thou here a little while till I come again." So saying he stepped quickly to the coverside and cut a good staff of ground oak, straight, without flaw, and six feet in length. "Lo, here is a good staff, lusty and tough," quoth he. "Now we will fight until one or the other of us tumble into the stream by dint of blows."

"Marry, that meeteth my whole heart!" cried the stranger, twirling his staff above his head, betwixt his fingers and thumb, until it whistled again.

Then followed a great and mighty battle betwixt these two stout yeomen. Never did the Knights of Arthur's Round Table meet in a stouter fight than did these two. Each stood in his place, neither moving a finger's breadth back, for one good hour, and many blows were given and received by each in that time, till here

and there were sore bones and bumps, yet neither thought of crying "Enough," or seemed likely to fall from off the bridge. At last Robin gave the stranger a blow upon the ribs that made his jacket smoke like a damp straw thatch in the sun. So shrewd was the stroke that the stranger came within a hair's breadth of falling off the bridge; but he regained himself right quickly, and, by a dexterous blow, gave Robin a crack on the crown so fairly that he fell heels over head into the water.

"And where art thou now, good lad?" shouted the stranger, roaring with laughter.

"Oh, in the flood and floating adown with the tide," cried Robin; nor could he forbear laughing himself at his sorry plight. Then, gaining his feet, he waded to the bank, the little fish speeding hither and thither, all frightened at his splashing.

"Give me thy hand," cried he, when he had reached the bank. "I must needs own thou art a brave and a sturdy soul, and, withal, a good stout stroke with the cudgels. By this and by that, my head hummeth like to a hive of bees on a hot June day."

Then he clapped his horn to his lips, and winded a blast that went echoing sweetly down the forest paths. Soon the distant twigs and branches rustled with the coming of men, and suddenly a score or two of good stout yeomen, all clad in Lincoln green, burst from out the covert, with merry Will Stutely at their head.

"Good master," cried Will, "how is this? Truly thou art all wet from head to foot, and that to the very skin."

"Why, marry," answered jolly Robin, "yon stout fellow hath tumbled me neck and crop into the water, and hath given me a drubbing besides."

"Then shall he not go without a ducking and a drubbing himself!" cried Will Stutely. "Have at him, lads!"

"Nay, forbear!" cried Robin. "He is a right good man and true, and no harm shall befall him. Now hark ye, good youth, wilt thou stay with me and be one of my band? Three suits of Lincoln green shalt thou have each year, besides forty marks in fee, and share with us whatsoever good shall befall us. Thou shalt eat sweet venison and quaff from crystal springs, and mine own good right-hand man shalt thou be for never did I see such a cudgel-player in all my life before. Speak! wilt thou be one of my good merry men?"

"Ay, that will I," answered the other joyfully, "for well I love the greenwood glade and well I love stout sport with such as thou, good master."

"Then I have gained a right good man this day," quoth jolly Robin. "But tell me, what name goest thou by?"

"Men call me John Little whence I came," answered the stranger.

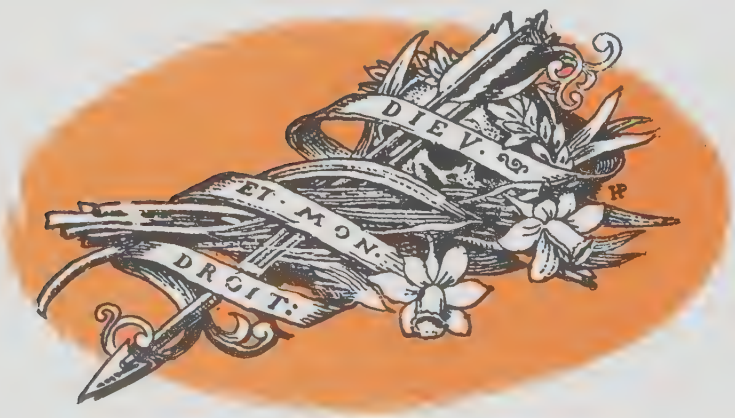
Then Will Stutely, who loved a good jest, spoke up. "Nay, fair little stranger," said he, "I like not thy name and fain would I have it otherwise. Little art thou indeed, and small of bone and sinew, therefore shalt thou be christened Little John, and I will be thy godfather."

Then Robin Hood and all his band laughed aloud.

"So be it, good friend," said Robin Hood. "Little John shalt thou be called henceforth, and Little John shall it be. So come, my merry men, and we will go and prepare a christening feast for this fair infant."

So turning their backs upon the stream, they plunged into the forest once more, through which they traced their steps till they reached the spot where they dwelt in the depths of the woodland. There had they built huts of bark and branches of trees, and made couches of sweet rushes spread over with skins of fallow deer. Here stood a great oak-tree with branches spreading broadly around, beneath which was a seat of green moss where Robin Hood was wont to sit at feast and at merry-making with his stout men about him. Here they found the rest of the band, some of whom had come in with a brace of fat does. Then they built great fires, and after the feast was ready they all sat down, but Robin Hood placed Little John at his right hand, for he was henceforth to be the second in the band.

Thus it was that Robin Hood became outlawed; thus a band of merry companions gathered about him; and thus he gained his right-hand man, Little John.



Peasants and Princesses

The Husband Who Minded the House

AN OLD FOLK TALE

THERE was once a farmer, Hans by name, who had a wife named Katti and a baby called Bubchen. The farmer had a dog, a cow, some pigs and goats, and a few geese besides.

All might have gone very well, except that Hans was so hard to please. He never thought anything his wife did about the house was right. Besides that he was forever complaining about how hard he worked in the fields. He had to plow, and sow the crops, and reap and stack hay. He did work hard, but Katti, his

wife, had plenty to do, too. She cleaned the house, cooked their meals, churned the butter, took care of the baby and the barnyard.

They both really worked hard but Hans always thought he had the worst of it. Every evening when he returned to his cottage on the hillside, he'd be in a bad temper, stamping about the place, slamming doors and growling.

"You think you have work to do," Hans would complain, scowling and mopping his head. "But what's cleaning a little house and churning a little butter compared to what a man has to do out in the fields!"

"It's not easy," Katti would reply.

"Not easy! All you do is putter about! What's hard about that?" he muttered.

Finally one evening after listening to his usual complaints, Katti said to her husband, "Suppose we change places tomorrow. I'll go out into the fields to work while you keep house and take care of Bubchen. Would you like to try it?"

Hans thought he'd like that pretty well. After all, what was there to it? To sit in the shade watching the baby, to churn a bit, cook a little supper—it would be a mighty pleasant change from mowing in the hot sun all day. And he was sure he could do a much better job with the house than his wife!

So early the next morning Katti swung Hans's scythe over her shoulder and went out into the field with the mowers. Hans stayed home to mind the house. For breakfast he fried himself some sausages in a pan held over the fire. While the sausages were frizzling away, Hans de-

cided that a glass of cool fresh cider would be just the thing to go with them.

Setting the frying pan on the edge of

the fireplace he went down into the cellar where the cider barrel was kept. He pulled the stopper from the barrel and smacked his lips as he watched the foaming cider pour into his mug.

At that moment there was a great clatter in the kitchen above. Was it the dog perhaps making away with the cooling sausages he had left on the fireplace? Hans raced up the cellar stairs just in time to see the tip of the dog's tail as he disappeared, a string of sausages trailing behind him! Hans followed, shouting with anger and vexation, but the dog was too fast for him and Hans had to give up the chase.

Puffing and panting, he trotted back to the house. Oh—the cider! Had he put the stopper back in the barrel? No! Here it was still in his hand! He rushed down to the cellar. Alack and alas, the cider had flowed out all over the cellar floor! Well, that was that—there was nothing he could do about it.

Now Hans decided it was time to set about churning the butter. He filled the churn with good rich cream from his dairy and brought it out into the yard under the shade of a tree. He brought the baby out here, too, to play and crawl about in the green. "Now this is better," thought Hans as he worked the plunger up and down in the churn with a strong and rapid stroke.

"But the cow!" he remembered suddenly. "How could I have forgotten her?" No one had milked her or carried her a drop of water to drink all morning, and now the sun was climbing high in the heavens. Hans ran to the barn as fast as his feet could take him carrying a pail of water for the poor creature. And

not a bit too soon either, for the cow's tongue was parched with thirst. After watering her, Hans led her out of the barn to the grassy pasture.

Just a moment, though. There was Bubchen to take care of. He might have got into trouble while Hans was away

with the cow. No, he'd better not take the cow to pasture after all. He'd just take her up to the cottage roof—for the house, you must know, was a cottage thatched with sod, and a fine crop of fresh grass was growing from this roof. The cottage was set against a small steep hill and Hans thought if he led the cow up the little hill, he could set her to

grazing on the grassy roof with no trouble at all.

The cow was indeed pleased with her new pasture and was soon contentedly munching away; so Hans ran back to his churn. But wait, what was that happening out under the tree? It was the baby, Bubchen, tipping the churn over and spilling the good cream all over himself. By the time Hans reached him Bubchen was kicking up his heels in a pool of buttermilk with bits of butter floating about in it.

Well, no use crying over spilled cream. But Hans had to pick up the baby and wash him and change him into clean dry clothes. Goodness, how late it was! By now it was getting close to dinner-time when Katti would be coming home for her meal. Hans decided he had better start the soup.

In a tearing hurry, Hans rushed into the garden. He gathered armfuls of vegetables, everything that would go into a good soup, and set about peeling and paring, cutting and slicing at a frantic pace.

Above his head he heard the pawing of the cow's hoofs. That cow, she must be losing her footing, he thought, and rushed out of the house in time to see her sliding off the sloping roof. Hans pulled her up by the horns and managed to get her safely back on the roof again. "Still," he thought to himself, "there's a chance she might fall off and break her neck. I'll fix that."

Once again he ran up to the roof taking a good heavy rope with him. One end of it he tied around the cow, and the other end he dropped down the chimney. When he got back into the house, he reached up the brick chimney and caught the rope in his hand. And this

end of the rope he tied around his leg with a good strong knot. "This'll keep the cow from getting herself killed, all right!" Then he went on making his

soup. When the vegetables were all ready, he filled the great iron pot with water and threw in the carrots, onions, celery, potatoes, parsley, and beans.

"This'll be the best soup I ever tasted," said Hans as he prepared to light the fire under the pot. But he never did get to it, for at that very moment the cow *did* slide over the edge of the roof and there she swung, outside the house, with a rope around her middle, bellowing and mooing pitifully, for she could neither get up nor get down.

As for poor Hans, when the heavy cow fell outside the pull on the rope dragged him halfway up the chimney by the rope tied to his leg. There he was stuck fast, dangling upside down over the soup pot, groaning and roaring, for

he could neither get up nor get down.

Hans's wife, Katti, hard at work out in the field with the mowers, had waited and waited for him to call her to dinner. At last, since it was well past the time, she decided to go home even though he had not called. When she came close to the cottage, she began to run, for what did she see but the pitiful cow swinging in the air over the side of the roof, with a rope around her middle!

Katti didn't lose a second. With one switch of her scythe she cut the rope. Down came the cow on all four legs, a little the worse for wear but alive, thank

goodness. Katti hurried into the house to see what could be the matter—for she had heard a great splash and then a weak gurgle-gurgle coming from inside.

Of course when Katti had cut the cow down, Hans had tumbled down the chimney head-first right into the kettle of soup in the fireplace!

Katti pulled out the dripping Hans who shamefacedly picked some parsley from his ears and celery out of his hair. He looked so funny that they both burst out laughing, and they laughed and laughed till they could laugh no more.

But from that day to this Hans has been well satisfied to work in the fields and to let Katti mind the house. Nor has he ever again come home from work in a bad humor.

The Princess Whom Nobody Could Silence

By P. C. Asbjörnsen and J. E. Moe

THERE was once upon a time a king, and he had a daughter who would always have the last word. She was so perverse and contrary in her speech that no one could silence her. So the king therefore promised that he who would outwit her should have the princess in marriage and half the kingdom besides. There were plenty of those who wanted to try, I can assure you; for it isn't every day that a princess and half a kingdom are to be had.

The gate to the palace hardly ever stood still. The suitors came in swarms and flocks from east and west, both riding and walking. But there was no one who could silence the princess. At last the king announced that those who tried and did not succeed should be branded on both ears with a large iron; he would not have all this running about the palace for nothing.

So there were three brothers who had also heard about the princess, and as they were rather badly off at home, they thought they would try their luck and see if they could win the princess and half the kingdom. They were good friends and so they agreed to set out together.

When they had got a bit on the way, Boots, the youngest, found a dead bird.

"I have found something! I have found something!" cried he.

"What have you found?" asked the brothers.

"I have found a dead magpie," said he.

"Faugh! Throw it away; what can you do with that?" said the other two, who always believed they were the wisest.

"Oh, I've nothing else to do. I can easily carry it," said Boots.

When they had gone on a bit further Boots found an old willow-twig, which he picked up.

"I have found something! I have found something," he cried.

"What have you found now?" said the brothers.

"I have found a willow-twig," said he.

"Pooh! What are you going to do with that? Throw it away," said the two.

"I have nothing else to do, I can easily carry it with me," said Boots.

When they had gone still further he found a broken saucer and picked it up.

"Here, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Well, what have you found now?" said the brothers.

"A broken saucer," said he.

"Pshaw! Is it worth while dragging that along with you too? Throw it away!" said the brothers.

When they had gone a little bit further he found a crooked goat-horn and soon after he found a fellow to it.

"What have you found now?" said the brothers.

"Two goat-horns," answered Boots.

"Ugh! Throw them away! What are you going to do with them?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry them with me," said Boots.

In a little while he found a wedge.

"I say, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"You are everlastingly finding something! What have you found now?" asked the two eldest.

"I have found a wedge," he answered.

"Oh, throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry it with me," said Boots.

As he went along the king's fields, which had been freshly manured, he stooped and took up an old boot-sole.

"Hullo, lads! I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Heaven grant you may find a little sense before you get to the palace!" said the two. "What is it you have found now?"

"An old boot-sole," said he.

"Is that anything worth picking up? Throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said the brothers.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do. I can easily carry it with me, and—who knows? —it may help me to win the princess and half the kingdom," said Boots.

"Yes, you look a likely one, don't you?" said the other two.

So they went in to the princess, the eldest first.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day to you!" answered she, with a shrug.

"It's terribly hot here," said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said the princess. The branding iron was lying waiting in the fire. When he saw this he was struck speechless, and so it was all over with him.

The second brother fared no better.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day to you," said she, with a wriggle.

"It's terribly hot here," said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said she.

With that he lost both speech and wits, and so the iron had to be brought out.

Then came Boots' turn.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day to you," said she, with a shrug and a wriggle.

"It is very warm here," said Boots.

"It's warmer in the fire," she answered. She was in no better humor now she saw the third suitor.

"Then there's a chance for me to roast my magpie on it," said he, bringing it out.

"I'm afraid it will sputter," said the princess.

"No fear of that! I'll tie this willow-twig round it," said the lad.

"You can't tie it tight enough," said she.

"Then I'll drive in a wedge," said the lad, and brought out the wedge.

"The fat will be running off it," said the princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad, and showed her the broken saucer.

"You are so crooked in your speech," said the princess.

"No, I am not crooked," answered the lad, "but this is crooked," and he brought out one of the goat-horns.

"Well, I've never seen the like!" said the princess.

"Here you see the like," said he, and brought out the other horn.

"It seems you have come here to wear out my soul!" she said.

"No, I have not come here to wear out your soul, for I have one here which is already worn out," answered the lad, and brought out the old boot-sole.

The princess was so dumbfounded at this, that she was completely silenced.

"Now you are mine!" said Boots, and so he got her and half the kingdom too.

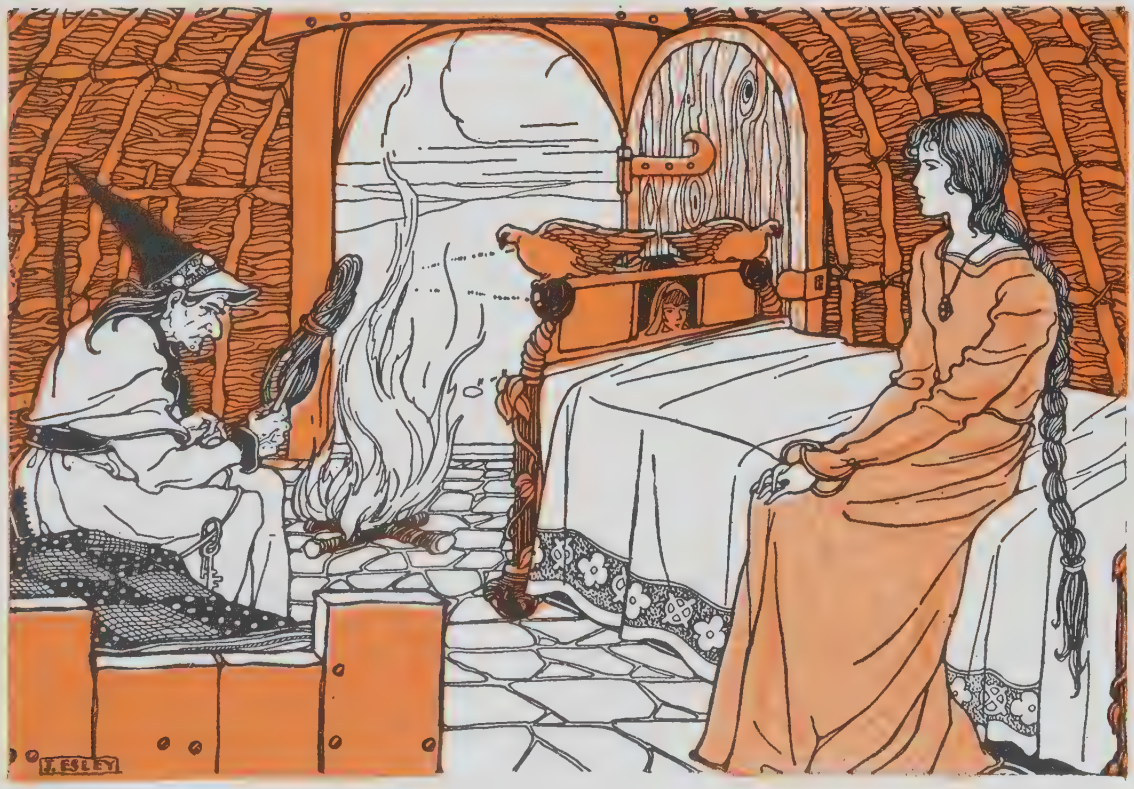
Princess Finola and the Dwarf

By Edmund Leamy

ALONG, long time ago there lived, in a little hut in the midst of a bare brown lonely moor, an old woman and a young girl. The old woman was withered, sour-tempered, and dumb. The young girl was as sweet and as fresh as an opening rosebud, and her voice was as musical as the whisper of a stream in the woods in the hot days of summer.

The little hut, made of branches woven closely together, was shaped like a beehive. In the center of the hut a fire burned night and day from year's end to year's end, though it was never touched or tended by human hand. In the cold days and nights of winter it gave out light and heat that made the hut cozy and warm, but in the summer nights and days it gave out light only.

With their heads to the wall of the hut and their feet toward the fire were two sleeping-couches—one of plain woodwork, in which slept the old woman; the other was Finola's. It was of bog-oak,



polished as a looking-glass, and on it were carved flowers and birds of all kinds that gleamed and shone in the light of the fire. This couch was fit for a Princess, and a Princess Finola was, though she did not know it herself.

Outside the hut, the bare brown lonely moor stretched for miles on every side, but toward the east it was bounded by a range of mountains that looked to Finola blue in the daytime, but put on a hundred changing colors as the sun went down. Nowhere was a house to be seen, nor a tree, nor a flower, nor sign of any living thing. From morning till night, nor hum of bee, nor song of bird, nor voice of man, nor any sound fell on Finola's ear. When the storm was in the air the great waves thundered on the shore beyond the mountains, and the wind shouted in the glens; but when it sped across the moor it lost its voice, and passed as silently as the dead. At first the silence frightened Finola, but she got used to it after a time, and often broke it by talking to herself and singing.

The only other person beside the old woman Finola ever saw was a dumb Dwarf who, mounted on a broken-down horse, came once a month to the hut, bringing with him a sack of corn for the old woman and Finola. Although he couldn't speak to her, Finola was always glad to see the Dwarf and his old horse, and she used to give them cake made with her own white hands. As for the Dwarf he would have died for the little Princess, he was so much in love with her, and often and often his heart was heavy and sad as he thought of her pining away in the lonely moor.

It chanced that he came one day, and she did not, as usual, come out to greet him. He made signs to the old woman, but she took up a stick and struck him, and beat his horse and drove him away.

Just as he was leaving he caught a glimpse of Finola at the door of the hut, and saw that she was crying. This sight made him so miserable that he could think of nothing but her sad face, that he had always seen so bright. And he allowed the old horse to go on without minding where he was going. Suddenly he heard a voice saying: "It is time for you to come."

The Dwarf looked, and right before him, at the foot of a green hill, was a little man not half as big as himself, dressed in a green jacket with brass buttons, and a red cap with a tassel.

"It is time for you to come," he said the second time, "but you are welcome, anyhow. Get off your horse and come in with me. I will touch your lips with the wand of speech so we may talk together."

The Dwarf got off his horse and followed the little man through a hole in the side of a green hill. The hole was so small that he had to go on his hands and knees to pass through it, and when he was able to stand he was only the same height as the little Fairyman.

After walking three or four steps they were in a splendid room, as bright as day. Diamonds sparkled in the roof as stars sparkle in the sky when the night is without a cloud. The roof rested on golden pillars, and between the pillars were silver lamps, but their light was dimmed by that

of the diamonds. In the middle of the room was a table, on which were two golden plates and two big silver knives and forks, and a brass bell as big as a hazelnut, and beside the table were two chairs.

"Take a chair," said the Fairy, "and I will ring for the wand of speech."

The Dwarf sat down, and the Fairyman rang the little brass bell, and in came a tiny Dwarf no bigger than your hand.

"Bring me the wand of speech," said the Fairy, and the tiny Dwarf bowed three times and walked out backward. In a minute he returned, carrying a little black wand with a red berry at the top of it. Giving it to the Fairy, he bowed three times and walked out backward as before.

The little man waved the rod three times over the Dwarf, and struck him once on the right shoulder and once on the left shoulder, and then touched his lips with the red berry, and said: "Speak!"

The Dwarf spoke, and he was so rejoiced at hearing the sound of his own voice that he danced about the room.

"Who are you at all, at all?" said he to the Fairy.

"Who is yourself?" said the Fairy. "But come, before we have any talk let us have something to eat, for I am sure you are hungry."

They sat down to table, and the Fairy rang the little brass bell twice, and the tiny Dwarf brought in two boiled snails in their shells, and when they had eaten the snails he brought in a dormouse, and when they had eaten the dormouse he brought in two wrens, and when they had eaten the wrens he brought in two nuts full of wine, and they became very merry, and the Fairyman sang "Cooleen Dhas," and the Dwarf sang "The Little Blackbird of the Glen."

"Did you ever hear the 'Foggy Dew'?" said the Fairy.

"No," said the Dwarf.

"Well, then, I'll give it to you; but we must have some more wine."

And the wine was brought, and he sang the "Foggy Dew," and the Dwarf said it was the sweetest song he had ever heard, and that the Fairyman's voice would coax the birds off the bushes!

"You asked me who I am?" said the Fairy.

"I did," said the Dwarf.

"And I asked you who is yourself?"

"You did," said the Dwarf.

"And who are you, then?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know," said the Dwarf, and he blushed like a rose.

"Well, tell me what you know about yourself."

"I remember nothing at all," said the Dwarf, "before the day I found myself going along with a crowd of all sorts of people to the great fair. We had to pass by the King's palace on our way, and as we were passing the King sent for a band of jugglers to come and show their tricks before him. I followed the jugglers to look on, and when the play was over the King called me to him, and asked me who I was and where I came from. I was dumb then, and couldn't answer; but even if I could speak I could not tell him what he wanted to know, for I remembered nothing of myself before that day. Then the

King asked the jugglers, but they knew nothing about me, and no one knew anything, and then the King said he would take me into his service; and the only work I have to do is to go once a month with a bag of corn to the hut on the moor."

"And there you fell in love with the little Princess," said the Fairy, winking at the Dwarf.

The poor Dwarf blushed twice as much as he had done before.

"You need not blush," said the Fairy. "It is a good man's case. And now tell me, truly, do you love the Princess, and what would you give to free her from the spell of enchantment that is over her?"

"I would give my life," said the Dwarf.

"Well, then, listen to me," said the Fairy. "The Princess Finola was banished to the lonely moor by the King, your master. He killed her father, who was the rightful King, and would have killed Finola, only he was told by an old sorceress that if he killed her he would die himself on the same day. She advised him to banish her to the lonely moor, and she said she would cast a spell of enchantment over it, and that until the spell was broken Finola could not leave the moor. And the sorceress also promised that she would send an old woman to watch over the Princess by night and by day, so that no harm should come to her. But she told the King that he himself should select a messenger to take food to the hut, and that he should look out for someone who had never seen or heard of the Princess, and whom he could trust never to tell anyone anything about her. That is the reason he selected you."

"Since you know so much," said the Dwarf, "can you tell me who I am, and where I came from?"

"You will know that soon enough," said the Fairy. "I have given you back your speech. It will depend solely on yourself whether you will get back your memory of who and what you were before the day you entered the King's service. But are you really willing to try and break the spell of enchantment and free the Princess?"

"I am," said the Dwarf.

"Whatever it will cost you?"

"Yes, if it costs me my life," said the Dwarf. "But tell me, how can the spell be broken?"

"Oh, it is easy enough to break the spell if you have the weapons," said the Fairy

"And what are they, and where are they?" said the Dwarf.

"The spear of the shining haft and the dark blue blade and the silver shield," said the Fairy. "They are on the farther bank of the Mystic Lake in the Island of the Western Seas. They are there for the man who is bold enough to seek them. If you are the man who will bring them back to the lonely moor you will only have to strike the shield three times with the haft, and three times with the blade of the spear, and the silence of the moor will be broken forever, the spell of enchantment removed, and the Princess will be free."

"I will set out at once," said the Dwarf, jumping from his chair.

"And whatever it costs you," said the Fairy, "will you pay the price?"

"I will," said the Dwarf.

"Well, then, mount your horse, give him his head, and he will take you to the shore opposite the Island of the Mystic Lake. You must cross to the island on his back, and make your way through the water-steeds that swim around the island night and day to guard it. But woe betide you if you attempt to cross without paying the price, for if you do the angry water-steeds will tear you and your horse to pieces. And when you come to the Mystic Lake you must wait until the waters are as red as wine, and then swim your horse across it, and on the farther side you will find the spear and shield. But woe betide you if you attempt to cross the lake before you pay the price, for if you do, the black Cormorants of the Western Seas will pick the flesh from your bones."

"What is the price?" said the Dwarf.

"You will know that soon enough," said the Fairy. "But now go, and good luck go with you."

The Dwarf thanked the Fairy, and said good-by. He then threw the reins on his horse's neck, and started up the hill, that seemed to grow bigger and bigger as he ascended. Indeed, the Dwarf soon found that the hill was a great mountain.

After traveling all the day, toiling up by steep crags and heathery passes, he reached the top as the sun was setting in the ocean, and he saw far below him, out in the waters, the mystic island.

He began his descent to the shore, but long before he reached it the sun had set, and darkness, unpierced by a single star, dropped upon the sea. The old horse, worn out by his long and painful journey, sank beneath him, and the Dwarf was so tired that he rolled off his back and fell asleep by his side.

He awoke at the breaking of the morning, and saw that he was almost at the water's edge. He looked out to sea, and saw the island, but nowhere could he see the water-steeds, and he began to fear he must have taken a wrong course in the night, and that the island before him was not the one he was in search of. But even while he was so thinking he heard fierce and angry snortings, and, coming swiftly from the island to the shore, he saw the swimming and prancing steeds. Sometimes their heads and manes only were visible, and sometimes, rearing, they rose half out of the water, and, striking it with their hoofs, churned it into foam, and tossed the white spray to the skies. As they approached nearer and nearer their snortings became more terrible, and their nostrils shot forth clouds of vapor.

The Dwarf trembled at the sight and sound, and his old horse, quivering in every limb, moaned piteously, as if in pain. On came the steeds, until they almost touched the shore, then rearing, they seemed about to spring on to it.

The frightened Dwarf turned his head to fly, and as he did so he heard the twang of a golden harp, and right before him whom should he see but the little man of the hills, holding a harp in one hand and striking the strings with the other.

"Are you ready to pay the price?" said

he, nodding gayly to the Dwarf.

As he asked the question, the listening water-steeds snorted furiously.

"Are you ready to pay the price?" said the little man a second time.

A shower of spray, tossed on shore by the angry steeds, drenched the Dwarf to the skin, sending a cold shiver to his bones, and he was so terrified that he could not answer.

"For the third and last time, are you ready to pay the price?" asked the Fairy, as he flung the harp behind him and turned to depart.

When the Dwarf saw him going he thought of the little Princess in the lonely moor, and his courage came back, and he answered bravely:

"Yes, I am ready."

The water-steeds, hearing his answer, and snorting with rage, struck the shore with their pounding hoofs.

"Back to your waves!" cried the little harper; and as he ran his fingers across his lyre, the frightened steeds drew back into the waters.

"What is the price?" asked the Dwarf.

"Your right eye," said the Fairy; and before the Dwarf could say a word, the Fairy scooped out the eye with his finger, and put it into his pocket.

The Dwarf suffered most terrible agony; but he resolved to bear it for the sake of the little Princess. Then the Fairy sat down on a rock at the edge of the sea, and began to play.

The sound crept along the waters, and the steeds, so ferocious a moment before, became perfectly still. They had no longer any motion of their own, and they floated on the top of the tide like foam before a breeze.

"Now," said the Fairy, as he led the Dwarf's horse to the edge of the tide.

The Dwarf urged the horse into the water, and once out of his depth, the old horse struck out boldly for the island. The sleeping water-steeds drifted helplessly against him, and in a short time he reached the island safely, and he neighed joyously as his hoofs touched solid ground.

The Dwarf rode on and on, until he came to a bridle-path, and following this, it led him up through winding lanes bordered with golden furze that filled the air with fragrance, and brought him to the summit of the green hills that encircled and looked down on the Mystic Lake. Here the horse stopped of his own accord, and the Dwarf's heart beat quickly as his eye rested on the lake.

After gazing at it for a long time, the Dwarf dismounted, and lay at his ease in the pleasant grass. Hour after hour passed, but no change came over the face of the waters; and when the night fell, sleep closed the eyelids of the Dwarf.

The song of the lark awoke him in the early morning, and, starting up, he looked at the lake, but its waters were as bright as they had been the day before.

Toward midday he beheld what he thought was a black cloud sailing across the sky from east to west. It seemed to grow larger as it came nearer and nearer, and when it was high above the lake he saw it was a huge bird, the shadow of

whose outstretched wings darkened the waters of the lake. And the Dwarf knew it was one of the Cormorants of the Western Seas. As it descended slowly, he saw that it held in one of its claws a branch of a tree larger than a full-grown oak, and laden with clusters of ripe red berries. It alighted at some distance from the Dwarf, and, after resting for a time, began to eat the berries and to throw the stones into the lake. And wherever a stone fell a bright red stain appeared in the water. As he looked more closely at the bird the Dwarf saw that it had all the signs of old age, and he could not help wondering how it could carry such a heavy tree.

Later in the day, two other birds, as large as the first, but younger, came up from the west and settled down beside him. They also ate the berries, and as they too threw the stones into the lake it was soon as red as wine.

When they had eaten all the berries, the young birds began to pick the decayed feathers off the old bird and to smooth his plumage. As soon as they had completed their task, he rose slowly from the hill and sailed out over the lake, and dropping down on the waters dived beneath them. In a moment he came to the surface, shot up into the air with a joyous cry, and flew off to the west in all the vigor of renewed youth, followed by the other birds.

When they had gone so far that they were like specks in the sky, the Dwarf mounted his horse and descended toward the lake.

He was almost at the margin, and in another minute would have plunged in,

when he heard a fierce screaming in the air, and before he had time to look up, the three birds were over the lake.

The Dwarf drew back frightened.

The birds wheeled over his head, and then, swooping down, flew close to the water, covering it with their wings, uttering harsh cries. Then, rising to a great height, they folded their wings and dropped headlong, like three rocks, on the lake, crashing its surface, and scattering a wine-red shower upon the hills.

Then the Dwarf remembered what the Fairy told him, that if he attempted to swim the lake without paying the price, the three Cormorants of the Western Seas would pick the flesh off his bones. He knew not what to do, and was about to turn away, when he heard once more the twang of the golden harp, and the little Fairy of the hills stood before him.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said the little harper. "Are you ready to pay the price? The spear and shield are on the opposite bank, and the Princess Finola is crying this moment in the lonely moor."

At the mention of Finola's name the Dwarf's heart grew strong.

"Yes," he said. "I am ready—win or die. What is the price?"

"Your left eye," said the Fairy. And he scooped out the eye and pocketed it.

The poor blind Dwarf almost fainted.

"It's your last trial," said the Fairy, "and now do what I tell you. Twist your horse's mane round your right hand, and I will lead him to the water. Plunge in, and fear not. I gave you back your speech. When you reach the opposite bank you will get back your memory, and you will know who and what you are."

The Fairy led the horse to the lake.

"In with you now, and good luck go with you," said the Fairy.

The Dwarf urged the horse. He plunged into the lake, and went down and down until his feet struck the bottom. Then he began to ascend, and as he came near the surface of the water the Dwarf thought he saw a glimmering light. And when he rose above the water he saw the bright sun shining on the green hills before him, and he shouted with joy at finding his sight restored.

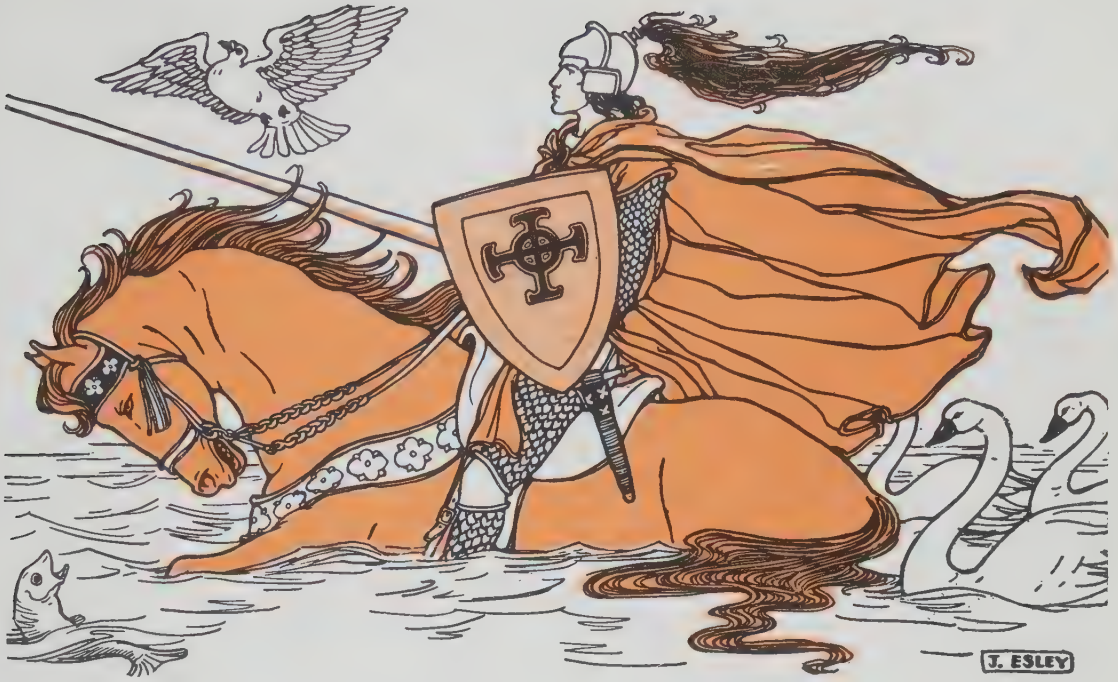
But he saw more. Instead of the old horse he had ridden into the lake he was astride a noble steed, and as the steed swam to the bank the Dwarf felt a change coming over himself, and an unknown vigor in his limbs.

When the steed touched the shore he galloped up the hillside, and on the top of the hill was a silver shield, bright as the sun, resting against a spear standing upright in the ground.

The Dwarf jumped off, and, running toward the shield, he saw himself as in a mirror.

He was no longer a dwarf, but a gallant knight. At that moment his memory came back to him, and he knew he was Conal, one of the Knights of the Red Branch, and he remembered now that a witch who was in league with the wicked King had cast on him a spell that had made him a speechless dwarf.

Slinging his shield upon his left arm, he plucked the spear from the ground and



leaped on to his horse. With a light heart he swam back over the lake, and nowhere could he see the black Cormorants of the Western Seas, but three white swans floating abreast followed him to the bank. When he reached the bank he galloped down to the sea, and crossed to the shore.

Then he flung the reins upon his horse's neck, and swifter than the wind the gallant horse swept on and on. It was not long until he was bounding over the enchanted moor. Wherever his hoofs struck the ground, grass and flowers sprang up, and great trees rose on every side.

At last the Knight reached the little hut. Three times he struck the shield with the haft and three times with the blade of his spear. At the last blow the hut disappeared, and standing before him was the little Princess.

The Knight took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he lifted her on to the horse, and, leaping up before her, he turned toward the north, to the palace of the Red Branch Knights. As they rode on beneath the leafy trees, the spell of silence over the lonely moor was broken forever.

From every tree came the joyful sound of birds singing.

The Old Woman and the Tramp

THERE was once a tramp who went plodding his way through a forest. The distance between the houses was so great that he had little hope of finding a shelter before the night set in. But all of a sudden he saw some lights between the trees. He then discovered a cottage, where there was a fire burning on the hearth. How nice it would be to sit before that fire, and to get a bite of something, he thought; and so he dragged himself toward the cottage.

Just then an old woman came toward him.

"Good evening, and well met!" said the tramp.

"Good evening," said the woman. "Where do you come from?"

"South of the sun, and east of the moon," said the tramp. "And now I am on the way home again, for I have been all over the world with the exception of this parish."

"You must be a great traveler, then," said the woman. "What may be your business here?"

"Oh, I want a shelter for the night."

"I thought as much," said the woman. "But you may as well get away from here at once, for my husband is not at home, and my place is not an inn."

"My good woman," said the tramp,

"you must not be so cross and hard-hearted, for we are both human beings, and should help one another."

"Help one another?" said the woman. "Who'll help me, do you think? I haven't got a morsel in the house! No, you'll have to look for quarters elsewhere."

But the tramp did not consider himself beaten at the first rebuff. Although the old woman complained as much as she could, he went on begging like a starved dog, until at last she gave in, and he got permission to lie on the floor for the night.

It was very kind of her, he thought, and he thanked her for it.

"Better on the floor without sleep, than suffer cold in the forest deep," he said; for he was a merry fellow, this tramp, and always ready for a rhyme.

When he came into the room he could see that the woman was not so badly off as she had pretended; but she was greedy and stingy and was always complaining and grumbling.

He now made himself very agreeable, and asked her in his most ingratiating manner for something to eat.

"Where am I to get it from?" said the woman. "I haven't tasted a morsel myself the whole day."

But the tramp was a cunning fellow.

"Poor old granny, you must be starving," he said. "Well, well, I suppose I shall have to ask you to have something with me, then?"

"Have something with you!" said the woman. "You don't look as if you could ask any one to have anything! What have you got to offer one, I should like to know?"

"He who far and wide does roam sees many things not known at home; and he who many things has seen has clever wits and senses keen," said the tramp. "Better dead than lose one's head! Lend me a pot, granny!"

The old woman now became very inquisitive, as you may guess, and so she let him have a pot.

He filled it with water and put it on the fire, and then he blew with all his might till the fire was burning fiercely all round it. Then he took a four-inch nail from his pocket, turned it three times in his hand, and put it into the pot.

The woman stared. "What's this going to be?" she asked.

"Nail broth," said the tramp, and began to stir the water with the porridge-stick.

"Nail broth?" asked the woman.

"Yes, nail broth," said the tramp.

The old woman had seen and heard a good deal in her time, but that anybody could have made broth with a nail, well, she had never heard the like before.

"That's something for poor people to know," she said, "and I should like to learn how to make it."

"That which is not worth having will always go a-begging," said the tramp, but if she wanted to learn how to make it she had only to watch him, he said, and went on stirring the broth.

The old woman squatted on the ground, her hands clasping her knees, and her eyes following his hand as he stirred the broth.

"This generally makes good broth," he said; "but this time it will very likely be rather thin, for I have been making broth the whole week with the same nail. If one only had a handful of sifted oatmeal to put in, that would make it all right," he said. "But what one has to go without, it's no use thinking more about." And he stirred the broth again.

"Well, I think I have a scrap of flour somewhere," said the old woman, and went out to fetch some, and it was both good and fine.

The tramp began putting the flour into the broth, and went on stirring, while the woman sat staring now at him and then at the pot until her eyes nearly burst their sockets.

"This broth would be good enough for company," he said, putting in one handful of flour after another. "If I had only a bit of salted beef and a few potatoes to put in, it would be fit for gentlefolks however particular they might be. But what one has to go without, it's no use thinking more about."

When the old woman really began to think it over, she thought she had some potatoes, and perhaps a bit of beef as well; and these she gave the tramp, who went on stirring, while she sat and stared as hard as ever.

"This will be grand enough for the best in the land," he said.

"Well, I never!" said the woman, "and just fancy—all with a nail!"

He was really a wonderful man, that tramp!

"If one had only a little barley and a drop of milk, we could ask the king himself to have some of it," he said, "for this is what he has every blessed evening—that I know, for I have been in service

under the king's cook," he said.

"Dear me! Ask the king to have some! Well, I never!" exclaimed the woman, slapping her knees. She was quite awe-struck at the tramp and his grand connections.

"But what one has to go without, it's no use thinking more about," said he.

And then she remembered she had a little barley; and as for milk, well, she wasn't quite out of that, she said. And then she went to fetch both the one and the other.

The tramp went on stirring, and the woman sat staring, one moment at him and the next at the pot.

Then all at once the tramp took out the nail.

"Now it's ready, and now we'll have a real good feast," he said. "But to this kind of soup the king and the queen always take a dram or two, and one sandwich at least. And then they always have a cloth on the table when they eat," he said. "But what one has to go without, it's no use thinking more about."

But by this time the old woman herself had begun to feel quite grand and fine, I can tell you; and if that was all that was wanted to make it just as the king had it, she thought it would be nice to have it exactly the same way for once, and play at being king and queen with the tramp. She went straight to a cupboard and brought out bread, butter and cheese, smoked beef and veal, until at last the table looked as if it were decked out for company.

Never in her life had the old woman had such a grand feast, and never had she tasted such broth, and just fancy, made only with a nail!

She was in such a good and merry humor at having learned such an economical way of making broth that she did not know how to do enough for the tramp who had taught her such a useful thing.

So they ate and drank, and drank and ate, until they became both tired and sleepy.

The tramp was now going to lie down on the floor. But that would never do, thought the old woman; no, that was impossible. "Such a grand person must have a bed to lie in," she said.

He did not need much urging. "It's just like the sweet Christmas time," he said, "and a nicer woman I never came across. Ah, well! Happy are they who meet with such good people," said he, for the old woman had gone out to the barn.

And next morning, when he woke, the first thing he got was a good breakfast.

When he was going, the old woman gave him a bright dollar piece.

"And thanks, many thanks, for what you have taught me," she said. "Now I shall live in comfort, since I have learned how to make broth with a nail."

"Well, it isn't very difficult if one only has something good to add to it," said the tramp as he went his way.

The woman stood at the door staring after him.

"Such people don't grow on every bush," she said.

Casperl and the Princess

By Henry C. Bunner

CASPERL was a wood-chopper, and the son of a wood-chopper, and although he was only eighteen when his father died, he was so strong and active that he went on chopping and hauling wood for the whole neighborhood, and people said he did it quite as well as his father, while he was certainly a great deal more pleasant in his manner and much more willing to oblige others.

It was a poor country, however, for it was right in the heart of the Black Forest, and there were more witches and fairies and goblins there than healthy human beings. So Casperl scarcely made a living although he worked hard and rose early in the morning, summer and winter. His friends often advised him to go to some better place, where he could earn more money. But he only shook his head and said that the place was good enough for him.

He never told any one, though, why he loved his poor hut in the depths of the dark forest, because it was a secret which he did not wish to share with strangers. For he had discovered, a mile or two from his home, in the very blackest part of the woods, an enchanted mountain. It was a high mountain, covered with trees and rocks and thick, tangled undergrowth, except at the very top, where there stood a castle surrounded by smooth green lawns and beautiful gardens. They were always kept in the neatest possible order, although no gardener was ever seen.

This enchanted mountain had been under a spell for nearly two hundred years. The lovely Princess who lived there had once ruled the whole country. But a powerful and wicked magician disguised himself as a prince, and made love to her. At first the Princess loved her false suitor; but one day she found out that he was not what he pretended to be, and she told him to leave her and never to come near her again.

"For you are not a prince," she said. "You are an impostor, and I will never wed any but a true prince."

"Very well," said the magician, in a rage. "You shall wait for your true prince, if there is such a thing as a true prince; and you shall marry no one till he comes."

And then the magician cast a spell upon the beautiful castle on the top of the mountain, and the terrible forest sprang up about it. Rocks rose up out of the earth and piled themselves in great heaps among the tree-trunks. Saplings and brush and twisted poisonous vines came to fill up every crack and crevice, so that no mortal man could possibly go to the summit, except by one path, which

was purposely left clear. And in that path there was a gate that the strongest man could not open, it was so heavy. Farther up the mountain-slope, the trunk of a tree lay right across the way—a magic tree, that no one could climb over or crawl under or cut through. And beyond the gate and the tree was a dragon with green eyes that frightened away every man that looked at it.

And there the beautiful Princess was doomed to live until the true prince should arrive and overcome these three obstacles.

Now, although none of the people in the forest, except Casperl, knew of the mountain or the Princess, the story had been told in many distant countries, and year after year young princes came from all parts of the earth to try to rescue the lovely captive and win her for a bride. But, one after the other, they all tried and failed. The best of them could not so much as open the gate.

And so there the Princess remained, as the years went on. But she did not grow any older, or any less beautiful, for she was still waiting for the True Prince, and she believed that some day he would come.

This was what kept Casperl from leaving the Black Forest. He was sorry for the Princess, and he hoped some day to see her rescued and wedded to the True Prince.

Every evening, when his work was done, he would walk to the foot of the mountain, and sit down on a great stone, and look up to the top where the Princess was walking in her garden. And as it was an enchanted mountain, he could see her clearly, although she was so far away. Yes, he could see her face as well as though she were close by him, and he thought it was truly the loveliest face in the world.

There he would sit and sadly watch the princes who tried to climb the hill. There was scarcely a day that some prince from a far country did not come to make the attempt. One after another, they would arrive with gorgeous trains of followers, mounted on fine horses, and dressed in costumes so magnificent that a plain cloth-of-gold suit looked shabby among them. They would look up to the mountain-top and see the Princess walking there, and they would praise her beauty so warmly that Casperl, when he heard them, felt sure he was quite right in thinking her the loveliest woman in the world.

But every prince had to make the trial by himself. That was one of the conditions which the magician made when he laid the spell upon the castle, although Casperl did not know it.

And each prince would throw off his cloak, and shoulder a silver or gold-handled ax, and fasten his sword by his side, and set out to climb the hill, and open the gate, and cut through the fallen tree, and slay the dragon, and wed the Princess.

Up he would go, bright and hopeful, and tug away at the gate until he found that he could do nothing with it, and then he would plunge into the tangled

thickets of underbrush, and try his best to fight his way through to the summit.

But every one of them came back, after a while, with his fine clothes torn and his soft skin scratched, all tired and disheartened and worn out. And then he would look spitefully up at the mountain, and say he didn't care so much about wedding the Princess, after all; that she was only a common enchanted princess, just like any other enchanted princess, and really not worth so much trouble.

This would grieve Casperl, for he couldn't help thinking that it was impossible that any other woman could be as lovely as *his* Princess. You see, he called her *his* Princess because he took such an interest in her, and he didn't think there could be any harm in speaking of her in that way, just to himself. For he never supposed she could even know that there was such a humble creature as poor young Casperl, the wood-chopper, who sat at the foot of the hill and looked up at her.

And so the days went on, and the unlucky princes came and went, and Casperl watched them all. Sometimes he saw his Princess look down from over the castle parapets, and eagerly follow with her lovely eyes the struggles of some brave suitor through the thickets, until the poor Prince gave up the job in despair. Then she would look sad and turn away. But generally she paid no attention to the attempts that were being made to reach her. That kind of thing had been going on so long that she was quite used to it.

By and by, one summer evening, as Casperl sat watching, there came a Prince with a small train of attendants. The Prince was rather undersized; he didn't look strong, and he *did* look as though he slept too much in the morning and too little at night. He slipped off his coat, however, and climbed up the road, and began to push and pull at the gate.

Casperl watched him carelessly for a while, and then, happening to look up, he saw that the Princess was gazing sadly down on the poor little Prince as he tugged and toiled.

A bold idea came to Casperl. Why shouldn't he help the Prince? He was young and strong; he had often thought that, if he were a prince, a gate like that should not keep him away from the Princess. Why, indeed, should he not give his strength to help to free the Princess? And he felt a great pity for the poor little Prince, too.

So he walked modestly up the hill and offered his services to the Prince.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, "I am only a wood-chopper; but, if you please, I am a strong wood-chopper, and perhaps I can be of use to you."

"But why should you take the trouble to help me?" inquired the Prince. "What good will it do you?"

"Oh, well!" said Casperl, "it's helping the Princess, too, don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," said the Prince. "However, you may try what you can do. Here, put your shoulder to this end of the gate, and I will stand right behind you."

Now, Casperl did not know that it was forbidden to any suitor to have help in his attempt to climb the hill. The Prince knew it, though, but he said to himself, "When I am through with this wood-chopper I will dismiss him, and no one will know anything about it. I can never lift this gate by myself. I will let him do it for me, and thus I shall get the Princess, and he will be just as well satisfied, for he is only a wood-chopper."

So Casperl put his broad shoulder to the gate and pushed with all his might. It was very heavy, but after a while it began to move a little.

"Courage, your Royal Highness!" said Casperl. "We'll move it, after all." But if he had looked over his shoulder, he would have seen that the little Prince was not pushing at all, but that he had put on his cloak, and was standing idly by, laughing to himself at the way he was making a wood-chopper do his work for him.

After a long struggle, the gate gave way, and swung open just wide enough to let them through. It was a close squeeze for the Prince; but Casperl held the gate open until he slipped through.

"Dear me," said the Prince, "you're quite a strong fellow. You really were of some assistance to me. Let me see, I think the stories say something about a tree, or some such thing, farther up the road. As you are a wood-chopper, and as you have your ax with you, perhaps you might walk up a bit and see if you can't make yourself useful."

Casperl was quite willing, for he began to feel that he was doing something for the Princess, and it pleased him to think that even a wood-chopper could do her a service.

So they walked up until they came to the tree. And then the Prince drew out his silver ax, and sharpened it carefully on the sole of his shoe, while Casperl picked up a stone and whetted his old iron ax, which was all he had.

"Now," said the Prince, "let's see what we can do."

But he really didn't do anything. It was Casperl who swung his ax and chopped hard at the magic tree. Every blow made the chips fly; but the wood grew instantly over every cut, just as though he had been cutting into water.

For a little while the Prince amused himself by trying first to climb over the tree, and then to crawl under it. But he soon found that whichever way he went, the tree grew up or down so fast that he was shut off. Finally he gave it up, and went and lay down on his back on the grass, and watched Casperl working.

And Casperl worked hard. The tree grew fast; but he chopped faster. His forehead was wet and his arms were tired, but he worked away and made the chips fly in a cloud. He was too busy to take the time to look over his shoulder, so he did not see the Prince lying on the grass. But every now and then he spoke cheerily, saying, "We'll do it, your Royal Highness!"

And he did it, in the end. After a long, long while, he got the better of the magic

tree, for he chopped quicker than it could grow, and at last he had cut a gap right across the trunk.

The Prince jumped up from the grass and leaped nimbly through, and Casperl followed him slowly and sadly, for he was tired and it began to occur to him that the Prince hadn't said anything about the Princess. That made him wonder if the little man who called himself Prince were the True Prince, after all. "I'm afraid," thought Casperl, "that the Princess won't thank me if I bring her a prince who doesn't love her. And it really is very strange that this Prince hasn't said a word about her."

So he ventured to remark, very meekly, "Your Royal Highness will be glad to see the Princess?"

"Oh, no doubt," replied the Prince.

"And the Princess will be very glad to see your Royal Highness," went on Casperl.

"Oh, of course!" said the Prince.

"And your Royal Highness will be very good to the Princess," said Casperl further, by way of a hint.

"I think," said the Prince, "that you are talking altogether too much about the Princess. I don't believe I need you any more. Perhaps you had better go home. I'm much obliged to you for your assistance. I can't reward you just now, but if you will come to see me after I have married the Princess, I may be able to do something for you."

Casperl turned away, somewhat disappointed, and was going down the hill, when the Prince called him back.

"Oh, by the way!" he said, "there's a dragon, I understand, a little farther on. Perhaps you'd like to come along and see me kill him?"

Casperl thought he would like to see the Prince do something for the Princess, so he followed him. Very soon they came to the top of the mountain, and saw the green lawns and beautiful gardens of the enchanted castle,—and there was the dragon waiting for them.

The dragon reared itself on its dreadful tail, and flapped its black wings; and its great green, shining, scaly body swelled and twisted, and it roared in a terrible way.

The little Prince drew his jeweled sword and walked slowly up to the monster. And then the great beast opened its red mouth and blew out one awful breath, that caught the Prince up as if he were a feather, and whisked him clear off the mountain and over the tops of the trees in the valley. And that was the last any one ever saw of him!

Then Casperl grasped his old ax and leaped forward to meet the dragon, never stopping to think how poor his weapon was. But all of a sudden the dragon vanished and disappeared and was gone, and there was no trace of it anywhere; but the beautiful Princess stood in its place and smiled and held out her white hand to Casperl.

"My Prince!" she said. "So you have come at last!"

"I beg your gracious Highness's pardon," said Casperl, "but I am no Prince."

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the Princess;

"how did you come here, if you are not my True Prince? Didn't you come through the gate and across the tree, and haven't you driven the dragon away?"

"I only helped—" began Casperl.

"You did it all," said the Princess, "for I saw you. Please don't contradict a lady."

"But I don't see how I could—" Casperl began again.

"People who help others," said the Princess, "often have a strength beyond their own. But perhaps you didn't come here to help me, after all?"

"Oh, your gracious Highness," cried Casperl, "there's nothing I wouldn't do to help you. But I'm sure I'm not a Prince."

"And I am sure you are," said the Princess. She led him to a fountain near by, and when he looked at his reflection in the water, he saw that he was dressed more magnificently than any prince who ever yet had come to the enchanted mountain.

At that moment the wedding-bells began to ring, and that is all I know of the fairy story, for Casperl and the Princess lived so happily ever after, in the castle on top of the mountain, that they never came down to tell the rest of it.

The Squire's Bride

A NORWEGIAN FOLK TALE

THERE once lived in Norway a wealthy squire who owned a large farm of many acres and a fine farmhouse. Squire Hansen, for that was his name, had plenty of silver in his chests, and gold in the bank besides, but he was rather lonely for he was a widower living alone these many years.

One day, young Olga Larsen, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, came to work in his hayfields. Squire Hansen saw Olga and liked her very much. Now Squire Hansen was an old man—indeed, much too old to marry any young girl. But because her father was poor and owed him money, the Squire thought that if he only hinted he wanted to marry her, Olga would be ready to agree on the spot.

So Squire Hansen went out to the field where Olga was raking hay.

"I'm thinking of getting married again," the old man said to the girl.

"Oh, well, one may think of many things," laughed the girl, and kept on raking hay. To herself she said, "No one can keep me from thinking you're much too old for marrying."

"You see," said Squire Hansen, "I thought *you* might become my wife." And he smiled expecting a delighted answer from the girl.

But Olga laughed again. "No, thank you! That's not at all likely."

The Squire, like many rich men, was accustomed to having his own way. The more Olga put him off, the more determined he was to have her for his wife.

He talked and talked, but still she said only "No."

Finally he flew into a rage and sent for her father. "Look here, Larsen," he said, "I want to marry your daughter, Olga. If you'll get her to consent, I'll cancel your debt to me and give you that piece of land close to your meadow into the bargain."

"I'll bring her to her senses," said Olga's father. "After all, she's very young and doesn't know what's best for her. She will do whatever I tell her to. Never you fear!"

But all his coaxing and scolding went for naught. "I won't marry the old Squire," Olga declared, "not even if he sat in gold up to his ears!"

Squire Hansen waited day after day. "My daughter is slow in making up her mind," said Olga's father. He did not dare repeat Olga's scornful words.

At length the Squire became angry and impatient. He told Larsen that if he expected him to stand by his offer, he must settle the matter now, for he was not going to wait any longer.

The father thought a bit and said, "Even if Olga were willing to marry you, I have no money to buy her a new dress, or a bridal veil and wreath. I couldn't pay for the wedding either—all the food and wine for the guests that would come."

"Never mind about all that," said Squire Hansen. "I'll give her a fine new gown and I'll buy the wreath, crown and veil. As for the wedding dinner, I'll hold it at my own house and invite the whole neighborhood." Then he continued, "Your daughter will have to make up her mind, and soon, or our bargain is off. In fact, if she won't marry me, you will have to make good your debt before harvest time!"

Poor Larsen—wherever could he get the money to repay Squire Hansen? There was nothing he could do, finally, so he went to the Squire. "Olga will be your bride," he said. "We'll plan it this way. Keep her wedding dress and bridal veil and wreath here at your farmhouse. Then when the guests have all arrived and the parson is here, you send for Olga as if you wanted her for work on the farm. You had better keep out of sight until the last moment. Then when she comes, the women will get her ready and you'll be married to her before she has a chance to think it over."

For a week the Squire's servants made ready for the wedding with baking and brewing and roasting going on apace. The wedding day came at last. Guests and parson were assembled and waiting. Only then did Squire Hansen send for one of his farm lads. "Go to Farmer Larsen and tell him to send me what he promised," ordered the Squire. "And if you're not back with her in a jiffy, you'll get a good tanning!"

The boy was off like a flash. At Larsen's house he said, "Master says would you send him what you promised him, at once, because he's awfully busy today."

"Well, then," replied Olga's father, "just hurry down into my meadow, and take her with you. You'll find her there."

So the boy ran down to the meadow and there he found the girl, Olga, raking hay. "I'm to fetch what your father promised the Squire. I must take her back at once," he said panting.

Now Olga was a sharp-witted girl. "Oh, ho, so that's what they're up to!" she said to herself.

There was a smile on her face as she replied to the Squire's messenger, "That would be our little bay mare, I guess. You'd better take her with you then. You'll find her tethered on the other side of the brook," she said.

The girl laughed aloud as she thought of the Squire's face when he saw that the boy had brought home a mare instead of a bride.

The boy jumped on the back of the little bay mare and rode at a gallop to the door of the Squire's house. Then he ran into the big room where the old man was chatting with his guests.

"Did you bring her with you?" whispered the Squire softly.

"Yes, I did. She's outside waiting by the front door," replied the boy.

"Then take her upstairs to the large bedroom over the kitchen."

"But, master, how can that be managed?" asked the surprised lad.

"Don't stand there asking questions; do as I tell you!" ordered the Squire. "If you can't manage her alone, call in some of the men to help you." He imagined the girl might make difficulties.

When the boy looked into the Squire's face, he saw there was no use reasoning with him. He went out and summoned all the farm hands. Some pulled at the mare's bridle. Two men set her forelegs on one step after the other, and several others pushed her from behind. It took all the Squire's men to get the frightened mare up the back stairs into the large bedroom over the kitchen. There, spread out on the bed, lay all the wedding finery.

"Well, I *did* it, master," the boy reported to the Squire. "She's upstairs, but it was a terrible job, the worst I've ever set hand to on this farm."

"Never mind, you shan't have done it for nothing," said his master. "Now send

the women up to dress her."

"But I say, master, I've never heard . . ." the boy began.

"Be quiet, you fool. Do as I tell you. They are to dress her whether she wants it or not, and don't let them forget either the wreath or the crown."

The boy was bursting with laughter when he came into the kitchen. "Look here, girls," he said. "You must go upstairs and dress the little bay mare as a bride. Master must have planned to give his guests a big laugh. And if that's what he wants, you'd better do as he says."

The women decked out the little bay mare with all the finery there was, tying the wedding wreath and crown tight on her head.

"She is ready, master," they called down, hardly able to contain their merriment.

"Very well, bring her down!" said the Squire. "I will receive her myself at the door."

There was a terrible clatter on the stairway for this bride wore horseshoes, not silken shoes. When the door was opened and the Squire's "bride" entered the parlor, the guests roared. Holding their sides, they laughed till the tears streamed from their eyes.

That poor foolish old Squire was the joke of the countryside. He had enough of brides then and there, and never again did he go near the neighbor's daughter or the neighbor either, for that matter.

The Princess on the Glass Hill

Retold from Andrew Lang

A FARMER in the North Country had a field which lay far from the house on a hillside. Every year in midsummer, on St. John's Eve, the grass grew fine and tall, and was gathered into a big barn which stood in one corner of the land. But one season, just as they were ready for the harvest, all the grass disappeared. In the evening it was thick and high; in the morning it was as if a hundred reapers had passed over it.

The farmer was very much puzzled, and much disgusted, too, you may be sure—all his fine hay gone in a night.

The next year it was the same, the grass growing tall and thick on St. John's Eve, and in the morning the field bare, with hardly stubble to show where the blades had been.

Now, this farmer had three sons. The third year, on St. John's Eve, he said to his oldest son: "This will not do. We must not lose the grass this year. Go to the barn and watch, and give the alarm if the destroyer of our hay comes again."

"That I will do," said the oldest son. "I will not sleep all night long, and ill betide any who come to steal the grass."

So the eldest son went to the barn to keep watch. But as there was no disturbance in the forepart of the night he went to sleep. He was awakened by a rumbling sound, and the barn shook as if by a great wind. Then there came the swaying, tumbling motion of an earthquake, and the eldest son was very much frightened and sprang out of the barn and ran home as fast as he could lest the barn

fall upon him.

The next morning when they went down to the field the barn was still standing, but the grass was all gone—hardly the stubble was left.

The next year, on St. John's Eve, the farmer said to the second son: "Watch in the barn by the hill field tonight. For last year the earthquake came and your brother was obliged to leave the field to the mercy of the destroyer. But tonight you must keep awake and give the alarm if any one comes to steal the grass."

"That I will do," said the second son. "I will not sleep all night long, and ill betide any who come to steal the grass."

So the second son went into the barn to watch. But as there was no disturbance in the forepart of the night he went to sleep. He was awakened by a great rumbling, roaring sound, as if a mighty river came down a hillside; and hardly had that ceased when there was an earthquake, more fearful than the one the year before, so it seemed the barn must fall in ruins.

The second son, sorely frightened, ran to the house as fast as he could go.

The next morning, when they went down to the field, the barn was still standing; not a clapboard had fallen, but the grass was all gone. One had to look closely to see where the stubble had been.

On the third year the farmer said to the third son: "Your elder brothers each have kept watch over the field, and the earthquake has come, and they have been obliged to leave. But tonight you keep watch over the field, and give the alarm if the destroyer comes to take the grass."

Now, the third brother was called Cinderlad, because he loved to sit in the warm chimney corner among the cinders. And his older brothers scoffed when they heard he was to watch in the barn by the field. Since both of them had failed, how could he keep the watch? He was but a worthless lad, they said, and the grass could be stolen under his very eyes.

But Cinderlad said he would watch, nevertheless; and when night came he went to the barn and curled up in some old hay in the mow and went to sleep.

He was awakened by a roaring sound, far greater and more dreadful than on either of the nights when his brothers watched. But Cinderlad lifted himself slightly out of the hay and said: "If it be no worse than this I can stand it. It is not time to run yet."

Then there came the earthquake, and the barn rocked as if it were a great cradle, and it threw Cinderlad from one side of the mow to the other; but he shook himself a bit and said: "That is not bad. If it gets no worse than this I can stand it. I will wait and see what is to come next."

But after the earthquake there came only a great silence, so still that it seemed as if he could hear the least noise. And soon there was a soft sound, as of a foot through the tall grass, and a chewing, as of something eating. And Cinderlad said: "Now, we shall see what it is that takes the grass." And he slipped quietly down and stood in the barn door.

In the moonlight he saw a fine horse grazing peacefully. It was saddled and bridled, and over the crop was thrown

the most beautiful suit of armor, all of copper, that shone in the moonlight.

"So ho!" said Cinderlad, "it is you who have eaten our grass each year. Well, we will see about that."

Cinderlad took a steel out of his tinder-box and threw it over the horse, and it stood still. Then he took hold of the bridle and led the horse to a place he knew, and tied him safely, and went back to the barn and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning he went up to the house, and his brothers asked him what had happened, he answered: "Nothing has happened. I went to sleep."

Then said his brothers: "He was far more frightened than we were, so that he could not run away."

But Cinderlad said: "Come out and see the field, for the grass is still standing."

Then his brothers scoffed still more, but the father said: "We will go and look at the field."

So they all went out to look at the field, except Cinderlad, who sat down in the chimney corner again and waited for them to come back.

And the farmer and his two sons saw that it was as Cinderlad had said: the grass was still standing, and that day they harvested it and put it in the barn.

The next year Cinderlad said he would

watch again in the barn, and his brothers said that it should be so, for this year he would surely be so frightened that he would run to the house.

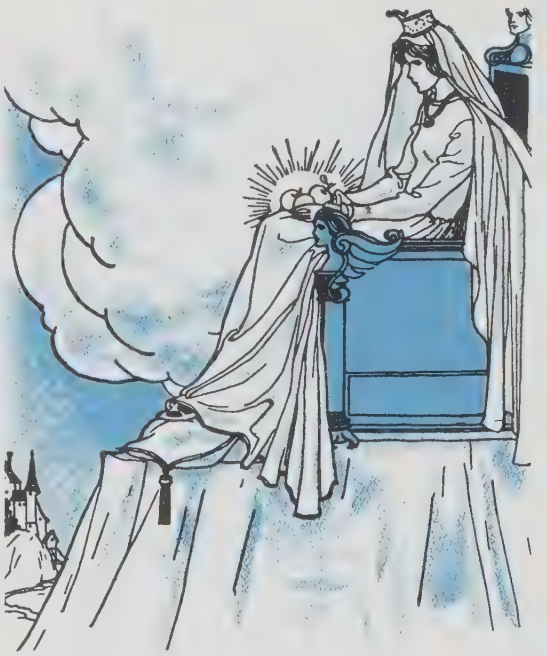
But Cinderlad went to sleep as before, and was awakened by a more terrible noise, and this was followed by an earthquake that seemed to threaten the very hill on which the barn stood; but Cinderlad waited until all was over, when there came a great silence, and then the sound of soft stamping and of chewing. Cinderlad went out into the moonlight, and there he saw the splendid horse, all harnessed in silver, and silver armor thrown over the crop.

And he said: "So ho, it is you who have eaten our grass! Well, we will see about that!" and he threw the steel of his tinder-box over the horse, which stood very still, and Cinderlad took him by the bridle and led him away, as he had done before.

The next morning the brothers scoffed again, and said that Cinderlad had been far too frightened to come back to the house; but he only curled himself up in the chimney corner and waited for them to come back from the field where the grass stood tall and thick, as before.

And the next year it was as before. Once again Cinderlad threw the steel of his tinder-box over the horse, and led him away to the place where he had led the others, and came back to the barn and went to sleep.

And in the morning when he had told the brothers that nothing had happened, and the farmer and his sons had seen that the grass was still standing thick and high, as it had been the night before, the farmer said that it must be that the evil which had been in the field had been frightened away by the terrible earthquake of four



years before, and would come no more. And that day they harvested the grass, and put it into the barn; but Cinderlad curled up in the chimney corner among the ashes and went to sleep.

Now the King of that country had a beautiful daughter, and not long after this he sent notices to all the kingdoms round about that his daughter should be given in marriage to the Prince or the Knight who could ride up a glass hill which lay to the north of his castle. And he had decreed that the Princess was to sit on a throne on the top of the hill, and the three golden apples in her lap were to be the reward of the victor.

The Princess was very beautiful, and

you may be sure that Princes and Knights came from far and near to try to ride up the glass hill. But it was high and steep, and some of them turned and went away again, despite the beauty of the Princess.

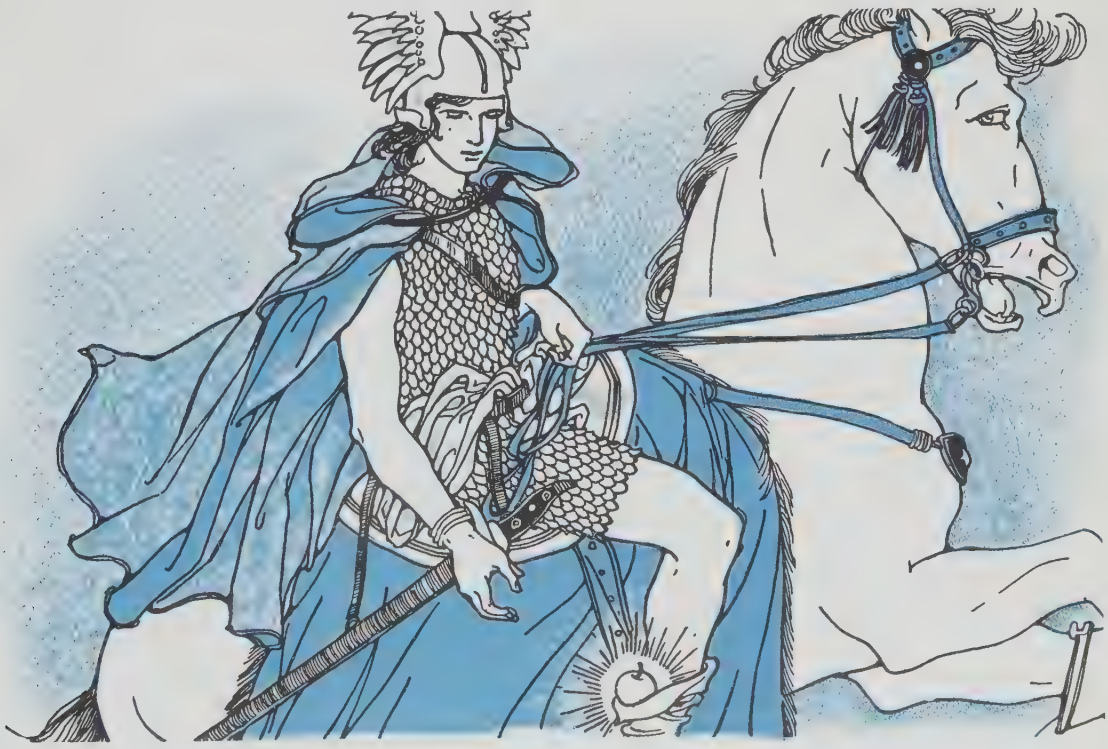
On the day on which the riding was to take place, all the people from the countryside gathered at the foot of the hill; and the farmer and his two sons said they would go. Then Cinderlad declared he would go too; but his brothers said: "How will you go—you who sit in the ashes all day? You are far too dirty to appear in the crowd before the Princess. We would be ashamed of you!"

"Then," said Cinderlad, "if I may not go with you, I shall go by myself!" And after they all had gone he set out.

Now, at the foot of the hill were gathered the Knights and the Princes who would try to win the hand of the Princess; and at the top sat the Princess on a throne with the golden apples in her lap. But though the Princes spurred on their horses, they could not ride up, for the hill was as smooth as a window pane and almost as steep as the side of a house, and the horses slipped back again and again.

Then the Knights rode their horses to the hill, but they, too, slipped back, and soon the animals were covered with foam and the men were worn and weary with the effort, but no one had gone even so much as a foot in the ascent.

Then, just as the King was about to proclaim that the riding must be put off



until another day, there rode out of the forest a Knight clad in rich armor of copper, riding a horse more splendid than that ridden by any of the Knights or the Princes; and although they cried out to him that it was not possible to go up the hill, he spurred his horse to the task, and started straight up toward the Princess.

Now the Princess, watching, thought this was the most handsome of all the Knights, and she was glad when he rode easily up the hill. But when he was but one-third of the way he turned his horse and rode down again. And the Princess, when she saw this, was sorry; and she threw one of the golden apples to him, and it caught in his boot. When he reached the bottom, though all the people wanted to know who he might be, he put spurs to his steed, and rode hurriedly through the midst of them, and was soon lost to sight in the forest.

Then the King proclaimed that the contest should take place again the next day, as none had ridden up the glass hill.

So on the next day it was as before. The people gathered to see the riding. And the farmer and his sons said they would go, and Cinderlad asked them to take him with them, as they had talked much the night before of the wonderful things they had seen, and of the Knight in copper who had ridden one-third of the way up the hill. Cinderlad said that he, too, would like to see the Knight. But his brothers scorned him, declaring he should stay in the chimney corner, where the coals in the fire shone as did the armor of the Knight.

But Cinderlad said: "Then if I may not go with you, I shall go by myself." And after his father and his brothers had gone he set out.

On the second day it was as before. A stranger rode into the midst of the crowd, dressed in silver armor, and with but a word to his horse he easily rode up the glass hill, straight toward the Princess.

Now the Princess thought this Knight far more handsome than had been the copper Knight, and she wanted him to win. But when he had ridden two-thirds of the way to the top of the hill he turned his horse and rode back again; and before the crowd could do more than give way before him he had gone, as had the copper Knight the day before, into the depths of the forest. But as he had turned his horse on the hill, the Princess had thrown the second golden apple to him, and it had caught in his shoe.

On the third day it was as before. Out of the woods came a Knight clad in golden armor, and riding a horse more splendid than had been that of the silver Knight. Without so much as looking about him he rode through the crowd, and with but a touch of the bridle of the horse he went straight up the glass hill, on and on, until he came to the top where the Princess sat. And he moved right on to the throne, and leaned over and took the third apple out of the hand of the Princess. Turning his horse about, he rode down through the crowd and into the forest.

The next day the King made a proclamation that the Knight in the golden armor had won in the riding, and that he

should marry the Princess, and called on him to come and claim his bride. But the Knight had disappeared, and none knew where he had gone. But there were many who wished to wed the Princess, and they came forth and said that they had ridden the splendid horse, and worn the golden armor, and ridden to the top of the hill.

"Then," said the King, "bring forth the Princess's golden apple."

But none could produce the apple. Then the King issued a proclamation that none should leave his kingdom until he had appeared before him and shown that he had not a golden apple. And every man had to come before the King.

So at last all had come except the farmer's sons. The two older ones said: "What need for us to go, since we have not the apples?"

But the King's messengers said: "Nevertheless, you must go, since all have gone but you."

So the farmer's two sons went before the King, and he said: "Are there no more of your family?"

And one of the sons answered: "Oh, yes, there is another brother, but he is very lazy, and very ugly, and very dirty, and he sits in the ashes in the chimney corner all the time."

And the King said: "Nevertheless, let him come, since all the men of the nation have come."

So they sent to the farmer's house, and summoned Cinderlad to appear before the King to show that he had not a golden apple. And when they asked him if he had, he said he had *all three apples!*

Throwing aside his coat, which was dirty and ugly and torn, he drew out the three golden apples; and behold! under the old coat gleamed the golden armor which the Knight who had ridden to the top of the glass hill had worn. And the Princess, looking into his eyes, knew that this was the Knight to whom she had given the last apple, and also the others!

Then the King proclaimed that the Princess and the Knight in golden armor (who was really Cinderlad, you see) should be wed. Great was the rejoicing and the festivity at the wedding. All the Knights and the Princes attended, and even Cinderlad's two brothers were there, for he had forgiven them for their unkind treatment of him and had invited them. All made merry for many days. And Cinderlad and the Princess lived happily ever after.

To Your Good Health

By Andrew Lang

Long, long ago there lived a King who was such a mighty monarch that whenever he sneezed everyone in the whole country had to say "To your good health!" Everyone said it except the shepherd with the bright blue eyes, and he would not say it.

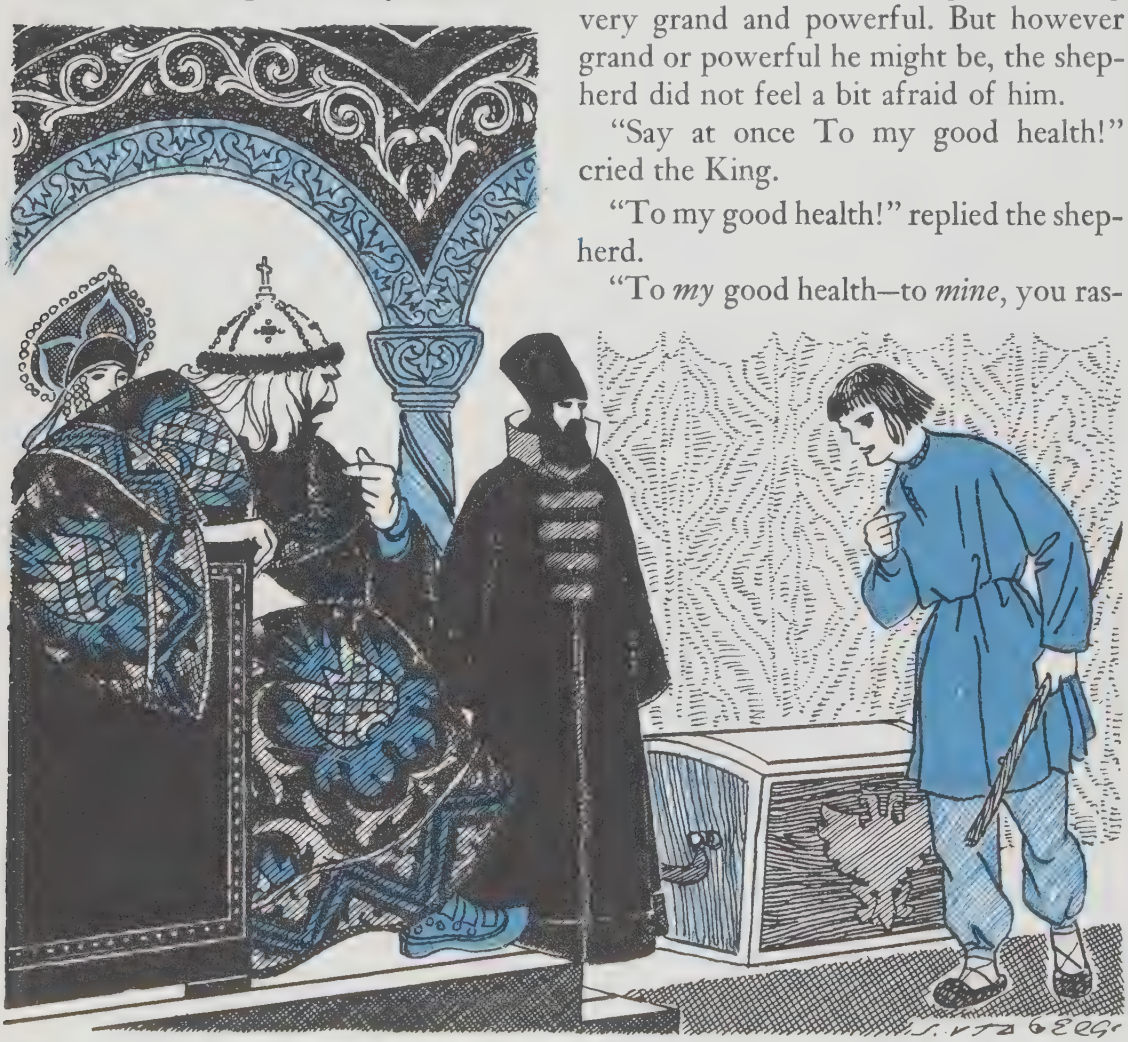
The King heard of this and was very angry; so he sent for the shepherd to appear before him.

The shepherd came and stood before the throne, where the King sat looking very grand and powerful. But however grand or powerful he might be, the shepherd did not feel a bit afraid of him.

"Say at once To my good health!" cried the King.

"To my good health!" replied the shepherd.

"To *my* good health—to *mine*, you ras-



cal, you vagabond!" stormed the King.

"To mine, to mine, Your Majesty," was the shepherd's answer.

"But to *mine*—to my own," roared the King and he beat his breast in a rage.

"Well, yes; to mine, of course, to my own," cried the shepherd and gently tapped his breast.

The King was beside himself with fury and did not know what to do; but the Lord Chamberlain interfered. To the shepherd he whispered ominously:

"Say this very moment: 'To your good health, Your Majesty.' For if you do not say it you will lose your life!"

But the shepherd answered:

"I shall say it if I get the Princess for my wife, but not otherwise."

The Princess was, at this very moment, sitting on a little throne beside the King, her father, and she looked as sweet and lovely as a little golden dove. When she heard what the shepherd said she could not help laughing, for there is no denying that this charming young shepherd pleased her very much. Indeed he pleased her more than any King's son she had seen.

But the King was not as pleasant as his daughter. He was still furious and he ordered that the shepherd be thrown into the white bear's pit. The guards led him away and thrust him into the pit with the white bear, who had eaten nothing for two days and was ravenously hungry.

The door of the pit was hardly closed when the bear rushed at the shepherd. But the look in the shepherd's eyes so frightened the bear that he retreated. Shrinking away into a corner, the bear gazed at the shepherd and, famished as he was, did not dare to touch him but sucked his own paws instead. The shepherd felt that if he once took his eyes off the beast he would be a dead man. So in order to keep himself awake, he made songs and sang them. And so the night went by.

Next morning, the Lord Chamberlain came, expecting to see the shepherd's bones, but he was amazed to find him alive and well. He led him to the King who fell into a furious passion and said:

"Well, you have learned what it is to be very near death; now will you say To my good health?"

But the shepherd answered, "I am not afraid of ten deaths! I will say it only if I may have the Princess for my wife."

"Then go to your death!" cried the King. And he ordered the shepherd thrown into the den with the wild boars.

The wild boars had not been fed for a week and, when the shepherd was thrust into their den, they rushed at him to tear him to pieces. But the shepherd took a little flute out of the sleeve of his jacket and began to play a merry tune. At first the wild boars shrank shyly away; then, one by one, they got up on their hind legs and danced gaily to the shepherd's piping.

The shepherd would have given anything to be able to laugh, the boars looked so funny, but he dared not stop playing, for he knew full well that the moment he stopped they would fall upon him and tear him to pieces. His eyes were of no use to him here, for he could not have stared ten wild boars in the face at once. So he kept on playing and the wild boars

danced very slowly, as if in a minuet. Then by degrees the shepherd played faster and faster till the boars could hardly twist and turn quickly enough and ended by all falling over each other in a heap, quite exhausted and out of breath.

Then the shepherd ventured to laugh at last. He laughed so long and so loud that when the Lord Chamberlain came early in the morning, expecting to find only his bones, the tears of laughter were still running down his cheeks.

As soon as the King was dressed the shepherd was again brought before him. But the King was more angry than ever to think the wild boars had not torn the man to bits, and he said:

"Well, you have learned how it feels to be near ten deaths; now say To my good health!"

But the shepherd broke in with, "I do not fear a hundred deaths. I will say it only if I may marry the Princess."

"Then go to a hundred deaths!" roared the King, and he ordered the shepherd to be thrown down the deep vault of scythes.

The guards dragged him away to a dark dungeon in the middle of which was a deep well with sharp scythes all around it. At the bottom of the well was a little light by which one could see if anyone thrown in had fallen to the bottom.

When the shepherd was dragged to the dungeon he begged the guards to leave him alone a little while that he might look down into the pit of scythes. Perhaps he might, after all, make up his mind to say "To your good health!" to the King.

So the guards left him alone and he stuck up his long stick near the well, hung his cloak on the stick and put his hat on the top. He also hung his knapsack inside the cloak so that there might seem to be somebody within it. When this was done he called out to the guards and said he had considered the matter but, after all, he could not make up his mind to say what the King wished.

When the guards came in, they saw the hat and cloak, knapsack and stick, and they thought it was the shepherd they were throwing down the well. Watching to see that the light was out at the bottom, they came away, thinking that now there really was an end of the shepherd. But the shepherd had hidden himself in a dark corner and laughed softly to himself all the time the guards were there.

Quite early the next morning came the Lord Chamberlain, carrying a lamp, and he nearly fell backward with surprise when he saw the shepherd alive and well. He took him to the King, whose fury was greater than ever. Now he cried:

"Now that you have been near a hundred deaths, will you say, 'To your good health' to me?"

But the shepherd only gave the same answer. "I won't say it until the Princess is my wife."

"Perhaps, after all, you may do it for less," said the King. He saw there was no chance of doing away with the shepherd, and he ordered the state coach to be made ready. Then he had the shepherd get in with him and sit beside him, and he ordered the coachman to drive to the silver wood. When they reached it the King

said, "Do you see this wood? If you say, 'To your good health,' I'll give it to you."

The shepherd turned hot and cold by turns, but he still persisted, "I will not say it until the Princess is my wife."

The King was much vexed; he drove farther on till they came to a splendid castle, all of gold, and then he said, "Do you see this golden castle? Well, I will give you that too, the silver wood and the golden castle, if only you will say, 'To your good health' to me."

The shepherd was quite dazzled, but he still said, "No; I will not say it until I have the Princess for my wife."

This time the King was overwhelmed with rage, and he gave orders to drive on to the diamond pond. There he tried once more.

"Do you see this diamond pond? I will give you that too, the silver wood and the golden castle and the diamond pond. You shall have them all—all—if you will but say, 'To your good health'!"

The shepherd had to shut his eyes tight not to be dazzled with the brilliant pond, but still he said, "No, no; I will not say it until I have the Princess for my wife."

Then the King saw that all his efforts were useless and that he might as well give in. So he said, "All right; it's all the same to me—I will give you my daughter as your wife. But then you really and truly must say to me, 'To your good health'!"

"Of course I'll say it; why should I not say it? It stands to reason that I shall say it then."

At this the King was more delighted than anyone could have believed. He made it known all through the country that there was to be great rejoicing, as the

Princess was going to be married. And everyone was delighted that the Princess, who had refused so many royal suitors, should have ended by falling in love with the blue-eyed shepherd.

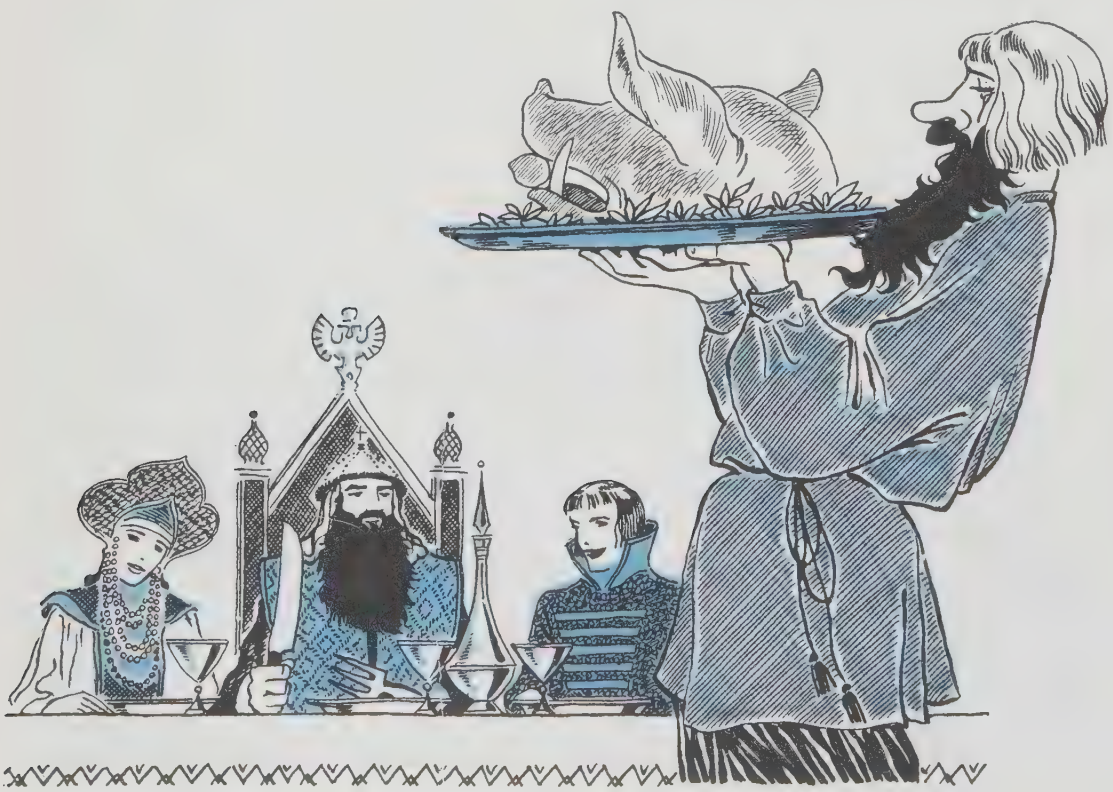
There was such a wedding as had never been seen. Everyone ate and drank and danced. Even the poorest people were feasted, and all the children had presents given them.

But the greatest merry-making was in the King's palace. There the best bands played and the best food was cooked; a great crowd of people sat down to table and all was fun and merry-making.

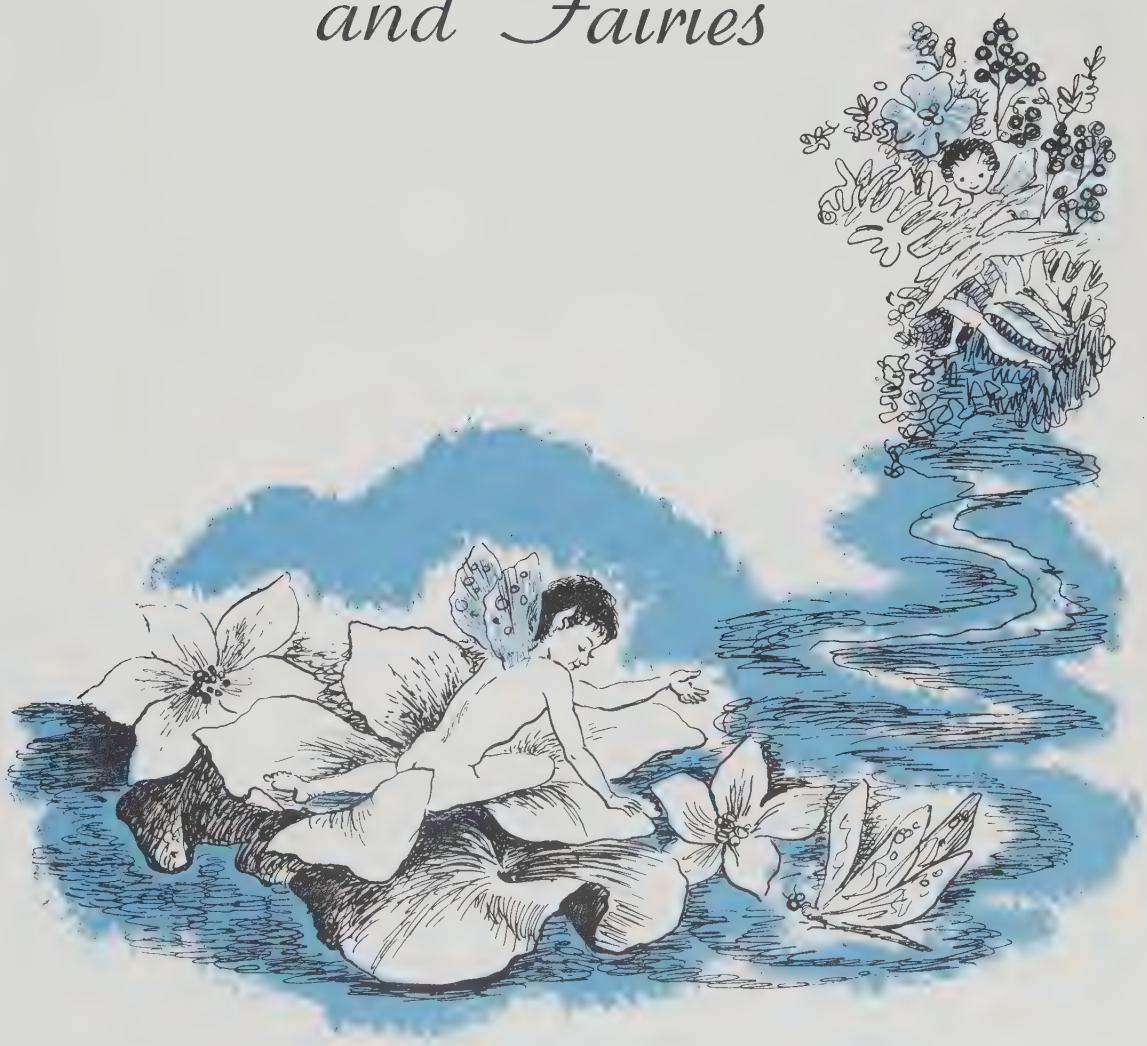
And when the groomsman, according to custom, brought in the great boar's head on a big dish and placed it before the King to carve and give everyone a share, the savory smell was so strong that the King began to sneeze with all his might.

"To your very good health!" cried the shepherd before anyone else. And the King was so delighted that he did not regret having given him his daughter. As for the Princess herself, she couldn't have been happier.

In time, when the old King died, the shepherd succeeded him. He made a very good King and never expected his people to wish him well against their wills; but, all the same, everyone did wish him well, for they all loved him as well as his bride.



Elves, Brownies, and Fairies



The Shoemaker and the Elves

Once upon a time there lived a shoemaker who worked just as hard as he could. But still he could not earn enough to support himself and his wife. He grew poorer instead of richer. At last all he had in the world was gone except one piece of leather, just enough to make one pair of shoes.

The shoemaker cut out the leather, got it all ready so that he could stitch it into shoes the next morning, and left it on his work-bench. Then he said his prayers and went peacefully to bed, trusting he could finish the shoes the next day and sell them.

Bright and early next morning he rose, said his prayers again, and went to his work-bench. There, to his great wonder, stood a pair of new shoes, beautifully made, but the leather he had left there was gone!

The shoemaker and his wife were amazed and didn't know what to think. Taking the shoes into his hands to look at them more closely, the shoemaker saw that they were so neatly worked that not a stitch was crooked. They looked as if they had been made to win a prize!

The first customer who came in was so pleased with the beautiful shoes that he bought them and paid so much for them that the shoemaker was able to buy leather enough for two pairs more.

In great good spirits that evening he cut them out and left them on the work-bench ready to sew in the morning. He went to bed early that he might get an early start at his work.

But when he arose the next morning, there on the bench lay two pairs of shoes, most perfectly made, with every stitch in order, and with no sign that anyone had been there! The shoemaker and his wife were again quite at a loss to understand how this had come about and speechless with delight.

Presently in came two customers who paid handsomely for the shoes, and with the money the shoemaker bought leather for four pairs of shoes. Once more he cut out the leather and left it on the bench. And in the morning four pairs of shoes were made.

So it went on for some time. The leather the shoemaker cut out the night before, he found in the morning turned into the neatest shoes possible. This continued until the shoemaker and his wife became thriving and prosperous people.

One evening, near Christmas-time, as the shoemaker and his wife were sitting beside the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up tonight and watch, so we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." His wife nodded saying that she, too, was curious.

So, that night, after the shoemaker had laid out on the bench the leather for several pairs of shoes, he and his wife hid

themselves behind a curtain and left a light in the room.

Just as the clock struck twelve, the door opened softly and two tiny elves danced into the room. Hopping on to the work-bench, they began to put the pieces of leather together. They were quite

naked and they had tiny little scissors, hammer, and thread. Tap, tap, tap, went the hammers; stitch, stitch, stitch, went the thread, and the little elves were hard at work.

The shoemaker had never before seen anyone work so swiftly and deftly. He was all amazement and could not take his eyes off the elves. In almost no time at all the shoes were stitched and finished, and there they were, all ready to be sold, on the work-bench. Then the tiny elves took hold of each other's hands and danced about the row of shoes till the shoemaker and his wife found it hard not to laugh.

The clock struck two, and in a twinkling, the little creatures whisked away out of the window, leaving the room just as it had been before.

The shoemaker and his wife looked at one another. The husband said, "How can we thank these little elves who have made us so prosperous and happy?"

"The little creatures are quite naked," replied his wife. "They must be cold though they dance about so gaily. I will make them some pretty clothes and knit them each a pair of stockings."

"And I," said her husband, "will make them each a pair of shoes."

That very day they set about it. The

Illustration by Wanda Gág, for *The Shoemaker and the Elves* from MORE TALES FROM GRIMM by Wanda Gág. Copyright, 1947, by the Estate of Wanda Gág.

wife cut two tiny waistcoats, two little pairs of breeches, and two bits of caps, and the husband made two tiny pairs of shoes with long pointed toes. By Christmas-time all the garments were finished.

On Christmas eve, the shoemaker cleaned his bench, and laid on it, instead of the usual cut-out leather, the two sets of tiny clothes that had been prepared for the elves. Then he and his wife hid themselves, as they had done before, to watch what the elves would do.

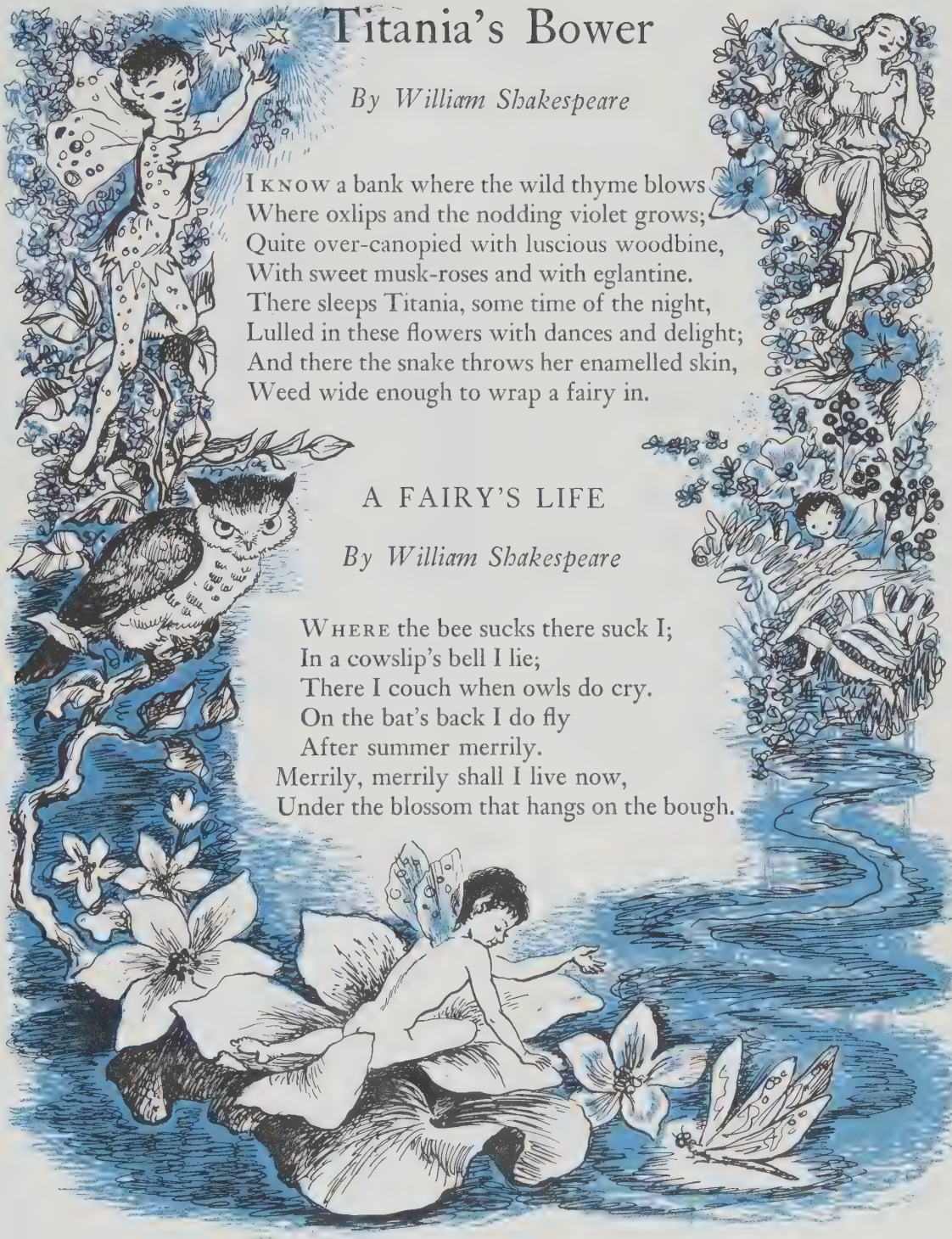
Exactly at midnight, the naked little elves came in. They hopped up on the bench, ready as always to set to work. But when they saw the neat little garments, they were quite astonished. But soon they began to laugh and dance with glee. Each one caught up his little waistcoat and breeches and put them on, singing:

"Now such natty elves are we,
Cobblers we'll no longer be."

When they were all dressed from top of tiny cap to tip of pointed shoes, they began to skip and scamper about, hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs. At last, hand in hand, they danced out of the window.

They never came back again, but from that day on they brought the shoemaker and his wife such good luck that they never needed any more help.

Illustration by Wanda Gág, for *The Shoemaker and the Elves* from MORE TALES FROM GRIMM by Wanda Gág. Copyright, 1947, by the Estate of Wanda Gág.



Titania's Bower

By William Shakespeare

I KNOW a bank where the wild thyme blows
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

A FAIRY'S LIFE

By William Shakespeare

WHERE the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Fairy's Wander-Song

By William Shakespeare

Over hill, over dale,
  Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
  Thorough flood, thorough fire.
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

FAIRY LULLABY

By William Shakespeare

First Fairy

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
    Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
    Come not near our fairy queen.

    Philomel with melody
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
    Come our lovely lady nigh!
    So good-night, with lullaby.

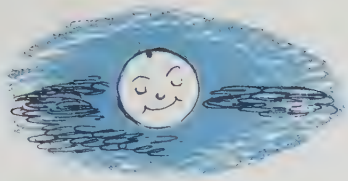
Second Fairy

Weaving spiders, come not here;
    Hence, you long-legged spinners,
      hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
    Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

FANCY

By William Shakespeare

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
    Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
    Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
    I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.



Queen Mab

By Thomas Hood

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her hand from right to left
And makes a circle round his head.

And then he dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit
And bow their branches at a wish;

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade:

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

A FAIRY SONG

By Elizabeth T. Dillingham

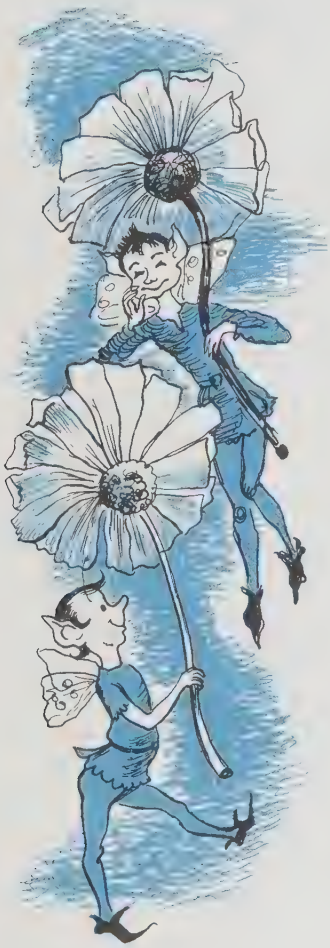
BUTTERCUPS in the sunshine look
Like little cups of gold.
Perhaps the fairies come to drink
The raindrops that they hold.

The daisies with their golden hearts
Fringed all about with white
Are little plates for fairy folk
To sup from every night.

Soft moss a downy pillow makes,
And green leaves spread a tent
Where fairy folk may rest and sleep
Until their night is spent.

The bluebird sings a lullaby,
The firefly gives a light;
The twinkling stars are candles bright—
Sleep, fairies all, goodnight.

The Light-Hearted Fairy



Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy? heigh ho,
Heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho,
Heigh ho!
The night is his noon
And his sun is the moon
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES

The woods are full of fairies!
The trees are all alive;
The river overflows with them,
See how they dip and dive!
What funny little fellows!
What dainty little dears!
They dance and leap, and prance and peep
And utter fairy cheers!

I'd like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I'd teach it pretty manners,
It always should say "Please;"
And then, you know, I'd make it sew,
And curtsey with its knees!

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

By Oliver Herford

UNDER a toadstool
  Crept a wee elf,
Out of the rain,
  To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
  Sound asleep,
Sat a big dormouse
  All in a heap.

Trembled the wee elf,
  Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
  Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—
  Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee elf
  Smiled a wee smile;

Tugged till the toadstool
  Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
  Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
  Dry as could be.
Soon woke the dormouse—
  "Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?"
  Loud he lamented
—And that's how umbrellas
  First were invented.

THE LITTLE ELFMAN

By John Kendrick Bangs

I MET a little elfman once
  Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
  And why he didn't grow.

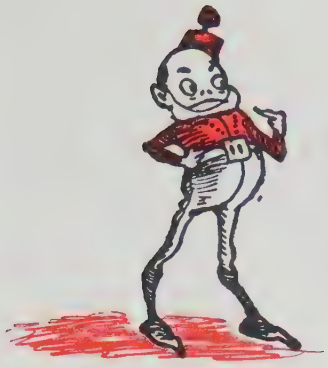
He slightly frowned, and with his eye
  He looked me through and through.
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
  "As you are big for you!"

The Brownies

Written and Illustrated by Palmer Cox

THE BROWNIES' CIRCUS

One night the circus was in town
With tumbling men and painted clown,
And Brownies came from forest deep
Around the tent to climb and creep,
And through the canvas, as they might
Of inner movements gain a sight.

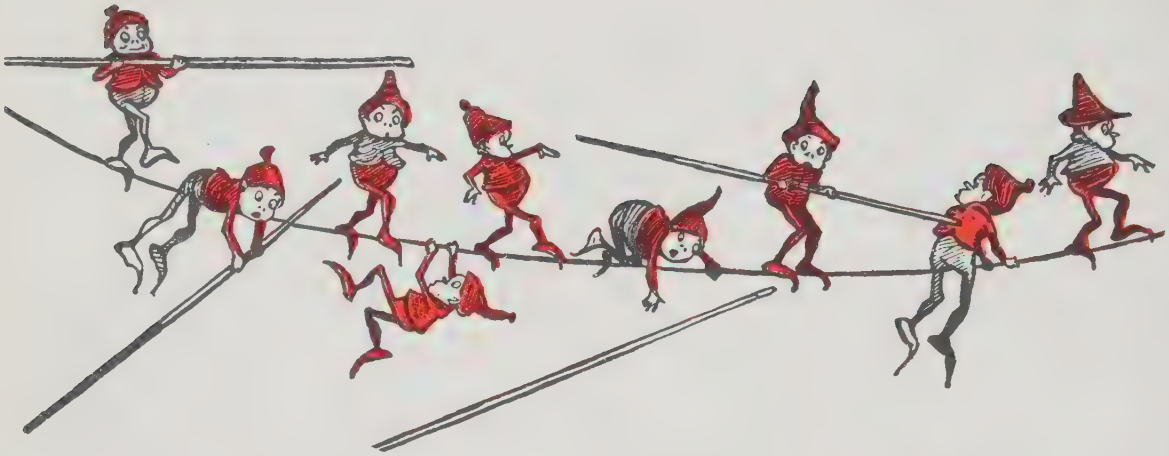


Said one, "A chance we'll hardly find
That better suits the Brownie mind;
Tonight when all this great array
Of people take their homeward way,
We'll promptly make a swift descent
And take possession of the tent,
And here, till morning light is shown,
We'll have a circus of our own."

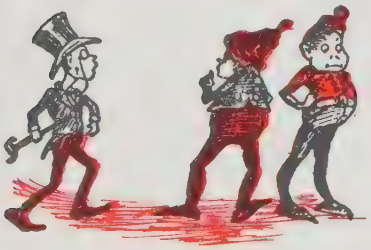
"I best," cried one, "of all the band
The elephant can take in hand;
I noticed how they led him round
And marked the place he may be found;
On me you may depend to keep
The monster harmless as a sheep."

The laughing crowd that filled the place,
Had hardly homeward turned its face,
Before the eager waiting band
Took full possession as they planned,
And 'round they scampered left and right
To see what offered most delight.

Cried one, "If I can only find
The whip, I'll have a happy mind;
For I'll be master of the ring
And keep the horses on the spring,
Announce the names of those who ride,
And snap the whip on every side."
Another said, "I'll be a clown;
I saw the way they tumble down,
And how the cunning rogues contrive
To always keep the fun alive."

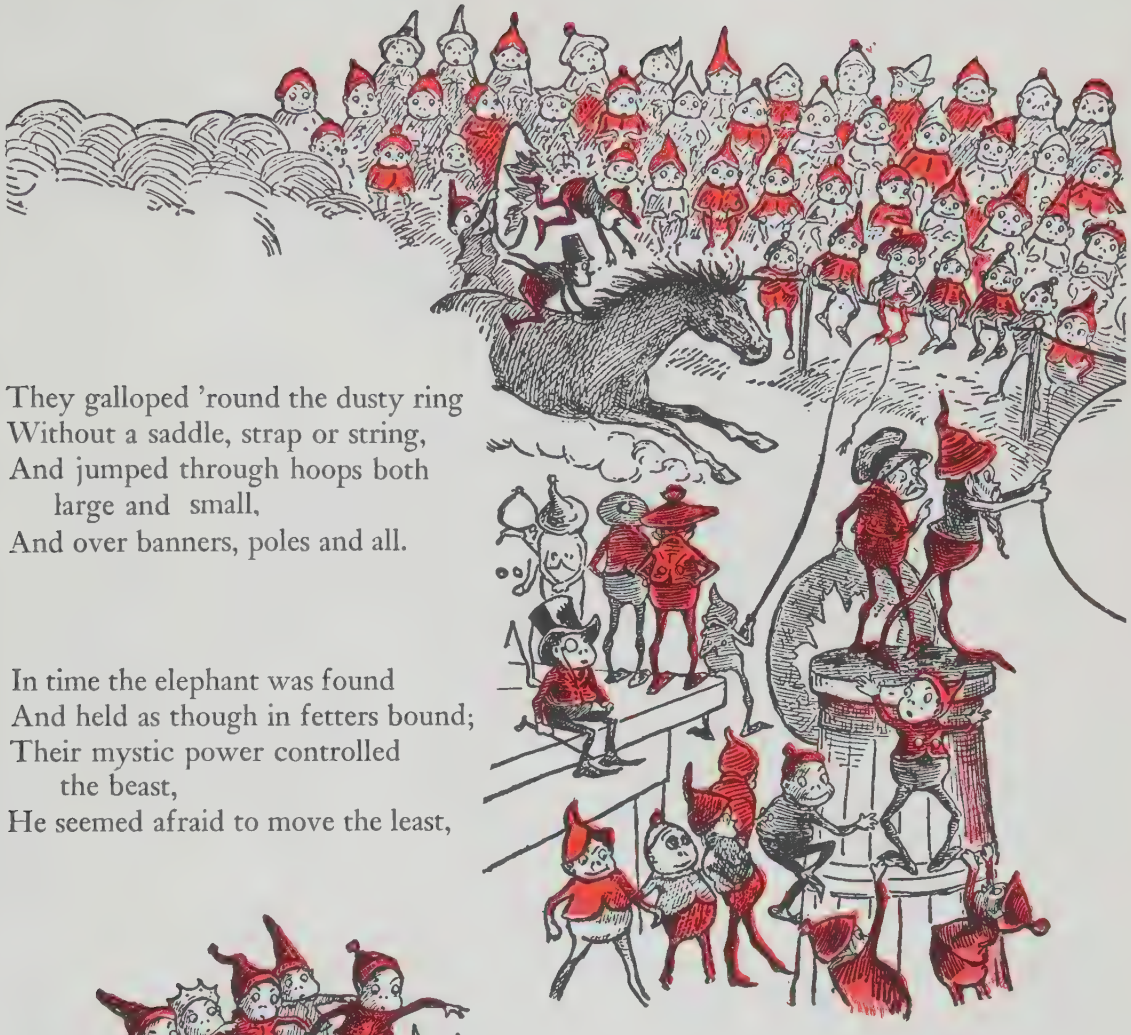


With such remarks away they went
At this or that around the tent;
The wire that not an hour before
The Japanese had traveled o'er
From end to end with careful stride,
Was hunted up and quickly tried.
Not one alone upon it stepped,
But up by twos and threes they crept,



Until the strand appeared to bear
No less than half the Brownies there.
Some showed an easy, graceful pose,
But some put little faith in toes,
And thought that fingers, after all,
Are best if one begins to fall.

When weary of a sport they grew,
Away to other tricks they flew.
They rode upon the rolling ball
Without regard to slip or fall;
Both up and down the steep incline
They kept their place, with balance fine,
Until it bounded from the road,
And whirled away without its load.



They galloped 'round the dusty ring
Without a saddle, strap or string,
And jumped through hoops both
large and small,
And over banners, poles and all.

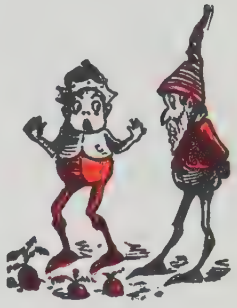
In time the elephant was found
And held as though in fetters bound;
Their mystic power controlled
the beast,
He seemed afraid to move the least,

But filled with wonder, limp and lax,
He stood and trembled in his tracks,
While all the band from first to last
Across his back in order passed.

So thus they saw the moments fly
Till dawn began to paint the sky;
And then by every flap and tear
They made their way to open air,
And off through lanes and alleys passed
To reach their hiding-place at last.

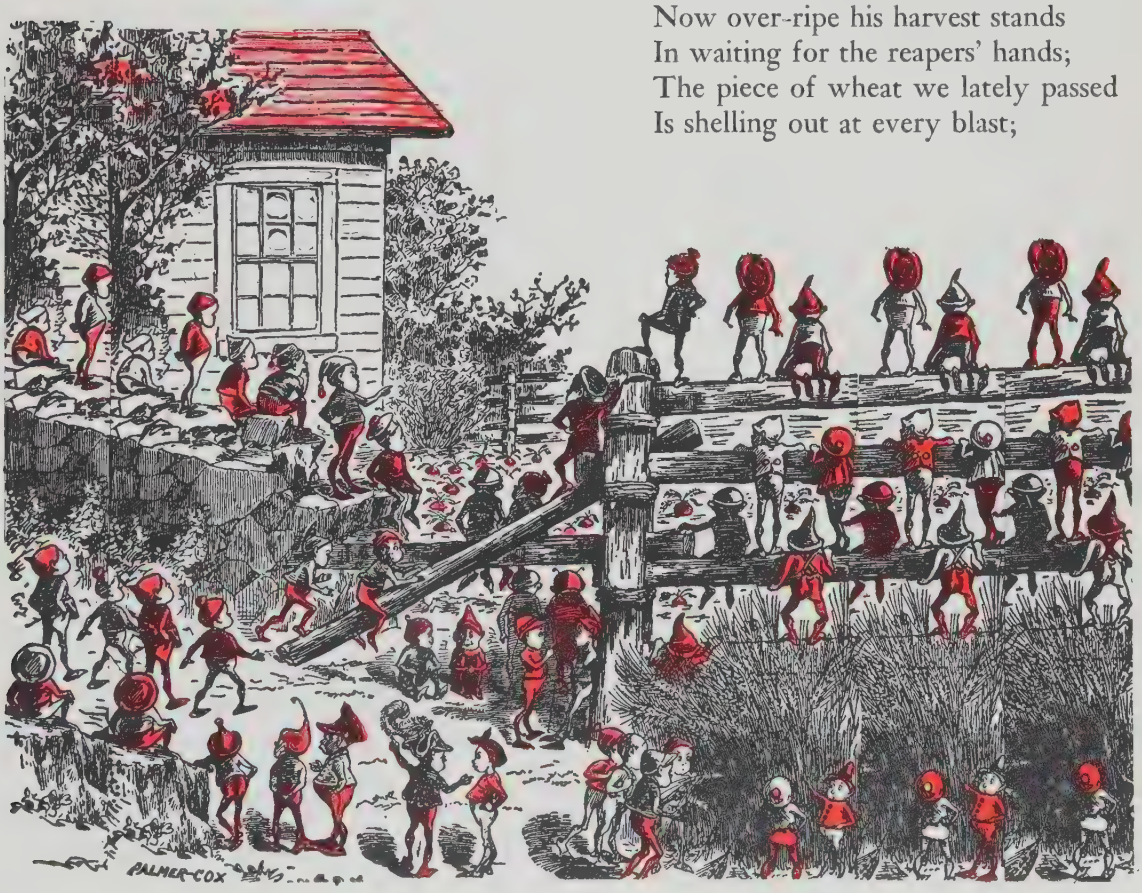
THE BROWNIES' GOOD WORK

One time, while Brownies passed around
An honest farmer's piece of ground
They paused to view the garden fair
And fields of grain that needed care.
"My friends," said one who often spoke
About the ways of human folk,



"Now here's a case in point, I claim,
Where neighbors scarce deserve the name:
This farmer on his back is laid
With broken ribs and shoulder-blade,
Received, I hear, some weeks ago;

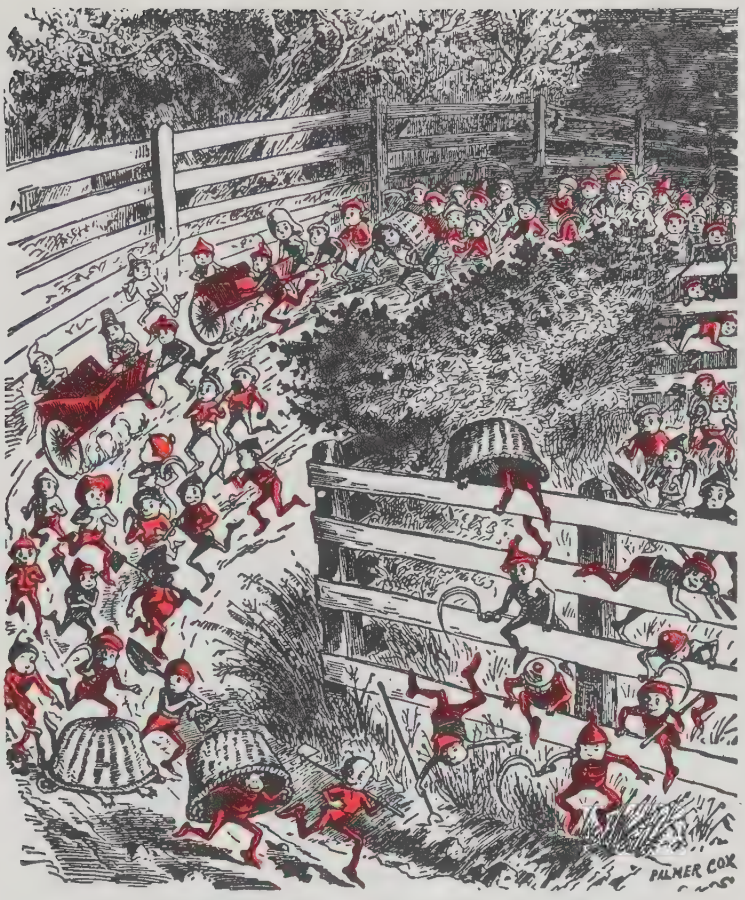
While at the village here below,
He checked a running team, to save
Some children from an early grave.
Now over-ripe his harvest stands
In waiting for the reapers' hands;
The piece of wheat we lately passed
Is shelling out at every blast;



Those pumpkins in that corner plot
Begin to show the signs of rot;
The mold has fastened on their skin,
The ripest ones are caving in,
And soon the pig in yonder sty
With scornful grunt would pass them by.
His Early Rose potatoes there
Are much in need of light and air;
The turnip withers where it lies,
The beet and carrot want to rise.
'Oh, pull us up!' they seem to cry
To every one that passes by;
'The frost will finish our repose,

The grubs are working at our toes;
Unless you come and save us soon,
We'll not be worth a picayune!'
The corn is breaking from the stalk,
The hens around the hill can walk,
And with their ever-ready bill
May pick the kernels at their will.
His neighbors are a sordid crowd,
Who've such a shameful waste allowed.
So wrapped in self some men can be,
Beyond their purse they seldom see;

'Tis left for us to play the friend
And here a helping hand extend.
But as the wakeful chanticleer
Is crowing in the stable near,
Too little of the present night
Is left to set the matter right.
To-morrow eve, at that dark hour
When birds grow still in leafy bower
And bats forsake the ruined pile
To exercise their wings awhile,
In yonder shady grove we'll meet,
With all our active force complete,
Prepared to give this farmer aid
With basket, barrel, hook, and spade.



But, ere we part, one caution more:
Let some invade a druggist's store,
And bring along a coated pill;
We'll dose the dog to keep him still.

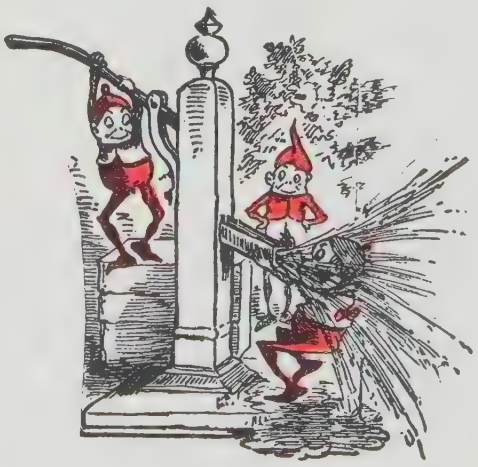
For barking dogs, however kind,
Can oft disturb a Brownie's mind."
When next the bat of evening flew,
And drowsy things of day withdrew,

When beetles droned across the lea,
And turkeys sought the safest tree
To form aloft a social row
And criticize the fox below,
Then cunning Brownies might be seen
Advancing from the forest green;
Now jumping fences, as they ran,
Now crawling through (a safer plan);

Now keeping to the roads awhile,
Now "cutting corners," country style;
Some bearing hoes, and baskets more,
Some pushing barrows on before,
While others, swinging sickles bright,
Seemed eager for the grain in sight.
But in advance of all the throng
Three daring Brownies moved along,
Whose duty was to venture close
And give the barking dog his dose.

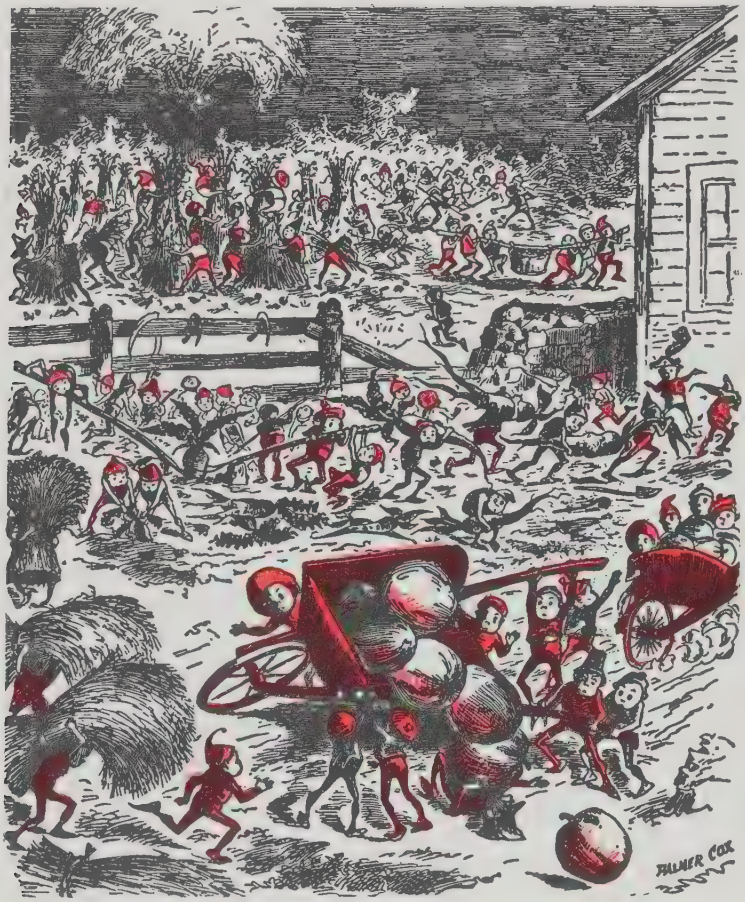
Now soon the work was under way,
Each chose the part he was to play.
While some who handled hoes the best
Brought "Early Roses" from their nest,
To turnip-tops some laid their hands,
More plied the hook, or twisted bands.
And soon the sheaves lay piled around,
Like heroes on disputed ground.

Now let the eye turn where it might,
A pleasing prospect was in sight;
For garden ground or larger field
Alike a busy crowd revealed:
Some pulling carrots from their bed,
Some bearing burdens on their head,
Or working at a fever heat
While prying out a monster beet.
Now here two heavy loads have met,
And there a barrow has upset,
While workers every effort strain
The rolling pumpkins to regain;
And long before the stars withdrew,
The crop was safe, the work was through.



In shocks the corn, secure and good,
Now like a Sioux encampment stood;
The wheat was safely stowed away;
In bins the "Early Roses" lay,
While carrots, turnips, beets, and all
Received attention, great and small.

And when the farmer learned at morn
That safe from harm were wheat and corn,
That all his barley, oats, and rye
Were in the barn, secure and dry,
That carrots, beets, and turnips round
Were safely taken from the ground,



When morning dawned, no sight or sound
Of friendly Brownies could be found;
And when at last old Towser broke
The spell, and from his slumber woke,
He rushed around, believing still
Some mischief lay behind the pill.
But though the fields looked bare and strange,
His mind could hardly grasp the change.

The honest farmer thought, of course,
His neighbors had turned out in force
While helpless on the bed he lay,
And kindly stowed his crop away.
But when he thanked them for their aid,
And hoped they yet might be repaid
For acting such a friendly part,
His words appeared to pierce each heart;

For well they knew that other hands
Than theirs had laid his grain in bands,
That other backs had bent in toil

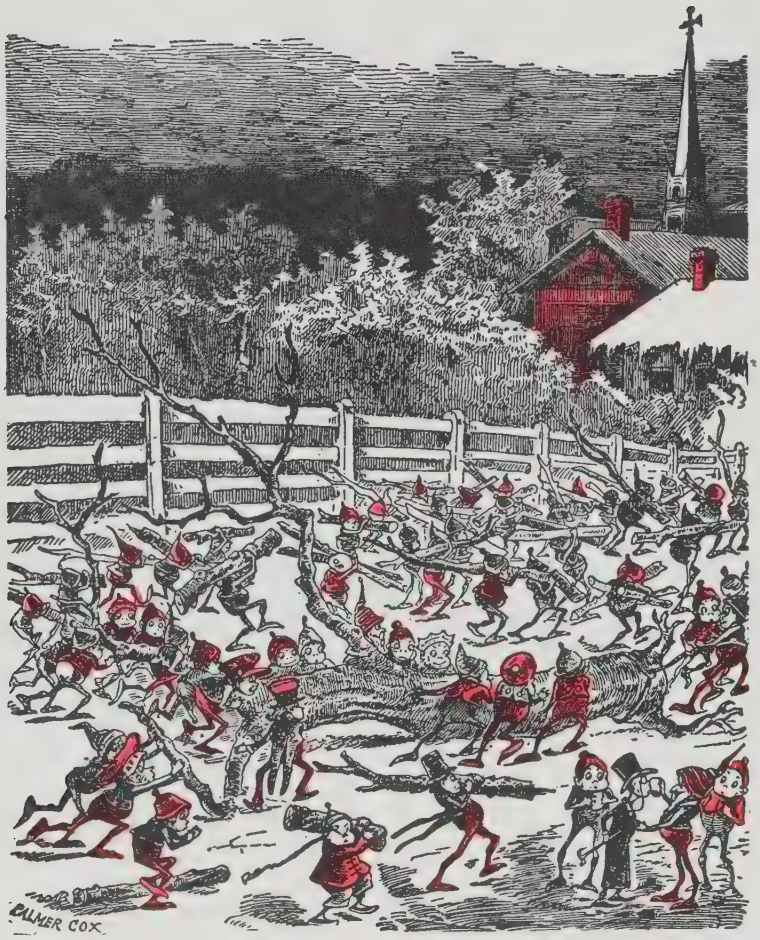
To save the products of the soil.
And then they felt as such folk will
Who fail to nobly act, until
More earnest helpers, stepping in,
Do all the praise and honor win.

THE BROWNIES' FRIENDLY TURN

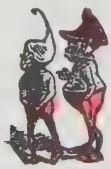
One night, while snow was lying deep
On level plain and mountain steep,
A sheltered nook the Brownies found,
Where conversation might go 'round.
Said one: "The people hereabout
Their wood supply have taken out;
But while they stripped the timber lot,
The village parson they forgot.
Now that good man, the story goes,
As best he can, must warm his toes."
Another spoke: "The way is clear
To show both skill and courage here.
You're not the sort, I know, to shirk,
And coward-like to flee from work.
Nor wait to see what others do
In matters that appeal to you.
You act at once whene'er you find
A chance to render service kind,
This task in waiting must be done
Before another day has run.
The signs of change are in the air;
A storm is near though skies are fair;
As oft when smiles the broadest lie,
The tears are nearest to the eye.
To work let every Brownie bend,

And prove to-night the parson's friend.
We'll not take oxen from the stall,
That through the day must pull and haul,
Nor horses from the manger lead;
But let them take the rest they need.
Since mystic power is at our call,
By our own selves we'll do it all.
Our willing arms shall take the place
Of clanking chain and leathern trace,
And 'round the door the wood we'll strew
Until we hide the house from view."

At once the Brownies sought the ground
Where fuel could with ease be found,
A place where forest-fires had spread,
And left the timber scorched and dead.
And there throughout the chilly night
They tugged and tore with all their might;
Some bearing branches as their load;
With lengthy poles still others strode,
Or struggled till they scarce could see,
With logs that bent them like a V;
While more from under drifts of snow
Removed old trees, and made them go
Like plows along the icy street,
With half their limbs and roots complete.



Some found it hard to train their log
To keep its place through jolt and jog,
While some, mistaking ditch for road,
Were almost buried with their load,



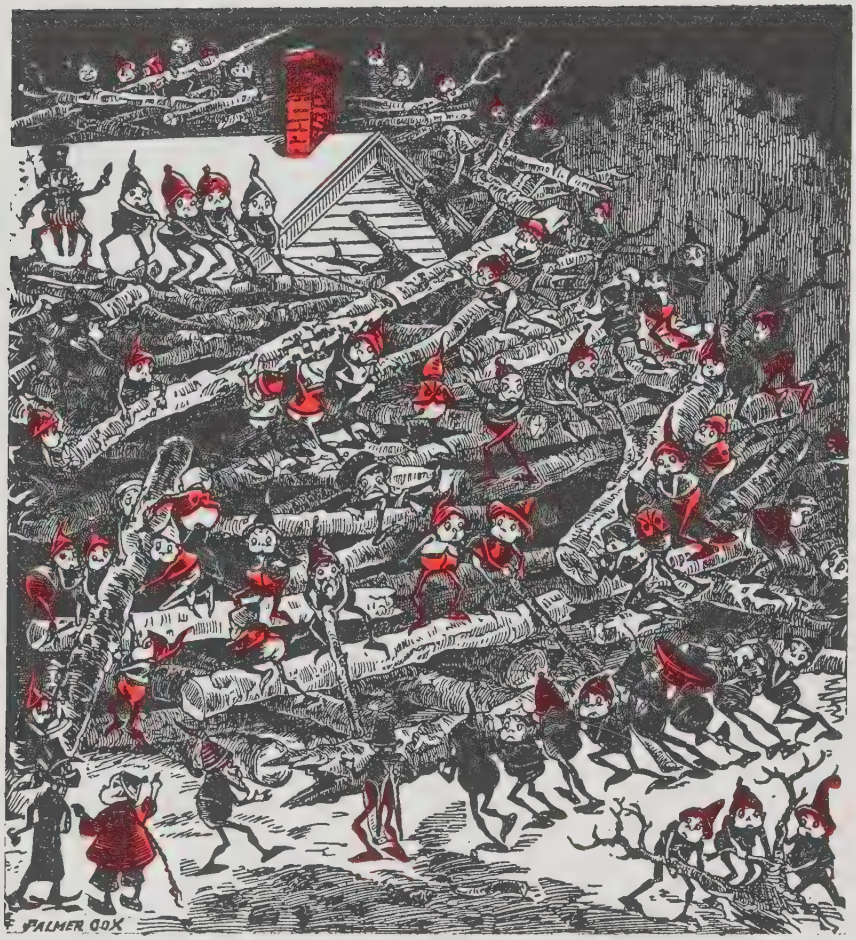
And but for friends and promptest care,
The morning light had found them there.
The wind that night was cold and keen,
And frosted Brownies oft were seen.

They clapped their hands and stamped their toes,
They rubbed with snow each numbing nose,
And drew the frost from every face
Before it proved a painful case.

And thus, in spite of every ill,
The task was carried forward still.
Some were by nature well designed
For work of this laborious kind,
And never felt so truly great,
As when half crushed beneath a weight.
While wondering comrades stood aghast,
And thought each step must be the last.
But some were slight and ill could bear
The heavy loads that proved their share,
Though at some sport or cunning plan
They far beyond their comrades ran.

Around the house some stayed to pile
The gathered wood in proper style;
Whichever harder work they found
As high and higher rose the mound.
Above the window-sill it grew,
And next, the cornice hid from view;
And, ere the dawn had forced a stop,
The pile o'erlooked the chimney-top.
Some hands were sore, some backs were blue,
And legs were scraped with slipping through
Where ice and snow had left their mark
On rounded log and smoothest bark.

That morning, when the parson rose,
Against the pane he pressed his nose,
And tried the outer world to scan
To learn how signs of weather ran.
But, 'round the house, behind, before,
In front of window, shed, and door,
The wood was piled to such a height
But little sky was left in sight!



When next he climbed his pulpit stair,
He touched upon the strange affair,
And asked the blessing rich to fall
Upon the heads and homes of all
Who through the night had worked so hard
To heap the fuel 'round the yard.
His hearers knew they had no claim
To such a blessing if it came,
But whispered: "We don't understand—
It must have been the Brownie band."

Stories of Magic and Laughter

The Magic Fish-Bone

By Charles Dickens

THERE was once a king, and he had a queen; and he was the manliest of his sex, and she was the loveliest of hers. They had nineteen children, and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby; and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

One day the king was going to the office, when he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound and a half of salmon not too near the tail, which the queen (who was a careful housekeeper) had requested him to send home. Mr. Pickles, the fishmonger, said, "Certainly, sir; is there any other article? Good-morning."

The king went on towards the office in a melancholy mood; for pay-day was such a long way off, and several of the dear children were growing out of their clothes. He had not gone far when Mr. Pickles's errand-boy came running after him and said, "Sir, you didn't notice the old lady in our shop."

"What old lady?" inquired the king. "I saw none."

Now the king had not seen any old lady, because this old lady had been invisible to him, though visible to Mr. Pickles's boy.

Just then the old lady came trotting up. She was dressed in rich silk smelling of lavender.

"King Watkins the First, I believe?" said the old lady.

"Watkins," replied the king, "is my name."

"Papa, if I am not mistaken, of the beautiful Princess Alicia?" said the old lady.

"And of eighteen other darlings," replied the king.

"Listen. You are going to the office," said the old lady.

It instantly flashed upon the king that she must be a fairy, or how could she know that?

"You are right," said the old lady, answering his thoughts. "I am the good Fairy Grandmarina. Attend! When you return home to dinner, politely invite the Princess Alicia to have some of the salmon you bought just now."

"It may disagree with her," said the king.

The old lady became so angry at this absurd idea, that the king was quite alarmed, and humbly begged her pardon.

"We hear a great deal too much about things disagreeing," said the old lady, with the greatest contempt. "Don't be greedy. I think you want it all yourself."

The king hung his head and said he wouldn't talk about things disagreeing any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! When the beautiful Princess Alicia consents to partake of the salmon—as I think she will—you will find she will leave a fish-bone on her plate. Tell her to dry it, and to rub it, and to polish it, till it shines like mother-of-pearl, and to take care of it as a present from me."

"Is that all?" asked the king.

"Don't be impatient, sir," returned the Fairy Grandmarina, scolding him severely. "Don't catch people short, before they have done speaking. Just the way with you grown-up persons. You are always doing it."

The king again hung his head, and said he wouldn't do so any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! Tell the Princess Alicia, with my love, that the fish-bone is a magic present which can be used only once; but that it will bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, *provided she wishes for it at the right time*. That is the message. Take care of it."

The king was beginning, "Might I ask the reason?" when the fairy became absolutely furious.

"*Will* you be good, sir?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "The reason for this, and the reason for that, indeed! You are always wanting the reason. No reason. There! Hoity toity me! I am sick of your grown-up reasons."

The king was extremely frightened by the old lady's flying into such a temper, and said he was very sorry to have offended her, and he wouldn't ask for reasons any more.

"Be good, then," said the old lady, "and don't!"

With those words, Grandmarina vanished, and the king went on and on and on, till he came to the office. There he wrote and wrote and wrote, till it was time to go home again. Then he politely invited the Princess Alicia, as the fairy had directed him, to partake of the salmon. And when she had enjoyed it very much, he saw the fish-bone on her plate, as the fairy had told him he would, and he delivered the fairy's message, and the Princess Alicia took care to DRY the bone, and to RUB it and to POLISH it, till it shone like mother-of-pearl.

And so, when the queen was going to get up in the morning, she said, "Oh, dear me, dear me; my head, my head!" And then she fainted away.

The Princess Alicia, who happened to be looking in at the door to ask about breakfast, was very much alarmed when she saw her royal mamma in this state, and she rang the bell for Peggy, which was the name of the lord chamberlain. But remembering where the smelling-bottle was, she climbed on a chair and got it; and after that she climbed on another chair by the bedside, and held the smelling-bottle to the queen's nose; and after that she jumped down and got some water; and after that she jumped up again and wetted the queen's forehead; and when the lord chamberlain came in, that

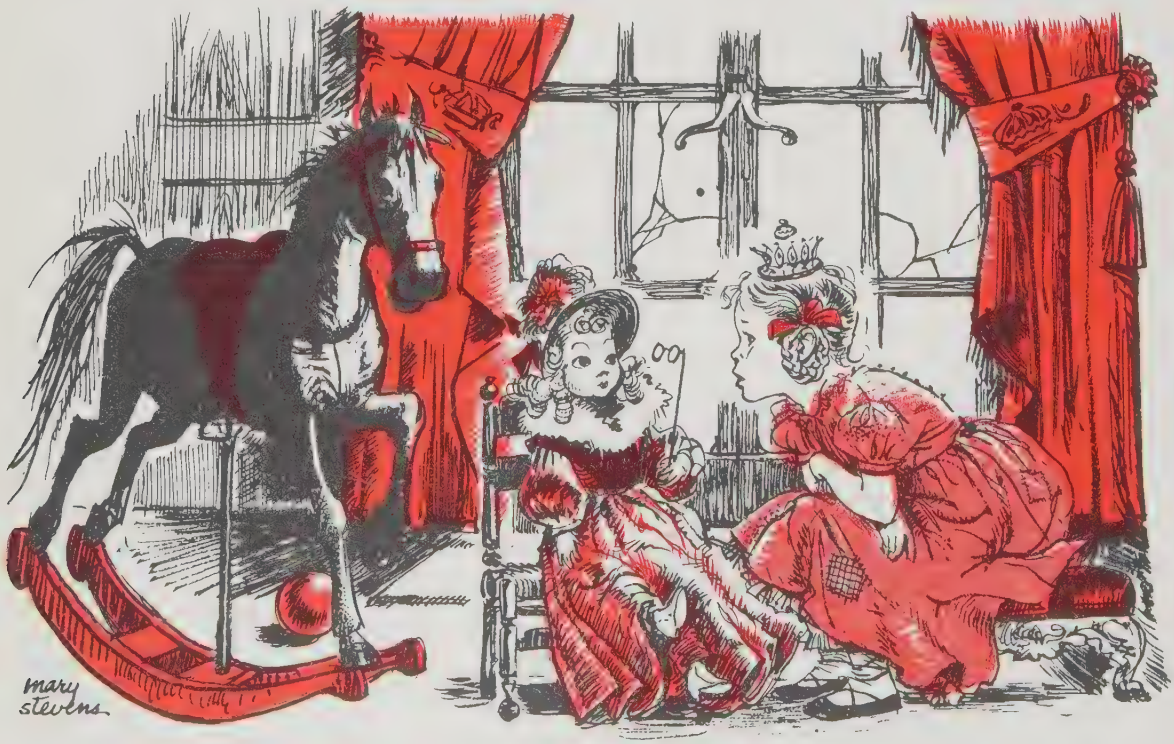
dear old woman said to the little princess, "What a nurse you are! I couldn't have done better myself!"

But that was not the worst of the good queen's illness. Oh, no! She was very ill indeed, for a long time. The Princess Alicia kept the seventeen young princes and princesses quiet, and dressed and undressed and danced the baby, and made the kettle boil, and heated the soup, and swept the hearth, and poured out the medicine, and nursed the queen, and did all she could, and was as busy as could be; for there were not many servants at that palace because the king was short of money and because his pay-day was so far off that it looked almost as far off and as little as one of the stars.

But on the morning when the queen fainted away, where was the magic fish-bone? Why, there it was in the Princess Alicia's pocket! She had almost taken it out to bring the queen to life again, when she put it back, and looked for the smelling-bottle.

After the queen had come out of her swoon that morning, and was dozing, the Princess Alicia hurried upstairs to tell a most particular secret to a most particularly confidential friend of hers, who was a duchess. People thought she was a doll; but she was really a duchess, though nobody knew it except the princess.

This most particular secret was about the magic fish-bone, the history of which was well-known to the duchess, because



the princess told her everything. The princess kneeled down by the bed on which the duchess was lying, full-dressed and wide-awake, and whispered the secret to her. The duchess smiled and nodded. People thought she never smiled and nodded; but she often did, though nobody knew it except the princess.

Then the Princess Alicia hurried downstairs again to the queen's room. She often kept watch there by herself; but every evening, while the illness lasted, she sat there watching with the king. And every evening the king sat looking at her with a cross look, wondering why she never brought out the magic fish-bone.

As often as she noticed this, she ran upstairs, whispered the secret to the duchess over again, and said, "They think we children never have a reason or a meaning!" And the duchess, though the most fashionable duchess that ever was heard of, winked her eye.

"Alicia," said the king, one evening, when she wished him good-night.

"Yes; papa."

"What is become of the magic fish-bone?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

Another time the dreadful little snapping pug-dog next door made a rush at one of the young princes as he stood on the steps coming home from school, and terrified him out of his wits; and he put his hand through a pane of glass, and bled, bled, bled. When the seventeen other young princes and princesses saw him bleed, bleed, bleed, they were terrified out of their wits too, and screamed all at once. But the Princess Alicia put her hands over all their seventeen mouths, one after another, and persuaded them to be quiet because of the sick queen. And then she put the wounded prince's hand in a basin of fresh cold water, while they stared with their twice seventeen are thirty-four, put down four and carry three, eyes, and then she looked in the hand for bits of glass, and there were fortunately no bits of glass there. And then she said to two chubby-legged princes, who were sturdy though small, "Bring me in the royal rag-bag; I must snip and stitch and cut and contrive."

So these two young princes tugged at the royal rag-bag, and lugged it in; and the Princess Alicia sat down on the floor, with a large pair of scissors and a needle and thread, and snipped and stitched and cut and contrived, and made a bandage, and put it on, and it fitted beautifully. And when it was all done, she saw the king, her papa, looking in at the door.

"Alicia."

"Yes, papa."

"What have you been doing?"

"Snipping, stitching, cutting, and contriving, papa."

"Where is the magic fish-bone?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

After that, she ran upstairs to the duchess, and told her what had passed, and told her the secret over again; and the duchess shook her flaxen curls, and laughed with her rosy lips.

Another time the baby fell under the grate. The seventeen young princes and princesses were used to it for they were always falling under the grate or down the stairs; but the baby was not used to it yet, and it gave him a swelled face and a black eye. Then the seventeen young princes and princesses, who cried at everything that happened, cried and roared. But the Princess Alicia (who couldn't help crying a little herself) quietly called to them to be still, on account of the queen upstairs, and said, "Hold your tongues, you little monkeys, every one of you, while I examine baby." Then she examined baby, and found that he hadn't broken anything; and she smoothed his poor dear face, and he presently fell asleep in her arms. Then she said to the seventeen princes and princesses, "I am afraid to let him down yet, lest he wake and feel pain. Be good, and you shall all be cooks." They jumped for joy when they heard that, and began making themselves cooks' caps out of old newspapers. So to one she gave the salt-box, and to one she gave the barley, and

to one she gave the carrots, and to one she gave the onions, till they were all cooks, and all running about at work, she sitting in the middle with the baby.

By and by the broth was done; and the baby woke up, smiling like an angel, and was trusted to the oldest princess to hold, while the other princes and princesses were squeezed into a far-off corner to look at the Princess Alicia turning out the saucepanful of broth, for fear (as they were always getting into trouble) they should get splashed and scalded. When the broth was steaming beautifully, and smelling like a nosegay good to eat, they clapped their hands. That made the baby clap his hands; and that made all the princes and princesses laugh.

So the Princess Alicia said, "Laugh and be good; and after dinner we will make him a nest on the floor in a corner, and he shall sit in his nest and see a dance of eighteen cooks."

That delighted the young princes and princesses, and they ate up all the broth, and washed up all the plates and dishes, and cleared away, and pushed the table into a corner; and then they danced a dance of eighteen cooks before the angelic baby, who crowed with joy.

And then, once more the Princess Alicia saw her father standing in the doorway looking on, and he said, "What have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Cooking and contriving, papa."

"What else have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Keeping the children light-hearted, papa."

"Where is the magic fish-bone, Alicia?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

The king then sighed so heavily that the seventeen princes and princesses crept softly out of the kitchen, and left him alone with the Princess Alicia and the angelic baby.

"What is the matter, papa?"

"I am dreadfully poor, my child."

"Have you no money at all, papa?"

"None, my child."

"Is there no way of getting any, papa?"

"No way," said the king. "I have tried all ways."

When she heard those last words, the Princess Alicia put her hand into the pocket where she kept the magic fish-bone.

"Papa," said she, "when we have tried all ways, we have done our very best?"

"No doubt, Alicia."

"When we have done our very best, papa, and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking help of others." This was the secret connected with the magic fish-bone, which she had found out from the good Fairy Grandmarina's words, and which she had so often whispered to her friend, the duchess.

So she took out of her pocket the magic fish-bone that had been dried and rubbed and polished till it shone like mother-of-pearl; and she gave it one little kiss, and wished it was pay-day. And immediately

it *was* pay-day; and the king's salary came rattling down the chimney, and bounced into the middle of the floor.

But this was not half of what happened —no, not a quarter; for immediately afterwards the good Fairy Grandmarina came riding in, in a carriage and four peacocks, with Mr. Pickles's boy up behind, dressed in silver and gold, with a cocked hat, powdered hair, pink silk stockings, a jewelled cane, and a nosegay. Down jumped Mr. Pickles's boy, with his cocked hat in his hand, and wonderfully polite (being entirely changed by enchantment) and helped Grandmarina out; and there she stood, in her rich silk smelling of lavender, fanning herself.

"Alicia, my dear," said this charming old fairy, "how do you do? I hope I see you pretty well? Give me a kiss."

The Princess Alicia embraced her; and then Grandmarina turned to the king, and said rather sharply, "Are you good?"

The king said he hoped so.

"I suppose you know the reason *now*, why my god-daughter here," kissing the princess again, "did not apply to the fish-bone sooner?" said the fairy.

The king made a shy bow.

"Ah! but you didn't *then?*" said the fairy.

The king made a shyer bow.

"Any more reasons said the fairy.

The king said, No, and he was sorry.

"Be good, then," said the fairy, "and live happy ever afterwards."

Then Grandmarina waved her fan, and the queen came in most splendidly dressed; and the seventeen young princes and princesses, no longer grown out of their clothes, came in, newly fitted out from top to toe, with tucks in everything to let out. After that, the fairy tapped the Princess Alicia with her fan; and she appeared exquisitely dressed, like a little bride, with a wreath of orange-flowers and a silver veil. After that, the angelic baby came in with his face and eye much better. Then Grandmarina begged to be introduced to the duchess; and the duchess was brought down.

A little whispering took place between the fairy and the duchess; and then the fairy said out loud, "Yes, I thought she would have told you." Grandmarina then turned to the king and queen, and said, "We are going in search of Prince Certainpersonio. The pleasure of your company is requested at church in half an hour precisely." So she and the Princess Alicia got into the carriage; and Mr. Pickles's boy handed in the duchess, who sat by herself on the opposite seat; and then Mr. Pickles's boy got up behind, and the peacocks flew away with their tails outspread.

Prince Certainpersonio was sitting by himself, eating barley-sugar, and waiting to be ninety. When he saw the peacocks, followed by the carriage, coming in at the window, it immediately occurred to him that something was going to happen.

"Prince," said Grandmarina, "I bring you your bride."

The moment the fairy said those words, Prince Certainpersonio's jacket and corduroys changed to peach-bloom velvet, and his hair curled, and a cap and feather

flew in like a bird and settled on his head. He got into the carriage by the fairy's invitation; and there he renewed his acquaintance with the duchess.

In the church were the prince's relations and friends, and the Princess Alicia's relations and friends, and the seventeen princes and princesses, and the baby, and a crowd of the neighbors. The marriage was beautiful beyond expression.

Grandmarina gave a magnificent wedding-feast afterwards, in which there was everything and more to eat, and everything and more to drink. The wedding-cake was delicately ornamented with white satin ribbons, frosted silver, and white lilies, and was forty yards around.

When Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried, Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Grandmarina announced to the king and queen that in future there would be a hundred pay-days in every year, except in leap-year, when there would be a hundred and ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia, and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children, and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys, and eighteen will be girls. The hair of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

"It only remains," said Grandmarina, "to make an end of the fish-bone."

So she took it from the hand of the Princess Alicia, and it instantly flew down the throat of the dreadful little snapping pug-dog, next door, and choked him.

The Swan Maiden

Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle

ONCE there was a King who had a pear-tree which bore four-and-twenty golden pears. Every day he went into the garden and counted them to see that none was missing.

But, one morning, he found that a pear had been taken during the night, and he was troubled and vexed to the heart, for the pear-tree was very dear to him. Now, the King had three sons, and so he called the eldest Prince to him.

"See," said he, "if you will watch my pear-tree tonight, and will find me the thief who stole the pear, you shall have half of my kingdom now, and the whole of it when I am gone."

You can guess how the Prince was tickled at this: oh, yes, he would watch the tree, and if the thief should come he should not get away again as easily.

Well, that night he sat down beside the tree, with his gun across his knees, to wait for the coming of the thief.

He waited and waited, and still he saw not so much as a thread or a hair. But about the middle of the night there came the very prettiest music his ears had ever heard, and before he knew what he was about he was asleep and snoring until the little leaves shook upon the tree. When the morning came and he awoke, another pear was gone, and he could tell no more about it than the man in the moon.

The next night the second son set out to watch the pear-tree. But he fared no better than the first. About midnight came the music, and in a little while he was snoring till the stones rattled. When the morning came another pear was gone, and he had no more to tell about it than his brother.

The third night it was the turn of the youngest son, and he was more clever than the others, for, when the evening came, he stuffed his ears full of wax, so that he was as deaf as a post. About midnight, when the music came, he heard nothing of it, and so he stayed wide awake. After the music had ended he took the wax out of his ears, so that he might listen for the coming of the thief. Presently there was a loud clapping and rattling, and a white swan flew overhead and lit in the pear-tree above him. It began picking at one of the pears, and then the Prince raised his gun to shoot at it. But when he looked along the barrel it was not a swan that he saw up in the pear-tree, but the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"Don't shoot me, King's son! Don't shoot me!" cried she.

The Prince had no thought of shooting her, for he had never seen such a beautiful maiden in all of his days. "Very well," said he, "I will not shoot, but, if I spare your life, will you promise to be my

sweetheart and to marry me?"

"That may be as may be," said the Swan Maiden. "For listen! I serve the witch with three eyes. She lives on the glass hill that lies beyond the seven high mountains, the seven deep valleys, and the seven wide rivers. Are you man enough to go that far?"

"Oh, yes," said the Prince, "I am man enough for that and more too."

"That is good," said the Swan Maiden, and thereupon she jumped down from the pear-tree to the earth. Then she became a swan again, and bade the King's son to mount upon her back at the roots of her wings. When he had done as she had told him, she sprang into the air and flew away, bearing him with her.

On flew the swan, and on and on, until, by and by, she said, "What do you see, King's son?"

"I see the gray sky above me and the dark earth below me, but nothing else."

After that they flew on and on again, until, at last, the Swan Maiden said, "What do you see now, King's son?"

"I see the gray sky above me and the dark earth below me, but nothing else."

So once more they flew on until the Swan Maiden said, for the third time, "What do you see now, King's son?"

But this time the Prince said, "I see the gray sky above me and the dark earth below me, and over yonder is a glass hill, on which is a house that shines like fire."

"That is where the witch with three eyes lives," said the Swan Maiden; "and now listen: When she asks you what it is that you came for, ask her to give you the one who draws the water and builds the fire; for that is myself."

So, when they had come to the top of the hill of glass, the King's son stepped down to the ground, and the swan flew over the roof.

Rap! tap! tap! he knocked at the door, and the old witch herself opened it.

"What do you want here?" said she.

"I want the one who draws the water and builds the fire," said the Prince.

At this the old witch scowled until her eyebrows met.

"Very well," said she, "you shall have what you want if you can clean my stables tomorrow between the rise and the set of the sun. But I tell you plainly, if you fail in the doing, you shall be torn to pieces body and bones."

The Prince was not to be scared away with empty words. So the next morning the old witch came and took him to the stables where he was to do his task. There stood more than a hundred cattle, and the stable had not been cleaned for at least ten long years.

"There is your work," said the old witch, and then she left him.

Well, the King's son set to work with fork and broom and might and main, but —prut!—he might as well have tried to bale out the great ocean with a bucket.

At noontide who should come to the stable but the Swan Maiden herself.

"When one is tired, one should rest for a while," said she. "Come and lay your head in my lap."

The Prince was glad enough to do as she said, for nothing was to be gained by working at that task. So he laid his head in her lap, and she combed his hair with a golden comb till he fell fast asleep. When he awoke the Swan Maiden was gone, the sun was setting, and the stable was as clean as a plate. Presently he heard the old witch coming, so up he jumped and began clearing away a straw here and a speck there, just as though he were finishing the work.

"You never did this by yourself!" said the old witch, and her brows grew as black as a thunderstorm.

"That may be so, and that may not be so," said the King's son, "but you lent no hand to help; so now may I have the one who builds the fire and draws the water?"

At this the old witch shook her head. "No," said she, "there is more to be done yet before you can have what you ask for. If you can thatch the roof of the stable with bird feathers, no two of which shall be of the same color, and can do it between the rise and the set of sun tomorrow, then you shall have your sweetheart and welcome. But if you fail your bones shall be ground as fine as malt in the mill."

That suited the King's son well enough. So at sunrise he arose and went into the fields with his gun. But if there were birds to be shot, it was few of them that he saw; for at noontide he had but two, and they were both of the same color. At that time who should come to him but the Swan Maiden.

"One should not tramp and tramp all day with never a bit of rest," said she. "Come lay your head in my lap a while."

The Prince did as she bade him, and the Swan Maiden again combed his hair with a golden comb until he fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was setting, and his work was done. He heard the old witch coming, so up he jumped to the roof of the stable and began laying a feather here and a feather there, for all the world as

though he were just finishing his task.

"You never did that work alone," said the old witch.

"That may be so, and that may not be so," said the Prince. "All the same, it was none of your doing. So now may I have the one who draws the water and builds the fire?"

But the witch shook her head. "No," said she, "there is still another task to do before that. Over yonder is a fir tree; on the tree is a crow's nest, and in the nest are three eggs. If you can harry that nest tomorrow between the rising and the setting of the sun, neither breaking nor leaving a single egg, you shall have that for which you ask."

That suited the Prince. The next morning at the rising of the sun he started off to find the fir tree, and there was no trouble in the finding I can tell you, for it was more than a hundred feet high, and as smooth as glass from root to tip. As for climbing it, he might as well have tried to climb a moonbeam, for in spite of all his trying he did nothing but slip and slip. By and by came the Swan Maiden as she had come before.

"Do you climb the fir tree?" said she.

"None too well," said the King's son.

"Then I may help you in a hard task."

She let down the braids of her golden hair, so that it hung down all about her and upon the ground, and then she began singing to the wind. She sang and sang, and by and by the wind began to blow, and, catching up the maiden's hair, carried it to the top of the fir tree, and there tied it to the branches. Then the Prince climbed the hair and so reached the nest. There were the three eggs; he gathered them, and then he came down as he had gone up. After that the wind came again and loosed the maiden's hair from the branches, and she bound it up as before.

"Now, listen," said she to the Prince: "when the old witch asks you for the three crow's eggs which you have gathered, tell her that they belong to the one who found them. She will not be able to take them from you, and they are worth something, I can tell you."

At sunset the old witch came hobbling along, and there sat the Prince at the foot of the fir tree. "Have you gathered the crow's eggs?" said she.

"Yes," said the Prince, "here they are in my handkerchief. And now may I have the one who draws the water and builds the fire?"

"Yes," said the old witch, "you may have her; only give me my crow's eggs."

"No," said the Prince. "The crow's eggs are none of yours, for they belong to him who gathered them."

When the old witch found that she was not to get her crow's eggs in that way, she tried another, and began using words as sweet as honey: "Come, come, there should be no hard feeling between us," she said. "You have served me faithfully, and before you go home with what you came for, you should have a good supper."

So she brought the Prince into the house, and then she left him while she went to put the pot on the fire, and to sharpen the bread knife on the stone doorstep.

While the Prince sat waiting for the witch, there came a tap at the door, and whom should it be but the Swan Maiden.

"Come," said she, "and bring the three eggs with you, for the knife that the old witch is sharpening is for you, and so is the great pot on the fire, for she means to pick your bones in the morning."

She led the Prince down into the kitchen and there they made a figure out of honey and barley-meal, so that it was all soft and sticky. Then the maiden dressed the figure in her own clothes and set it in the chimney-corner by the fire.

After that was done, she became a swan again, and, taking the Prince upon her back, she flew away, over the hills.

As for the old witch, she sat on the stone doorstep, sharpening her knife. By and by she came in, and. look as she

might, there was no Prince to be found.

Then if anybody was ever in a rage it was the old witch; off she went, storming and fuming, until she came to the kitchen. There sat the woman of honey and barley-meal beside the fire, dressed in the maiden's clothes, and the old woman thought that it was the girl herself. "Where is your sweetheart?" said she; but to this the woman of honey and barley-meal answered never a word.

"How now! are you dumb?" cried the old witch: "I will see whether I cannot bring speech to your lips." She raised her hand. *Slap!*—she struck. And so hard was the blow that her hand stuck fast to the honey and barley-meal.

"What!" cried she, "will you hold me?" *Slap!*—she struck with the other hand, and it too stuck fast. So there she was, and, for all that I know, she is sticking to the woman of honey and barley-meal to this day.

As for the Swan Maiden and the Prince, they flew over the seven high mountains, the seven deep valleys, and the seven wide rivers, until they came near to the Prince's home again. The Swan Maiden lit in a great wide field, and there she told the Prince to break open one of the crow's eggs. The Prince did as she bade him, and what should he find but the most beautiful little palace, all of pure gold and silver. He set the palace on the ground, and it grew and grew and grew until it covered as much ground as seven large barns. Then the Swan Maiden told him to break another egg, and he did as she said, and what should come out of it but such great herds of cows and sheep that they covered the meadow far and near. The Swan Maiden told him to break the third egg, and out of it came scores and scores of servants all dressed in gold and silver uniforms.

That morning, when the King looked out of his bedroom window, there stood the splendid castle of silver and gold. Then he called all of his people together, and they rode over to see what it meant. On the way they met such herds of fat sheep and cattle that the King had never seen the like of in all his life before. And when he came to the fine castle, there were two rows of servants dressed in silver and gold, ready to meet him. But when he came to the door of the castle, there stood the Prince himself. Then there was joy and rejoicing, you may be sure! Only the two elder brothers looked down in the mouth, for since the young Prince had found the thief who stole the golden pears, their father's kingdom was not for them. But the Prince soon set their minds at rest on that score, for he had enough and more than enough of his own.

After that the Prince and the Swan Maiden were married, and a grand wedding they had of it, with music of fiddles and kettle-drums, and plenty to eat and to drink and all lived happily ever after.

The Seller of Dreams

By Henry B. Beston

ONCE upon a time a mother called her only son into the kitchen, gave him a basket of fine fresh eggs, and bade him carry them to his Aunt Jane, who lived a few miles down the valley. The son, a lively lad about twelve years of age, obeyed his mother with joy and, clapping his little green hat on his head, stepped forth into the road. It was a beautiful clear morning in the spring, and the earth, released from the icy chains of winter, was rejoicing in her freedom and the return of the sun. A few birds, just back from the southland, rocked on twigs swollen with bursting buds, a thousand rills flowing from everywhere and in every direction sparkled and sang, and the air was sweet with the odor of plowed fields.

The boy, whose name was Peter, walked along whistling. Suddenly he saw a spot on the road shining as dazzlingly as if a bit of the sun itself had fallen to the earth. "A bit of glass," thought Peter. But it was not a bit of glass after all, but a fine golden florin which must have dropped from somebody's purse.

Peter stooped, picked up the gold piece, put it in his pocket, and walked off whistling louder than ever. In a little while he came to a place where the road wound down a little hill, and Peter saw, trudging up this hill, a very strange-looking old man. He was a very old man; his

face was puckered up into a thousand wrinkles like the skin of a shrunken apple, and he had long snow-white hair and a white beard which reached almost to his waist. Moreover, he was strangely dressed in a robe of cherry scarlet, and wore golden shoes. From a kind of belt hung two horns on silver chains, one an ordinary cow's horn, the other a beautiful horn carved of the whitest ivory, and decorated with little figures of men and animals.

"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell!" called out the old man as soon as he caught sight of Peter. "Don't you want to buy a dream, young man?"

"What kind of dreams have you?" asked Peter.

"Good, bad, true, false—all kinds," replied the seller of dreams. "I have even a few thrilling nightmares. Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell!"

"How much does a dream cost?" asked Peter.

"A golden florin," said the merchant.

"I'll have one, please," said Peter; and he handed over the florin he had found.

The old man took a kind of wonderful sugar plum out of the ivory horn, and gave it to Peter to eat.

"You will have the dream next time you sleep," said he, and trudged on.

So Peter continued his journey, stopping every once in a while to look back at the strange old man who was slowly climbing the hill. At length Peter came to a little quiet grove of pines, and there he sat down on a big stone and ate the luncheon which his mother had prepared for him. The sun was high in the heavens; it was close on to high noon. Now, as Peter was contentedly munching his bread and cheese, he heard, at first far away, then quite near at hand, the clear notes of a coachman's horn. The notes of the second call died away in a great pattering of hoofs and tinkling of little bells, and suddenly, arriving in a great swirl of yellow dust, came a magnificent coach drawn by twelve white horses. A lady very richly dressed and wearing many sparkling diamonds, sat within the coach. To Peter's astonishment, the lady was his Aunt Jane.

The coach stopped with a great jingling of the twelve harnesses, and Aunt Jane leaned out of the window, and said to Peter, "What are you doing here, child?"

"I was on my way to your cottage with a basket of fresh eggs," said Peter.

"Well, it's fortunate I found you," said Aunt Jane, "for I have given up living in the cottage, and have now got a castle of my own. Jump in, Peter, and don't forget your basket."

So Peter climbed into the coach, closed the door behind him, and was driven away. The coach went over hill and down dale; it went through strange forests from whose branches green parrots whooped and shrieked; it rolled through valleys in strange shining mountains. Peter stole a look at Aunt Jane and saw that she was wearing a crown.

"Are you a queen?" he asked.

"Indeed, I am," replied his aunt. "You see, Peter, two days ago, while I was looking for my white cow who had strayed

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away, I came upon the magnificent castle to which we are now going. It has four beautiful towers, and a door set with diamonds."

" 'Whose castle is this?' I said to the lodge-keeper.

" 'It's nobody's, marm,' said he.

" 'What,' said I; 'do you mean to say that nobody owns this fine castle?'

" 'That's just what I mean to say, marm,' answered he; 'the castle belongs to anyone who wants it.' "

"So into the castle I walked, and I didn't go out, you may be sure, till I had been into every room that I could find. Then I put on these clothes and these diamonds, which I found in a cupboard, and went down and told the servants I intended to be queen. You see, Peter dear, there's nothing that a woman of determination and energy can't accomplish."

The coach rolled on, and soon Peter caught sight of Aunt Jane's castle. It was rather large, and had an enormous round tower at each corner—a thing which brought to Peter's mind the picture of an elephant lying on its back. Peter and Aunt Jane, accompanied by a train of servants dressed in blue-and-buff livery, walked into the castle through the diamond-studded door.

"Do you think you could eat a little more of something?" said Aunt Jane, taking off her white-kid gloves; "because if you can I'll have a place set for you at the luncheon table."

And Peter, who like all boys could eat a little more anywhere and at any time, readily answered, "Yes."

So Peter and Aunt Jane sat down at a wonderful little table covered with a snow-white cloth.

"Draw your chair nearer, Peter dear," said Aunt Jane.

"I can't," said Peter; "it's stuck."

And so it was; the chair was stuck to the floor, and no amount of pushing or pulling could budge it.

"That's odd," said Aunt Jane; "but never mind, I'll push the table over to it."

But like the chair, the table refused to budge. Peter then tried to slide his plate of soup closer to him, but the plate, which the servant had placed on the cloth but an instant before, had evidently frozen to the table in some extraordinary manner and could not be moved an inch. The soup in the plate, however, was not fastened to the dish, nor were the wonderful strawberry-cakes and the delicious ices with which the dinner closed.

"You don't suppose this castle is enchanted, Aunt Jane?" asked Peter.

"Not a bit of it," replied Aunt Jane. "And even if it were," she continued recklessly, "I shouldn't mind, for there's nothing that a woman of determination and energy can't accomplish." There was a pause, and then Aunt Jane added, "I am going to have some guests to dinner this evening, so run round and amuse yourself as well as you can. There's ever so much to see in the castle, and in the garden there's a pond with swans in it."

Attended by her servants, Aunt Jane majestically walked away. Peter spent the afternoon exploring the castle. He went through room after room; he scurried

through the attics like a mouse, and was even lost for a while in the cellars. And everywhere he went, he found everything immovable. The beds, tables, and chairs could neither be moved about nor lifted up, and even the clocks and vases were mysteriously fastened to their places on the shelves.

The night came on. Coach after coach rolled up to the diamond door, which sparkled in the moonlight. When the guests had all arrived, a silver trumpet sounded, and Aunt Jane, dressed in a wonderful gown of flowered brocade edged with pearls, came solemnly down the great stairway of the castle hall. Two little boys, dressed in oriental costume and wearing turbans, held up her gorgeous train, and she looked very grand indeed. Peter, to his great surprise, found himself in a suit of plum-colored velvet.

"Welcome, my friends," said Queen Jane, who had opened a wonderful ostrich-feather fan. "Are we not fortunate in having so fine a night for our dinner?"

And the Queen, giving her arm to a splendid personage in the uniform of an officer of the King's dragoons, led the way to the banquet-hall.

The wonderful party, all silks and satins, and gleaming with jewels, swept like a peacock's tail behind her. Soon dinner was over, and the guests began to stray by twos and threes to the ballroom. Aunt Jane and the soldier led off the grand march; then came wonderful,

stately minuets, quadrilles, and sweet old-fashioned waltzes. The merriment was at its height when somebody ran heavily up the great stairs leading to the ballroom, and the guests, turning round to see whence came the clatter, saw standing in the doorway a strange old man dressed in a robe of cherry scarlet and wearing golden shoes. It was the seller of dreams. His white hair was disheveled, his robe awry, and there was dust on his shoes.

"Foolish people!" screamed the old seller of dreams, his voice rising to a shriek. "Run for your lives! This castle lies under a terrible enchantment; in a few minutes it will turn upside-down. Have you not seen that everything is fastened to the floor? Run for your lives!"

Immediately there was a great babble of voices, some shrieks, and more confusion, and the guests ran pell-mell down the great stairs and out the castle door. To Peter's dismay, Aunt Jane was not among them. So in the castle he rushed again, calling at the top of his voice, "Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane!" He ran through the brilliantly lit and deserted ballroom; he saw himself running in the great mirrors of the gallery. "Aunt Jane!" he cried; but no Aunt Jane replied.

Peter rushed up the stairs leading to the castle tower, and emerged upon the balcony. He saw the black shadow of the castle thrown upon the grass far below by the full moon; he saw the great forest, so bright above and so dark and mysterious below, and the long snow-clad range of the Adamant Mountains. Suddenly a voice, louder than the voice of any human being, a voice deep, ringing, and solemn as the sound of a great bell, cried,

" 'Tis time."

Immediately everything became as black as ink, people shrieked, the enchanted castle rolled like a ship at sea, and leaning far to one side, began to turn upside-down. Peter felt the floor of the balcony tip beneath him; he tried to catch hold of something, but could find nothing; suddenly, with a scream, he fell. He was falling, falling, falling, falling.

When Peter came to himself, instead of its being night, it was still noonday, and he was sitting on the same stone in the same quiet roadside grove from which he had caught sight of his Aunt Jane in her wonderful coach. A blue jay screamed at him from overhead. For Aunt Jane, the coach, and the enchanted castle had been only a dream. Peter, you see, had fallen asleep under the pines, and while he slept, he had dreamed the dream he purchased from the seller of dreams.

Very glad to be still alive, Peter rubbed his eyes, took up his basket of eggs, and went down the road whistling.

How Boots Befooled the King

Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle

ONCE upon a time there was a King who was the wisest in all of the world. So wise was he that no one had ever befooled him, which is a rare thing, I can tell you. Now, this King had a daughter who was as pretty as a ripe apple, so that there was no end to the number of lads who came asking to marry her. Every day there were two or three of them dawdling around the house, and at last the King grew tired of having them about.

So he sent word far and near that whoever should befool him might have the Princess and half of the kingdom to boot, for he thought that it would be a wise man indeed who could trick him. But the King also said, that whoever should try to befool him and should fail, should have a good whipping. This was to keep all foolish fellows away.

The Princess was so pretty that there was no lack of lads who came to have a try for her and half of the kingdom, but every one of these went away with a sore back and no luck.

Now, there was a man who was well off in the world, and who had three sons; the first was named Peter, and the second was named Paul. Peter and Paul thought themselves as wise as anybody in all of the world, and so did their father.

As for the youngest son, he was named Boots. Nobody thought anything of him except that he was silly, for he did nothing but sit poking in the ashes all day.

One morning Peter spoke up and said that he was going to the town to have a try at befooling the King, for it would be a fine thing to have a Princess in the family. His father did not say no, for if anybody was wise enough to befool the King, Peter was the lad.

So, after Peter had eaten a good breakfast, off he set for the town, right foot foremost. After a while he came to the King's house and—*rap! tap! tap!*—he knocked at the door.

Well; what did he want?

Oh! he would only like to have a try at befooling the King.

Very good; he should have his try. He was not the first one who had been there that morning, early as it was.

So Peter was shown in to the King.

"Oh, look!" said he. "Yonder are three black geese out in the courtyard!"

But no, the King was not to be fooled as easily as that. "One goose is enough to look at at a time," said he. "Take him away and give him a whipping!"

And so they did, and Peter went home bleating like a sheep.

One day Paul spoke up. "I should like to go and have a try for the Princess, too."

Well, his father did not say no, for, after all, Paul was the cleverer of the two.

So off Paul went as merrily as a duck in the rain. By and by he came to the castle, and then he too was brought before the king just as Peter had been.

"Oh, look!" said he. "Yonder is a crow sitting in the tree with three white stripes on his back!"

But the King was not so silly as to be fooled in that way. "Here is a Jack," said he, "who will soon have more stripes on his back than he will like. Take him away and give him his whipping!"

Then it was done as the King had said, and Paul went home bawling like a calf.

One day up spoke Boots. "I should like to go and have a try for the pretty Princess, too," said he.

At this they all stared and sniggered. What! he go where his clever brothers had failed, and had nothing to show for the trying but a good beating? What had come over the lout! Here was a pretty business, to be sure!

But all of this rolled away from Boots like water from a duck's back. No matter, he would like to go and have a try like the others. So he begged and begged until his father was glad to let him go to be rid of his teasing, if nothing else.

Then Boots asked if he might have the old tattered hat that hung back of the chimney.

Oh, yes, he might have that if he wanted it, for nobody with good wits was likely to wear such a thing.

So Boots took the hat, and after he had brushed the ashes from his shoes set off for the town, whistling as he went.

The first body whom he met was an old woman with a great load of earthenware pots and crocks on her shoulders.

"Good-day, mother," said Boots.

"Good-day, son," said she.

"What will you take for all of your pots and crocks?" said Boots.

"Three shillings," said she.

"I will give you five shillings if you will come and stand in front of the King's house, and do thus and so when I say this and that," said Boots.

Oh, yes! she would do that willingly.

So Boots and the old woman went on together, and presently came to the King's house. When they had come there, Boots sat down in front of the door and began bawling as loud as he could—"No, I will not! I will not do it, I say!"

So he kept on, bawling louder and louder until he made such a noise that, at last, the King himself came out to see what all the hubbub was about. But when Boots saw him he only bawled out louder than ever. "No, I will not do it, I say!"

"Stop! stop!" cried the King, "what is all this about?"

"Why," said Boots, "everybody wants to buy my cap, but I will not sell it! I will not do it, I say!"

"But why should anybody want to buy such a cap as that?" said the King.

"Because," said Boots, "it is a fooling

cap and the only one in all the world."

"A fooling cap!" said the King. He did not like to hear of such a cap as that coming into the town. "Hum-m-m-m! I should like to see you fool somebody with it. Could you fool that old body yonder with the pots and the crocks?"

"Oh, yes! That is easily enough done," said Boots, and without more ado he took off his tattered cap and blew into it. Then he put it on his head again and bawled out, "Break pots! Break pots!"

No sooner had he spoken these words than the old woman jumped up and began breaking and smashing her pots and crocks as though she had gone crazy. That was what Boots had paid her five shillings for doing, but of that the King knew

nothing. "Hui!" said he to himself, "I must buy that hat from the fellow or he will fool the Princess away from me for sure and certain." Then he began talking to Boots as sweetly as though he had honey in his mouth. Perhaps Boots would sell the hat to him?

Oh, no! Boots could not think of such a thing as selling his fooling cap.

Come, come; the King wanted that hat, and sooner than miss buying it he would give a whole bag of gold money for it.

At this Boots looked up and looked down, scratching his head. Well, he supposed he would have to sell the hat some time, and the King might as well have it as anybody else. But for all that he did not like parting with it.

So the King gave Boots the bag of gold, and Boots gave the King the old tattered hat, and then he went his way.

After Boots had gone the King blew into the hat and blew into the hat, but though he blew enough breath into it to sail a big ship, he did not befool so much as a single titmouse. Then, at last, he began to see that the fooling cap was good on nobody else's head but Boots's; and he was none too pleased, you may be sure.

As for Boots, with his bag of gold he bought the finest clothes that were to be had in the town, and when the next morning had come he started away bright and early for the King's house. "I have come," said he, "to marry the Princess, please."

At this the King hemmed and hawed and scratched his head. Yes; Boots had befooled him sure enough, but, after all, he could not give up the Princess for such a thing as that. Still, he would give Boots another chance. Now, there was the high-councillor, who was the wisest man in all of the world. Did Boots think he could fool him also?

Boots thought that it might be done.

Very well; if he could befool the high-councillor so as to bring him to the castle the next morning against his will, Boots should have the Princess and the half of the kingdom. If he did not do so he should have his beating.

Then Boots went away, and the King thought he was rid of him now for good.

As for the high-councillor, he was not pleased with the matter at all, for he did not like the thought of being fooled by a clever rogue and taken here and there against his will. So when he had come home, he armed all his servants with blunderbusses and then waited to give Boots a welcome when he should come.

But Boots was not going to fall into any such trap as that! No indeed! The next morning he went quietly and bought a fine large meal-sack. Then he put a black wig over his beautiful red hair, so that no one might know him. After that he went to the place where the high-councillor lived, and when he had come there he crawled inside the sack, and lay just beside the door of the house.

By and by came one of the maid servants to the door, and there lay the great meal-sack with somebody in it.

"Ach!" cried she, "who is there?"

But Boots only said, "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

Then the serving maid went back into the house, and told the high-councillor

that someone lay outside in a great meal-sack, and that all he said was, "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

So the councillor went himself to see what it was all about. "What do you want here?" said he.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" said Boots. "I am not to be talked to now. This is a wisdom-sack, and I am learning wisdom as fast as a drake can eat peas."

"And what wisdom have you learned?"

Oh! Boots had learned wisdom about everything in the world. He had learned that the clever scamp who had fooled the King yesterday was coming with seventeen tall men to take the high-councillor, willy-nilly, to the castle that morning.

When the high-councillor heard this he fell to trembling till his teeth rattled in his head. "And have you learned how I can get the better of this scamp?" said he.

Oh, yes! Boots had learned that easily.

So, good! Then if the wise man in the sack would tell the high-councillor how

to escape the clever rogue, the high-councillor would give him twenty dollars.

But no, that was not to be done. Wisdom was not bought as cheaply as the high-councillor seemed to think.

Well, the councillor would give him a hundred dollars then.

That was good! A hundred dollars were a hundred dollars. If the councillor would give him that much he might get into the sack himself, and then he could learn all the wisdom he wanted, and more.

So Boots crawled out of the sack, and the councillor paid his hundred dollars and crawled in.

As soon as he was in all snug and safe, Boots drew the mouth of the sack together and tied it tightly. Then he flung sack, councillor, and all over his shoulder, and started away to the King's house, and anybody who met them could see with half an eye that the councillor was going against his will.

When Boots came to the King's castle he laid the councillor down in the goose-house, and then he went to the King.

When the King saw Boots again, he bit his lips with vexation. "Well," said he, "have you fooled the councillor?"

"Oh, yes!" says Boots. "I have."

And where was the councillor now?

Oh, Boots had just left him down in the goose-house. He was tied up safe and sound in a sack, waiting till the King should send for him.

So the councillor was sent for, and when he came the King saw at once that he had been brought against his will.

"And now may I marry the Princess?" said Boots.

But the King was not willing for him to marry the Princess yet. No! No! Boots must not go so fast. There was more to be done yet. If he would come tomorrow morning he might have the Princess and welcome, but he would have to pick her out from among fourscore other maids just like her. Did he think he could?

Oh, yes! Boots thought that that might be easy enough to do.

So, good! Then come tomorrow. But he must understand that if he failed he should have a good whipping and be sent packing from the town.

So off went Boots, and the King thought that he was rid of him now, for he had never seen the Princess, and how could he pick her out from among eighty?

But Boots was not going to give up as easily as all that! No, not he! He made a little box, and then he hunted up and down until he had caught a live mouse to put into it.

When the next morning came he started away to the King's house, taking his mouse along with him in the box.

There was the King, standing in the doorway, looking out into the street. When he saw Boots coming towards him he made a wry face. "What!" said he. "Are you back again?"

Oh, yes! Boots was back again. And now if the Princess was ready he would like to go and find her, for lost time was not to be gathered again like fallen apples.

So off they marched to a great room,

and there stood eighty-and-one maidens, all as much alike as peas in the same dish.

Boots looked here and there, but, even if he had known the Princess, he could not have told her from the others. But he was ready for all that. Before any one knew what he was about, he opened the box, and out ran the little mouse among them all. What a screaming and a hubbub there was! Many looked as though they would have liked to swoon, but only one of them did so. As soon as the others saw what had happened, they forgot all about the mouse and ran to her and fell to fanning her and slapping her hands and chafing her temples.

"This is the Princess," said Boots.

And so it was.

After that the King could think of nothing more to set Boots to do, so he let him marry the Princess as he had promised, and half of the kingdom to boot.

That is all of this story.

Only this: The one who sits kicking his feet in the ashes at home is not always the silliest one.

The Apple of Contentment

Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle

THERE was a woman once, and she had three daughters. The first daughter squinted with both eyes, yet the woman loved her as she loved salt, for she herself squinted with both eyes.

The second daughter had one shoulder higher than the other, and eyebrows as black as soot in the chimney, yet the woman loved her as well as she loved the other, for she herself had black eyebrows and one shoulder higher than the other.

The youngest daughter was as pretty as a ripe apple, and had hair as fine as silk and the color of pure gold, but the woman loved her not at all, for, as I have said, she herself was neither pretty nor had she hair of the color of pure gold. Why all this was so, even Hans Pfifendrummel cannot tell, though he has read many books.

The first sister and the second sister dressed in their Sunday clothes every day, and sat in the sun doing nothing, just as though they had been born fine ladies.

As for Christine—that was the name of the youngest girl—as for Christine, she dressed in nothing but rags, and had to drive the geese to the hills in the morning and home again in the evening, so that they might feed on the young grass all day and grow fat.

The first sister and the second sister had white bread (and butter besides) and as much fresh milk as they could drink; but Christine had to eat cheese-parings and bread-crusts, and had hardly enough of them to keep Goodman Hunger from whispering in her ear.

One morning Christine started off to the hills with her flock of geese, and in her hands she carried her knitting, at which she worked to save time. So she went along the dusty road until, by-and-by, she came to a place where a bridge crossed the brook, and what should she see there but a little red cap, with a silver bell at the point of it, hanging from the alder branch. It was such a nice, pretty little red cap that Christine thought she would take it home with her, for she had never seen the like of it before.

So she put it in her pocket, and then off she went with her geese again. But she had hardly gone a step when she heard a voice calling her, "Christine! Christine!"

She looked, and what should she see but a queer little gray man, with a great head as big as a cabbage and little legs as thin as young radishes.

"What do you want?" said Christine, when the little man had come nearer.

Oh, the little man only wanted his cap again, for without it he could not go back home into the hill where he belonged.

But how did the cap come to be hanging from the bush? Yes, Christine would like to know that before she gave it back.

Well, the little hill-man was fishing by the brook over yonder when a puff of wind blew his cap into the water, and he just hung it up to dry. That was all that there was about it; and now would Christine please give it to him?

Christine did not know how about that; perhaps she would and perhaps she would not. It was a nice, pretty little cap. What would the little man give her for it?

Oh, the little man would give her five dollars for it, and gladly.

No; five dollars was not enough for such a pretty little cap—see, there was a silver bell hanging to it too.

Well, the little man did not want to be hard at a bargain; he would give her a hundred dollars for it.

No; Christine did not care for money. What else would he give for this nice,

The little man asks for his cap.

dear little cap?

"See, Christine," said the little man, "I will give you this for the cap." And he showed her something in his hand that looked just like a bean, only it was as black as a lump of coal.

"Yes, but what is that?" said Christine.

"That," said the little man, "is a seed from the apple of contentment. Plant it, and from it will grow a tree, and from the tree an apple. Everybody in the world that sees the apple will long for it, but nobody in the world can pluck it but you. Christine the seed, and Christine gave the little man his cap again. He put the cap on his head, and—puff!—away he was gone, as suddenly as the light of a candle when you blow it out.

So Christine took the seed home with her, and planted it before the window of her room. The next morning when she looked out of the window she beheld a beautiful tree, and on the tree hung an apple that shone in the sun as though it were pure gold. She went to the tree and plucked the apple as easily as though it

It will always be meat and drink to you when you are hungry, and warm clothes to your back when you are cold. Moreover, as soon as you pluck it from the tree, another as good will grow in its place. *Now,* will you give me my hat?"

Oh yes; Christine would give the little man his cap for such a seed as that, and gladly enough. So the little man gave were a gooseberry, and as soon as she had plucked it another as good grew in its place. Being hungry she ate it, and thought that she had never eaten anything as good, for it tasted like pancake with honey and milk.

By-and-by the oldest sister came out of the house and looked around, but when she saw the beautiful tree with the golden

apple on it you can guess how she stared.

Presently she began to long and long for the apple as she had never longed for anything in her life. "I will just pluck it," said she, "and no one will be the wiser for it." But that was easier said than done. She reached and reached, but she might as well have reached for the moon. She climbed and climbed, but she might as well have climbed for the sun—for either one would have been as easy to get as that which she wanted. At last she had to give up trying for it, and her temper was none the sweeter for that, you may be sure.

After a while came the second sister, and when she saw the golden apple she wanted it just as much as the first had done. But to want and to get are very different things, as she soon found, for she was no more able to get it than the other had been.

Last of all came the mother, and she also tried to pluck the apple. But it was no use. She had no more luck of her trying than her daughters. All that the three could do was to stand under the tree and look at the apple, and long for it.

They are not the only ones who have done the like, with the apple of contentment hanging just above them.

As for Christine, she had nothing to do but to pluck an apple whenever she wanted it. Was she hungry? There was the apple hanging in the tree for her. Was she thirsty? There was the apple. Cold? There was the apple. So you see, she was the happiest girl betwixt all the seven hills that stand at the ends of the earth; for nobody in the world can have more than contentment, and that was what the apple brought her.

One day a King came riding along the road, and all of his people with him. He looked up and saw the apple hanging in the tree, and a great desire came upon him to have a taste of it. So he called one of the servants to him, and told him to go and ask whether it could be bought for a potful of gold.

So the servant went to the house, and knocked on the door—*rap! tap! tap!*

"What do you want?" asked the mother of the three sisters.

Oh, nothing much; only a King was out there in the road, and wanted to know if she would sell the apple yonder for a potful of gold.

Yes, the woman would do that. Just pay her the pot of gold and he might go and pluck it and welcome.

So the servant gave her the pot of gold, and then he tried to pluck the apple. First

he reached for it, and then he climbed for it, and then he shook the limb.

But it was no use for him to try; he could no more get it—well—than *I* could if I had been in his place.

At last the servant had to go back to the King. The apple was there, he said, and the woman had sold it, but try and try as he would he could no more get it than he could get the little stars in the sky.

Then the King told the steward to go and get it for him; but the steward, though he was a tall man and a strong man, could no more pluck the apple than the servant.

So he had to go back to the King with an empty fist.

Then the King himself went. He knew that he could pluck it—of course he could! Well, he tried and tried; but nothing came of his trying, and he had to ride away at last without having had so much as a smell of the apple.

After the King came home, he talked and dreamed and thought of nothing but the apple; for the more he could not get it the more he wanted it—that is the way we are made in this world. At last he grew melancholy and sick for want of that which he could not get. Then he sent for one who was so wise that he had more in his head than ten men together. This wise man told him that the only one who could pluck the fruit of contentment for him was the one to whom the tree belonged. This was one of the daughters of the woman who had sold the apple to him for the pot of gold.

When the King heard this he was very glad. He had his horse saddled, and he and his court rode away, and so came at last to the cottage where Christine lived. There they found the mother and the elder sisters, for Christine was with her geese.

The King took off his hat and bowed.

The wise man at home had told him this and that. Now to which one of her daughters did the apple-tree belong? asked the King.

"Oh, it is my oldest daughter who owns the tree," said the woman.

So, good! Then if the oldest daughter would pluck the apple for him he would take her home and marry her and make a queen of her. Only let her get it for him.

Prut! that would never do. What! was

the girl to climb the apple-tree before the King and all of the court? No! no! Let the King go home, and she would bring the apple to him all in good time; that was what the woman told him.

Well, the King would do that, only let her make haste, for he wanted it badly.

As soon as the King had gone, the woman and her daughters sent to the hills for the goose-girl. They told her that the King wanted the apple yonder, and that she must pluck it for her sister to take to him. If she did not do as they said they would throw her into the well. So Christine had to pluck the fruit; and as soon as she had done so the oldest sister wrapped it up in a napkin and set off with it to the King's house, as pleased as pleased could be. *Rap! tap! tap!* she knocked at the door. Had she brought the apple?

Oh yes, she had brought it. Here it was, all wrapped up in a fine napkin.

After that they did not let her stand outside the door till her toes were cold, I can tell you. As soon as she had come to the King she opened her napkin. Believe me or not as you please, there was nothing in the napkin but a hard round stone!

When the King saw only a stone he was so angry that he stamped like a rabbit and told them to put the girl out of the house. So they did, and she went home with a flea in her ear, I can tell you.

Then the King sent his steward to the house where Christine lived.

He told the woman that he had come to find whether she had any other daughters.

Yes; the woman had another daughter, and, to tell the truth, it was she who owned the tree. Just let the steward go home again and the girl would fetch the apple in a little while.

As soon as the steward had gone, they sent to the hills for Christine again. Look! she must pluck the apple for the second sister to take to the King. If she did not do so they would throw her in the well.

So Christine had to pluck the apple and give it to the second sister, who wrapped it up in a napkin and set off for the King's house. But she fared no better than the other, for when she opened the napkin, there was nothing in it but a lump of mud. So they packed her home again with her apron to her eyes.

After a while the King's steward came to the house again. Had the woman no other daughter than these two?

Well, yes, there was one, but she was a poor ragged thing, of no account, and fit for nothing but to tend the geese.

Where was she?

Oh, she was up on the hills now tending her flock.

But could the steward see her?

Yes, he might see her, but she was nothing but a poor simpleton.

That was all very good, but the steward would like to see her, for that was what the King had sent him there for.

So there was nothing to do but to send to the hills for Christine.

After a while she came, and the steward asked her if she could pluck the apple yonder for the King.

Yes; Christine could do that easily enough. So she reached and picked it as though it had been nothing but a goose-

berry on the bush. Then the steward took off his hat and made her a low bow in spite of her ragged dress, for he saw that she was the one for whom they had been looking all this time.

So Christine slipped the golden apple into her pocket, and then she and the steward set off to the King's house.

When they had come there everybody began to titter and laugh behind the palms of their hands to see what a poor ragged goose-girl the steward had brought home.

"Have you brought the apple?" said the King, as soon as Christine had come before him.

Yes; here it was. And Christine thrust her hand into her pocket and brought it forth. Then the King took a great bite of it, and as soon as he had done so he looked at Christine and thought that he had never seen such a pretty girl. As for her rags, he minded them no more than one minds the spots on a cherry; that was because he had eaten of the apple of contentment.

And were they married? Of course they were! and a grand wedding it was, I

can tell you. It is a pity that you were not there; but though you were not, Christine's mother and sisters were, and, what is more, they danced with the others, though I believe they would rather have danced upon pins and needles.

"Never mind," said they. "We still have the apple of contentment at home, though we cannot taste of it." But no; they had nothing of the kind. The next morning it stood before the young Queen Christine's window, just as it had at her old home, for it belonged to her and to no one else in all the world. That was lucky for the King, for he needed a taste of it now and then as much as anybody else, and no one could pluck it for him but Christine.

Now, that is all of this story. What does it mean? Can you not see? Prut! Rub your spectacles and look again!

The Wishing Ring

Translated from the French by Frida Davidson

ONCE upon a time there was a poor farmer who had a very hard time. He was resting at his work one day when an old witch passed him. She asked: "Why do you work so hard, when you can't get on anyway? I'll tell you what to do. Walk straight ahead until you get to a great pine tree that is taller than all the trees in the forest. Chop it down and your luck will be made."

The farmer took his axe and started out. After two days he found the pine tree. He chopped at the mighty trunk, and at the moment that the tree fell there fell from its highest tip a great bird's nest with two eggs in it.

The eggs rolled on the ground and broke. Out of one came an eaglet; out of the other fell a gold ring. The eagle grew and grew till he was half as big as the farmer. He tried his wings and as he rose he called out: "You have delivered me from enchantment. Take the ring that fell from the other egg. It is a wishing ring! Turn it on your finger, while you speak aloud your wish, and it will surely come true. But remember—there is only one wish in the ring. When that has been fulfilled, the ring will have lost its power and will be like any ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well before you make your wish, so that you may not repent later." Then the eagle flew away.

The farmer took the ring and with joy in his heart started homeward. Toward evening he walked through the streets of a little town and saw a jeweler standing before his shop, where many precious rings and jewels were shown. The farmer showed him the ring on his finger and said, "What do you think this ring of mine is worth?" "Not a handful of straw," said the jeweler. "Ha, ha!" laughed the farmer. "You don't know everything about rings, after all." He told him that it was a wishing ring, worth more than all the rings in the shop.

The jeweler was a greedy man and he wanted the ring. He invited the farmer to spend the night in his house and offered him supper and wine to make him drowsy. When the farmer was asleep the jeweler tiptoed in and stole the wishing ring from his finger. In its place he slipped an ordinary ring made to look like the magic ring.

The next morning after the farmer had left, the jeweler went into his biggest room, locked the door, closed the windows and drew the curtains. Then, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring on his finger and called: "I want a million dollars right away."

Hardly had the words left his mouth, when it commenced to rain bright hard silver dollars, and they struck him on his

head and shoulders, and kept pouring down. He screamed with pain and fright, and tried to run away, but the rain of dollars struck him down. In another minute, the floor broke through from the weight of all the money. The jeweler crashed down into the cellar while the dollars kept beating down until one million dollars had fallen. By that time the poor man was killed, and when the neighbors found him dead under the heap of money, they said: "It's bad luck when plenty comes in bushels," and they took the money away.

In the meantime the farmer arrived home and showed his wife the ring. "Now we shall never want for anything," he said. "We have only to consider carefully what we shall wish for." His wife asked if they could wish for another acre of land? "Oh, no," answered the farmer. "If we work hard for one year and have a bit of luck, I believe we can buy it." And so it turned out. They worked so well that after a good harvest they bought the acre of land, and had some money left.

"Now," said the farmer's wife, "it might be good to use that wish for a cow or a horse!"

"Waste the magic wish on such a little thing? Nonsense," said the farmer. "We can buy them with our savings after a while." And at the end of the year they bought the horse and cow. "See," said the farmer, gleefully, "we have saved the wish for another year and still got what

we wanted. We are the luckiest people." And so it went from year to year, until his wife said impatiently, "Whatever has come over you lately? You always used to long for things, and now when you have them, you work harder than ever. You might be a prince with chests full of gold, if you would decide on your wish."

"Now," said the farmer, "we are still young and life is long. There is but one wish in the ring, and that can be made and lost so easily. Who knows what the future has in store for us, when we may really need the wish? In the meantime, we have prospered so well that all our neighbors wonder at us. So be sensible. You can spend time planning what to wish."

Blessings had indeed come to the farmer and his people, for the harvests were fine, and the barns and lofts were full of hay and grain year after year.

After a while, the poor farmer had become a rich man who worked side by side with his men in the fields all day and in the evening sat happily with his wife and children under the trees by the door of his house and talked with his neighbors. And comfort and goodwill were about him.

The years went on, and once in a while, the wife would remind her husband of the ring and the magic power that still was in it. She would make suggestions for the great wish. But each time the farmer said there was no hurry—one always did think of the best thing last, and they grew to speak less and less of the ring. The farmer himself looked at it almost daily, but he was careful not to speak any wish aloud.

Then thirty years passed and forty. The farmer and his wife grew old and gray, and then passed into a happy old age. They died on the same night within a short time of each other. The wish had not been made. Their children and grandchildren mourned them and brought flowers to lay over them. One of them noticed the ring on the farmer's hand and wanted to take it as a keepsake; but the oldest son said: "Let us leave this ring on Father's finger. There must have been some dear remembrance connected with it, for he looked at it often."

So when the old farmer was buried, he wore the ring which was to have been a wishing ring but was not, and which, nevertheless, brought into his home all possible happiness and good fortune.

After all, there is something peculiar about things that are true and things that are false; and in the end, a worthless thing in honest hands will always have much more value than an honest thing in worthless hands.

How the Good Gifts Were Used by Two

Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle

ONCE upon a time there was a rich brother and a poor brother, and the one lived across the street from the other.

The rich brother had all the world's gear that was good for him and more besides. As for the poor brother, why, he had hardly enough to keep soul and body together. Yet he was contented with his lot, and contentment did not sit back of the stove in the rich brother's house; wherefore in this the rich brother had less than the poor brother.

Now these things happened in the good old times when the saints used to be going hither and thither in the world upon this business and upon that. So one day, who should come travelling to the town where the rich brother and the poor brother lived but Saint Nicholas himself.

Just beside the town gate stood the great house of the rich brother. Thither went the saint and knocked at the door, and it was the rich brother himself who came and opened it to him.

Now, Saint Nicholas had had a long walk of it that day, so that he was quite covered with dust, and looked no better than he should. Therefore he seemed to be only a common beggar; and when the rich brother heard him ask for a night's lodging at his fine great house, he gaped like a toad in a rain-storm. What! Did the traveller think he kept a free lodging-house for beggars? If he did he was bringing his grist to the wrong mill; there was no place for the likes of him in the house, and that was the truth. But yonder was a poor man's house across the street. If he went over there perhaps he could get a night's lodging and a crust of bread. That was what the rich brother said, and after he had said it he banged on the door and left Saint Nicholas standing outside under the blessed sky.

So now there was nothing for good Saint Nicholas to do but to go across the street to the poor brother's house, as the other had told him to do. *Rap! tap! tap!* he knocked at the door, and it was the poor brother who opened it for him.

"Come in, come in!" said he. "Come in and welcome!"

So in came Saint Nicholas, and sat himself down behind the stove where it was good and warm, while the poor man's wife spread before him all they had in the house—a loaf of brown bread and a crock of cold water from the town fountain.

"And is that all you have to eat?" asked Saint Nicholas.

Yes; that was all they had.

"Then, maybe, I can help you to better," said Saint Nicholas. "Bring me a bowl and a crock."

You may guess that the poor man's wife was not long in fetching what he

wanted. When they were brought the saint blessed the one and passed his hand over the other.

Then he said, "Bowl be filled!" And straightway the bowl began to boil up with a good rich meat broth until it was full to the brim. Then the saint said, "Bowl be stilled!" And it stopped making the broth, and there stood as good a feast as man could wish for.

Then Saint Nicholas said, "Crock be filled!" And the crock began to bubble up with the best of beer. Then he said, "Crock be stilled!" And there stood as good a drink as man ever drank.

Down they all sat, the saint and the poor man and the poor man's wife, and ate and drank till they could eat and drink no more, and whenever the bowl and the crock grew empty, the one and the other became filled at the bidding.

The next morning the saint trudged off

the way he was going, but he left behind him the bowl and the crock, so that there was no danger of hunger and thirst coming to that house.

Well, the world jogged along for a while, maybe a month or two, and life was as easy for the poor man and his wife as an old shoe.

One day the rich brother said to his wife. "See now, luck seems to be stroking our brother over yonder the right way; I'll just go and see what it all means."

So over the street he went, and found the poor man at home. Down he sat back of the stove and began to chatter and talk and talk and chatter, and the upshot of the matter was that, bit by bit, he dragged out the whole story from the poor man. Then nothing would do but he must see the bowl and the crock at work. So the bowl and the crock were brought and set to work and—Hui!—how the rich brother

opened his eyes when he saw them making good broth and beer by themselves.

And now he must and would have that bowl and crock. At first the poor brother said "No," but the other bargained and bargained until, at last, the poor man consented to let him have the two for a hundred dollars. So the rich brother paid down his hundred dollars, and off he marched with what he wanted.

When the next day had come, the rich brother said to his wife, "Never you mind about the dinner today. Go you into the harvest-field, and I will see to the dinner."

So off went the wife with the harvesters, and the husband stayed at home and smoked his pipe all the morning, for he knew that dinner would be ready at the bidding. So when noontide had come he took out the bowl and the crock, and, placing them on the table, said, "Bowl be filled! Crock be filled!" and straightway they began making broth and beer as fast as they could.

In a little while the bowl and the crock were filled, and when they could hold no more, the broth and beer ran down all over the table and the floor. Then the rich brother was in a pretty pickle, for he did not know how to bid the bowl and the crock to *stop* from making what they were making. Out he ran and across the street to the poor man's house, and meanwhile the broth and beer filled the whole room until it could hold no more, and then ran out into the gutters so that all the pigs and dogs in town had a feast.

"Oh, dear brother!" cried the rich man to the poor man, "Do tell me what to do or the whole town will soon be smothered in broth and beer."

But, no! The poor brother was not to be stirred in such haste; they would have to strike a bit of a bargain first. So the upshot of the matter was that the rich brother had to pay the poor brother another hundred dollars to take the crock and the bowl back again.

See, now, what comes of being greedy!

As for the poor man, he was well off in the world, for he had all he could eat and drink, and a stockingful of money back of the stove besides.

Well, time went along as time does, and now it was Saint Christopher who was thinking of taking a little journey below.

"See, brother," said Saint Nicholas to him. "If you chance to be jogging by yonder town, stop at the poor man's house, for there you will have a warm welcome and plenty to eat."

But when Saint Christopher came to the town, the rich man's house seemed so much larger and finer than the poor man's house, that he thought he would ask for lodging there.

But it fared the same with him that it had with Saint Nicholas. Prut! Did he think the rich man kept free lodgings for beggars? And—*bang!*—the door was slammed in his face, and off packed the saint with a flea in his ear.

Over he went to the poor man's house, and there was a warm welcome for him, and good broth and beer from the bowl and the crock that Saint Nicholas had blessed. After he had supped he went to bed, where he slept as snug and warm as

a mouse in a nest.

Then the good wife said to the husband, "See, now, the poor fellow's shirt is none too good. I'll just make him another while he is sleeping, so that he'll have decent linen for the morning."

So she brought her best roll of linen out of the closet, and set to work stitching and sewing, and never stopped till she had made the new shirt to the last button. The next morning, when the saint awoke, there lay the nice new clean shirt, and he put it on and gave thanks for it.

Before he left the house the poor man took him aside, and emptied the stocking-ful of silver money on the table, and bade the saint take what he wanted, "for," he said, "a penny or two is never amiss in the great world."

After that it was time for the traveller

to be jogging; but before he went he said, "See, now, because you have been so kind and so good to a poor wayfarer, I will give you a blessing; whatever you begin doing this morning, you shall continue doing till sunset." So saying, he took up his staff and went his way.

After Saint Christopher had gone the poor man and his wife began talking together as to what would be best for them to be doing all day, and one said one thing and the other said the other, but every plug was too small for the hole, as we say in our town.

"Come, come," said the good woman, "here we are losing time that can never be handled again. While we are talking the matter over I will be folding the linen that is left from making the shirt."

"And I," said the good man, "will be putting the money away that the holy man left behind him."

So the wife began folding the linen into a bundle again, and the man began putting away the money that he had offered in charity. Thus they began doing, and thus they kept on doing; so that by the time that the evening had come the whole house was full of fine linen, and every tub and bucket and mug and jug about the place was brimming with silver money. As for the good couple, their fortune was made, and that is the heart of the whole matter in four words.

That night who should come over from across the street but the rich brother, with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. But when he saw how very rich the poor man had become all of a sudden, and what a store of fine linen and silver money he had, he was so wonder-struck that he did not know what to think.

Dear heart's sake alive! Where did all these fine things come from? That was what he would like to know.

Oh, there was nothing to hide in the matter, and the poor man told all about what had happened.

As for the rich brother, when he found how he had shut his door in the face of good fortune, he rapped his head with his knuckles because he was so angry at his own foolishness. However, crying never mended a torn jacket, so he made the poor brother promise that if either of the saints came that way again, they should be sent over to his house for a night's lodging, for it was only fair and just that he should have a share of the same cake his brother had eaten.

So the poor brother promised to do what the other wanted, and after that the rich brother went back home again.

Well, a year and a day passed, and then, sure enough, who should come along that way but both the saints together, arm in arm. *Rap! tap! tap!* they knocked at the poor man's door, for they thought that where they had had good lodging before they could get it again. And so they could and welcome, only the poor brother told them that his rich brother across the street had asked that they should come and lodge at the fine house when they came that way again.

The saints were willing enough to go to the rich brother's house, though they would rather have stayed with the other.

Over they went, and when the rich brother saw them coming he ran out to meet them, and shook each of them by the hand, and bade them come in and sit back of the stove where it was warm.

But you should have seen the feast that was set for the two saints at the rich brother's house! I can only say that I never saw the like, and I only wish I had been there with my legs under the table. After supper they were shown to a grand room, where each saint had a bed all to his very own self, and before they were fairly asleep the rich man's wife came and took away their old shirts, and laid a shirt of fine cambric linen in the place of each. When the next morning came and the saints were about to take their leave, the rich brother brought out a great bag of golden money, and bade them stuff what they would of it into their pockets.

Well, all this was as it should be, and before the two went on their way they said they would give the same blessing to him and his wife that they had given to the other couple—that whatsoever they should begin doing that morning, that they should continue doing until sunset.

After that they put on their hats and took up their staffs, and off they plodded.

Now the rich brother was a very envious man, and was not contented to do only as well as his brother had done, no indeed! He would do something that would make him even richer than counting out money for himself all day. So down he sat back of the stove and began turning the matter over in his mind, and rubbing up his wits to brighten them.

In the meantime the wife said to herself, "See, now, I shall be folding fine cambric linen all day, and the pigs will

have to go with nothing to eat. I have no time to waste in feeding them, but I'll just run out and fill their troughs with water."

So out she went with a bucketful of water which she began pouring into the troughs for the pigs. That was the first thing she did, and after that there was no leaving off, but to pour water until sunset.

All this while the man sat back of the stove, warming his wits and saying to himself, "Shall I do this? Shall I do that?" and answering "No" to himself every time. At last he began wondering what his wife was doing, so out he went to find her. Find her he did, for there she was pouring out water to the pigs. Then if anybody was angry it was the rich man. "What!" cried he, "is this the way you waste the gifts of the blessed saints?"

So saying, he looked around, and there lay a bit of a switch on the ground near by. He picked up the bit of a switch and struck the woman across the shoulders with it, and that was the first thing that he began doing. After that he had to keep on doing the same.

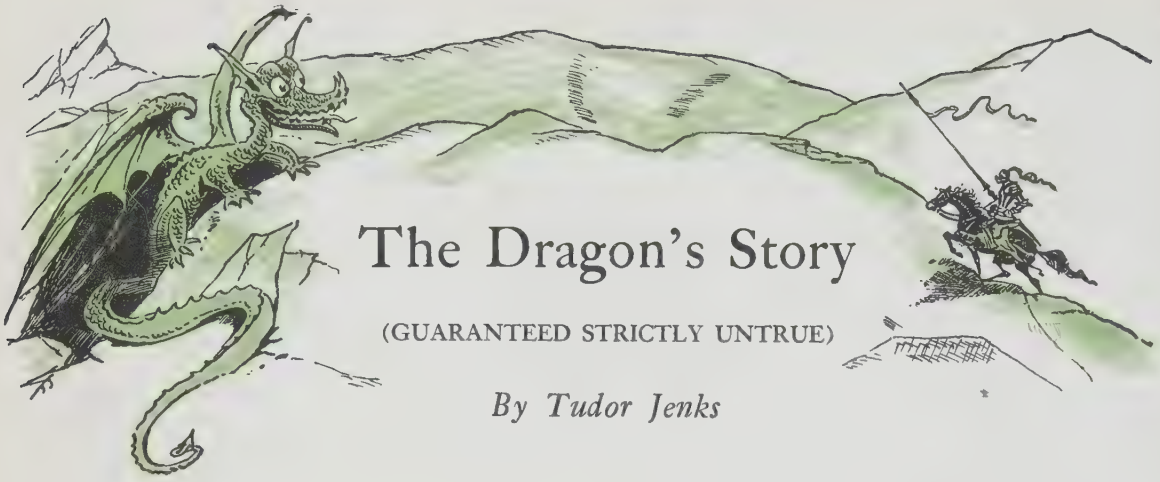
So the woman poured water and poured water, and the man stood by and beat her with the little switch until there was nothing left of it, and that was what they did all day.

And what is more, they made such a hubbub that the neighbors came to see what was going on. They looked and laughed and went away again, and others came, and there stood the two—the woman pouring water and the man beating her with the bit of a switch.

When the evening came and they left off their work, they were so weary that they could hardly stand; and nothing was to show for it but a broken switch and a wet sty, for even the blessed saints cannot give wisdom to those who will have none of it, and that is the truth.

Such is the end of this story, except this: There are folks, even in these wise times, who, if they did all day what they began in the morning, would find themselves at sunset doing no better work than pouring pure water to pigs.

That is the small kernel to this nut.



The Dragon's Story

(GUARANTEED STRICTLY UNTRUE)

By Tudor Jenks

MAMA, please tell us a story!" cried all the young dragons.

"Children, do be less noisy!" said their father, the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. He had slain a knight that very evening and was a little irritable.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight hard all night, and in the day he needs his rest. I will tell you one nice story, if you promise to go quietly to bed afterward."

The youngsters coiled down into comfortable hollows in the rock, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

"I suppose you would prefer a man-story?"

"Please, Mama. We are *so* tired of 'When I was a little dragon.' Tell us a real man-story; but be sure not to have the dragon hurt. We like it to end happily, Mama."

"Very well. Listen quietly, now. Don't rustle your wings nor flop your tails—Sammy! stop blowing flames into your sister's face, this moment!

"There was once a most delightful land, full of bogs and moist-smelling marshes, of dark rocky caves, all damp and cold. The lakes were covered with beautiful green mold, no flowers grew in the fields—nothing but cool rushes, ferns, and mosses. It was a land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl; no sunshine to crinkle the scales or dry up the wings, no bright glaring fields to dazzle one's eyes. Why, even at midday one could slide comfortably about on the slippery, slimy banks and never catch a blink of a sunbeam on the water."

"Oh, how nice! Really and truly, Mama?" asked the small dragons, laughing with so much delight that the flames from their pretty scarlet throats lighted up the cave until Mr. Dragon, who had fallen asleep, stirred uneasily in his dreams.

"Really and truly," their mother went on. "In this charming country, your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a time, for not too far from us was your father's estate—a

fertile valley well stocked with plump and well-flavored inhabitants. You have never seen any whole men, have you?"

"No," they replied eagerly. "What are they like?"

"Oh, so ugly! To begin with, they have no scales, no wings, no claws——"

"No wings and no claws? How frightful they must be!" exclaimed young Samuel Dragon, Jr.

"Not a wing!" replied Mrs. Dragon. "And they walk, when mature, exclusively on their hind legs."

"Why is that?" asked the children.

"I cannot tell. It does seem absurd. When young they go on all fours like sensible animals, but the elders teach and coax until the poor little things rear up on their hind legs, and then the foolish old ones seem satisfied. Men are very queer. When they first came on this earth they lived, properly enough, in caves like the rest of the world. But they are stupid and restless creatures, and soon began to tear pieces out of the world to make caves to suit themselves. Now they slaughter trees, slice and split them, fasten the pieces together, and stalk in and out of queer little holes called 'doors.' But you must read about their curious instincts for yourselves some day in the 'Dragon's Economical Cave-keeper.' Look in the index under 'Apes, Men, and other Bipeds.' You will find it interesting—useful too.

"As I said, we were happy for a time. We used to stroll out quietly in the evening, and often got a nice chubby man or two in an hour. But then came an age when those mean creatures kept in their little caves at night, and compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthful, glaring daylight that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. During a whole month I caught nothing but two thin miserable specimens. I was almost starved.

I became so thin that I rattled! But it did not last long. Your father was young and brave in those nights. One dawn he said, 'Really, Scalena, this will not do. I can stand this foolishness no longer!' The next night, bidding me not to be anxious, he left me.

"The next morning, at dawn, he returned with a delicious marketing—he said it was a *butcher*, I think, though it may have been a *judge*, the flavor is much the same. Then, when we had retired into the darkest, dampest, coziest corner of the cave, he told me the story of his achievement.

"Your brave father, children, had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden caves they live in. He said he had no fear now of famine or even of scarcity. We sat up late that happy morning, enjoyed a delicious supper, and slept soundly until nightfall.

"We arose with the moon, and as your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave, suddenly there appeared a dark object with a shiny coat, much like that of a dragon. Indeed, we thought for a moment it was some neighbor who had dropped in to breakfast. But in a few seconds we saw that it was what is called a *knight in armor*. A knight, children, is a hard-shelled animal which, though edible, is poisonous, and sometimes dangerous to young or careless dragons.

"I do not deny that I was a trifle anxious; but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar, he blew out a mass of dark smoke and scarlet flames at the unfortunate little knight.

"But, though small, the knight was

plucky and showed fight. As your father carelessly leaped toward him, the knight scratched dear Papa slightly with a long, hard stick, on the end of which was a bit of very hard shell. Then the knight rode away.

"Your father eagerly followed, though I tried to restrain him. 'No, Scalena,' said he. 'This is a question of principle! As a true dragon and your loving mate, it is my duty to destroy this dangerous little fellow. Do not be foolish; I will bring you the body of the fierce creature. They are excellent eating. But you must sharpen your claws, my dear, for the shells are exceedingly hard to remove and most difficult of digestion.'

"I obeyed him, for your father is always right, and out he flew with a rush of smoke and flame."

"Oh, Mother, was Father killed?" asked little Tommy Dragon.

"Of course not!" replied his elder brother. "Don't you see him sleeping over there, all safe and sound? Don't be so silly!"

"I did not see the hunt," Mrs. Dragon went on, "but your father has often described it to me. The knight came wickedly at him, hoping to scratch him with the sharp stick; but with one whisk of his long green tail, your father broke the thing into small pieces. Then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great swoop—and that ended the battle!

"We ate the knight at our next meal. I was very proud of your father; but he said, 'Pooh! nonsense!' and made light of the whole matter."

The young dragons were delighted, and even thought of asking for another story; but their mother saw that it was almost broad daylight.

"Goodness, children, I hear the horrid little birds singing!" said she. "Run away to bed now! Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings, and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draft where you will keep good and cold."

The youngsters crawled away to rest, while Mrs. Dragon went to rouse the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. To her surprise she saw his great green eyes glowing with a sulphurous satisfaction.

"There are no times like the old times!" said he, drowsily. "That was really a splendid hunt!"

"Yes, dear," replied his wife with a proud and happy smile. "But I had no idea *you* were listening to my foolish stories. We must now go to rest, or you won't be up till midnight—and then there won't be a single man about. Remember, 'it is the late dragon that catches the knight.' "

The Honorable Samuel P. Dragon rubbed his claws gently together as he selected a nice cosy place for the day. He was humming to himself, and faithful Mrs. Dragon smiled fondly as she recognized the tune. It was "I fear no foe in shining armor!"

"Ah!" said she to herself, "the old people like man-stories as well as the little ones!"

Woman's Wit

Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle

In the days when the great and wise King Solomon lived and ruled, evil spirits and demons were as plentiful in the world as wasps in summer.

So King Solomon, who was so wise and knew so many potent spells that he had power over evil such as no man has had before or since, set himself to work to put those enemies of mankind out of the way. Some he conjured into bottles, and sank into the depth of the sea; some he buried in the earth; some he destroyed altogether, as one burns hair in a candle-flame.

Now, one pleasant day when King Solomon was walking in his garden with his hands behind his back, and his thoughts busy as bees with this or that, he came face to face with a Demon, who was a Prince of his kind. "Ho, little man!" cried the evil spirit, in a loud voice. "Art not thou the wise King Solomon who conjures my brethren into brass chests and glass bottles? Come, try a fall at wrestling with me, and whoever conquers shall be master over the other for all time. What do you say to such an offer as that?"

"I say aye!" said King Solomon, and, without another word, he stripped off his royal robes and stood bare-breasted, man to man with the other.

The world never saw the like of that wrestling-match betwixt the King and the Demon, for they struggled and strove together from the seventh hour in the morning to the sunset in the evening, and during that time the sky was clouded over as black as night, and the lightning forked and shot, and the thunder roared and bellowed, and the earth shook and quaked.

But at last the King gave the enemy an under twist, and flung him down on the earth so hard that the apples fell from the trees; and then, panting and straining, he held the evil one down, knee on neck. Thereupon the sky presently cleared again, and all was as pleasant as a spring day.

King Solomon bound the Demon with spells, and made him serve him for seven years. First, he had him build a splendid palace, the like of which was not to be seen within the bounds of the seven rivers; then he made him set around the palace a garden, such as I for one wish I may see some time or other. Then, when the Demon had done all that the King wished, the King conjured him into a bottle, corked it tightly, and set the royal seal on the stopper. Then he took the bottle a thousand miles away into the wilderness, and, when no man was looking, buried it in the ground, and this is the way the story begins.

Well, the years came and the years went, and the world grew older and older, and kept changing (as all things do

but two), so that by and by the wilderness where King Solomon had hid the bottle became a great town, with people coming and going, and all as busy as bees about their own and other folks' affairs.

Among these townspeople was a little Tailor, who made clothes for many a worse man to wear, and who lived all alone in a little house with no one to darn his stockings for him, and no one to meddle with his coming and going, for he was a bachelor.

The little Tailor was a thrifty soul, and by hook and crook had laid by enough money to fill a small pot, and then he had to bethink himself of some safe place to hide it. So one night he took a spade and a lamp and went out in the garden to bury his money. He drove his spade into the ground—and click! He struck something hard that rang under his foot with a sound as of iron. "Hello!" said he. "What have we here?" And if he had known as much as you and I do, he would have filled in the earth, and tramped it down, and have left the plate of broth for somebody else to burn his mouth with.

As it was, he scraped away the soil, and then he found a box of adamant, with a ring in the lid to lift it by. The Tailor clutched the ring and bent his back, and up came the box with the damp earth sticking to it. He cleaned the mould away, and there he saw, written in red letters, these words:

OPEN NOT.

You may be sure that after he had read these words he was not long in breaking open the lid of the box with his spade.

Inside the first box he found a second, and upon it the same words:

OPEN NOT.

Within the second box was another,

and within that still another, until there were seven in all, and on each was written the same words:

OPEN NOT.

Inside the seventh box was a roll of linen, and inside that a bottle filled with nothing but blue smoke; and I wish that bottle had burned the Tailor's fingers when he touched it.

"And is this all?" said the little Tailor, turning the bottle upside down and shaking it, and peeping at it by the light of the

lamp. "Well, since I have gone so far I might as well open it, as I have already opened the seven boxes." Thereupon he broke the seal that stoppered it.

Pop! Out flew the cork, and—Puff! Out came the smoke; not all at once, but in a long thread that rose up as high as the stars, and then spread until it hid their light.

The Tailor stared and goggled and gaped to see so much smoke come out of such a little bottle, and, as he goggled and stared, the smoke began to gather together again, thicker and thicker, and darker and darker, until it was as black as ink. Then out from it there stepped one with eyes that shone like sparks of fire, and who had a countenance so terrible that the Tailor's skin quivered and shrivelled, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth at the sight of it.

"Who art thou?" said the terrible being, in a voice that made the very marrow of the poor Tailor's bones turn soft from terror.

"If you please, sir," said he, "I am only a little Tailor."

The evil being lifted up both hands and eyes. "How wonderful," he cried, "that one little Tailor can undo in a moment that which took the wise Solomon a whole day to accomplish, and in the doing of which he well-nigh broke the sinews of his heart!" Then, turning to the Tailor, who stood trembling like a rabbit, "Hark thee!" said he. "For two thousand years I lay there in that bottle, and no one came nigh to aid me. Thou hast liberated me, and thou shalt not go unrewarded. Every morning at the seventh hour I will come to thee, and I will perform for thee whatever task thou mayest command me. But there is one condition attached to the agreement, and woe be to thee if that condition is broken. If any morning I should come to thee, and thou hast no task for me to do, I shall wring thy neck as thou mightest wring the neck of a sparrow." Thereupon he was gone in an instant, leaving the little Tailor terrified.

Now it happened that the Prime Minister of that country had left an order with the Tailor for a suit of clothes; so the next morning, when the Demon came, the little man set him to work on the bench, with his legs tucked up like a journeyman tailor. "I want," said he, "such and such a suit of clothes."

"You shall have them," said the Demon; and thereupon he began snipping in the air, and cutting most wonderful

patterns of silks and satins out of nothing at all, and the little Tailor sat and gaped and stared. Then the Demon began to drive the needle like a spark of fire—the like was never seen in all the seven kingdoms, for the clothes made themselves.

At last, at the end of a little while, the Demon stood up and brushed his hands. "They are done," said he, and thereupon he instantly vanished. But the Tailor

cared little for that, for upon the bench there lay such a suit of clothes of silk and satin stuff, sewed with threads of gold and silver and set with jewels, as the eyes of man never saw before; and the Tailor packed them up and marched off with them himself to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister wore the clothes to court that very day, and before evening they were the talk of the town. All the world ran to the Tailor and ordered clothes of him, and his fortune was made. Every day the Demon created new suits of clothes out of nothing at all, so that the Tailor grew rich, and held his head up in the world.

As time went along he laid heavier and heavier tasks upon the Demon's back, and demanded of him more and more; but all the while the Demon kept his own counsel, and said never a word.

One morning, as the Tailor sat in his shop window taking the world easy—for he had little or nothing to do now—he heard a great hubbub in the street below, and when he looked down he saw that it was the King's daughter passing by. It was the first time that the Tailor had seen her, and when he saw her his heart stood still within him, and then began fluttering like a little bird, for one so beautiful was not to be met with in the four corners of the world. Then she was gone.

All that day the little Tailor could do nothing but sit and think of the Princess, and the next morning when the Demon came he was thinking of her still.

"What hast thou for me to do today?" said the Demon, as he always said of a morning.

The Tailor waited for the question.

"I would like you," said he, "to send to the King's palace, and to ask him to let me have his daughter for my wife."

"Thou shalt have thy desire," said the Demon. Thereupon he smote his hands together like a clap of thunder, and instantly the walls of the room clove asunder, and there came out four-and-twenty handsome youths, clad in cloth of gold and silver. After these four-and-twenty there came another one who was the chief of them all, and before whom, splendid as they were, the four-and-twenty paled like stars in daylight. "Go to the King's palace," said the Demon to that one, "and deliver this message: The Tailor of Tailors, the Master of Masters, and One Greater than a King asks for his daughter to wife."

"To hear is to obey," said the other, and bowed his forehead to the earth.

Never was there such a hubbub in the town as when those five-and-twenty, in their clothes of silver and gold, rode through the streets to the King's palace. As they came near, the gates of the palace flew open before them, and the King himself came to meet them. The leader of the five-and-twenty leaped from his horse, and, kissing the ground before the King, delivered his message: "The Tailor of Tailors, the Master of Masters, and One Greater than a King asks for thy daughter to wife."

When the King heard what the messenger said, he thought and pondered for a long time. At last he said, "If he who sent you is the Master of Masters, and greater than a King, let him send me an asking gift such as no King could send."

"It shall be as you desire," said the messenger, and thereupon the five-and-twenty rode away as they had come, followed by crowds of people.

The next morning when the Demon came the Tailor was ready and waiting for him. "What hast thou for me to do today?" said the Evil One.

"I want," said the Tailor, "a gift to send to the King such as no other King could send him."

"Thou shalt have thy desire," said the Demon. Thereupon he smote his hands together, and summoned, not only the five-and-twenty young men, but fifty more youths, all clad in clothes more splendid than the others.

All of the fifty sat upon coal-black horses, with saddles of silver and housings of silk and velvet embroidered with gold. In the midst of all the five-and-seventy there rode a youth in cloth of silver embroidered in pearls. In his hand he bore something wrapped in a white napkin, and that was the present for the King such as no other King could give. So said the Demon: "Take it to the royal palace, and tell His Majesty that it is from the Tailor of Tailors, the Master of Masters, and One Greater than a King."

"To hear is to obey," said the young man, and then they all rode away.

When they came to the palace the gates flew open before them, and the King came out to meet them. The young man who bore the present dismounted and prostrated himself in the dust, and, when the King bade him arise, he unwrapped the napkin, and gave to the King a goblet made of one single ruby, and filled to the brim with pieces of gold.

Moreover, the cup was of such a kind that whenever it was emptied of its money it instantly became full again. "The Tailor of Tailors, and Master of Masters, and One Greater than a King sends your majesty this goblet, and bids me, his ambassador, to ask for your daughter," said the young man.

When the King saw what had been sent him he was filled with amazement. "Surely," said he to himself, "there can be no end to the power of one who can give such a gift as this." Then to the messenger, "Tell your master that he shall have my daughter for his wife if he will build over yonder a palace such as no man ever saw or no King ever lived in before."

"It shall be done," said the young man, and then they all went away, as the others had done the day before.

The next morning when the Demon appeared the Tailor was ready for him. "Build me," said he, "such and such a palace in such and such a place."

And the Demon said, "It shall be done." He smote his hands together, and instantly there came a cloud of mist that covered and hid the spot where the palace was to be built. Out from the cloud there came such a banging and hammering and clapping and clattering as the people of that town never heard before. Then when evening had come the cloud arose, and there, where the King had pointed out, stood a splendid palace as white as snow, with roofs and domes of gold and silver. As the King stood looking and wondering at this sight, there came five hundred young men riding, and one in the midst of all who wore a golden crown on his head, and upon his body a long robe stiff with diamonds and pearls. "We come," said he, "from the Tailor of Tailors, and Master of Masters, and One Greater than

a King, to ask you to let him have your daughter for his wife."

"Tell him to come!" cried the King, in admiration, "for the Princess is his."

The next morning when the Demon came he found the Tailor dancing and shouting for joy. "The Princess is mine!" he cried, "so make me ready for her."

"It shall be done," said the Demon, and thereupon he began to make the Tailor ready for his wedding. He brought him to a marble bath of water, in which he washed away all that was coarse and ugly, and from which the little man came forth as beautiful as the sun. Then the Demon clad him in the finest linen, and covered him with clothes such as even the Emperor of India never wore. Then he smote his hands together, and the wall of the tailor-shop opened as it had done twice before, and there came forth forty slaves clad in crimson, and bearing bowls full of money in their hands. After them came two leading a horse as white as snow, with a saddle of gold studded with diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires. After them came a bodyguard of twenty warriors clad in gold armor. Then the Tailor mounted his horse and rode away to the King's palace, and as he rode the slaves scattered the money amongst the crowd, who scrambled for it and cheered the Tailor to the skies.

That night the Princess and the Tailor were married, and all the town was lit with bonfires and fireworks. The two rode away in the midst of a great crowd of nobles and courtiers to the palace which the Demon had built for the Tailor; and, as the Princess gazed upon him, she thought that she had never beheld so noble and handsome a man as her husband. So she and the Tailor were the happiest couple in the world.

But the next morning the Demon appeared as he had appeared ever since the Tailor had let him out of the bottle, only now he grinned till his teeth shone and his face turned black. "What hast thou for me to do?" said he, and at the words the Tailor's heart began to quake, for he remembered what was to happen to him when he could find the Demon no more work to do—that his neck was to be wrung—and now he began to see that he had all that he could ask for in the world. Yes; what was there to ask for now?

"I have nothing more for you to do," said he to the Demon. "You have done all that man could ask—you may go now."

"Go!" cried the Demon, "I shall not go until I have done all that I have to do. Give me work, or I shall wring your neck." And his fingers began to twitch.

Then the Tailor began to see into what a net he had fallen. He began to tremble like one in an ague. He turned his eyes up and down, for he did not know where to look for aid. Suddenly, as he looked out of the window, a thought struck him. "Maybe," thought he, "I can give the Demon such a task that even he cannot do it." "Yes, yes!" he cried. "I have thought of something for you to do. Make me out yonder in front of my palace a lake of water a mile long and a mile wide, and let it be lined throughout with white marble, and filled with water as clear as crystal."

"It shall be done," said the Demon. As he spoke he spat in the air, and instantly a thick fog arose from the earth and hid everything from sight. Then presently from the midst of the fog there came a great noise of chipping and hammering, of digging and delving, of rushing and gurgling. All day the noise and the fog continued, and then at sunset the one ceased and the other cleared away. The poor Tailor looked out the window, and when he saw what he saw his teeth chattered in his head, for there was a lake a mile long and a mile broad, lined within with white marble, and filled with water as clear as crystal, and he knew that the Demon would come the next morning for another task to do.

That night he slept little or none, and when the seventh hour of the morning came the castle began to rock and tremble, and there stood the Demon, and his hair bristled and his eyes shone like sparks of fire. "What hast thou for me to do?" said he, and the poor Tailor could do nothing but look at him with a face as white as dough.

"What hast thou for me to do?" said the Demon again, and then at last the Tailor found his wits and his tongue from sheer terror. "Look" said he, "at the great mountain over yonder. Remove it, and make in its place a level plain with fields and orchards and gardens." And he thought to himself when he had spoken, "Surely, even the Demon cannot do that."

"It shall be done," said the Demon, and, so saying, he stamped his heel upon the

ground. Instantly the earth began to tremble and quake, and there came a great rumbling like the sound of thunder. A cloud of darkness gathered in the sky, until at last all was as black as the blackest midnight. Then came a roaring and a cracking and a crashing, such as man never heard before. All day it continued, until the time of the setting of the sun, when suddenly the uproar ceased, and the darkness cleared away; and when the Tailor looked out of the window the mountain was gone, and in its place were

fields and orchards and gardens.

It was very beautiful to see, but when the Tailor beheld it his knees began to smite together, and the sweat ran down his face in streams. All that night he walked up and down and up and down, but he could not think of one other task for the Demon to do.

When the next morning came the Demon appeared like a whirlwind. His face was as black as ink and smoke, and sparks of fire flew from his nostrils.

"What is there to do?" cried he.

"I have nothing for you to do!" piped the poor Tailor.

"Nothing?" cried the Demon.

"Nothing."

"Then prepare to die."

"Stop!" said the Tailor, falling on his knees, "Let me first see my wife."

"So be it," said the Demon, but if he had been wiser he would have said "No."

When the Tailor came to the Princess, he flung himself on his face, and began to weep and wail. The Princess asked him what was the matter, and at last, by dint of question, got the story from him, piece by piece. When she had it all she began laughing. "Why did you not come to me before," said she, "instead of making all this trouble and uproar for nothing at all? I will give the Monster a task to do." She plucked a single curling hair from her head. "Here," said she, "let him take this hair and make it straight."

The Tailor was full of doubt; nevertheless, as there was nothing better to do, he took it to the Demon.

"Hast thou found me a task to do?" cried the Demon.

"Yes," said the Tailor. "It is only a little thing. Here is a hair from my wife's head; take it and make it straight."

When the Demon heard what was the task that the Tailor had set him to do he laughed aloud; but that was because he did not know. He took the hair and stroked it between his thumb and finger, and when he had done, it curled more than ever. Then he looked serious, and slapped it between his palms, and that did not better matters, for it curled as much as ever. Then he frowned, and began beating the hair with his palm upon his knees, and that only made it worse. All that day he labored and strove at his task trying to make that one little hair straight, and, when the sun set, there was the hair just as curly as ever. Then, as the great round sun sank red behind the trees, the Demon knew that he was beaten. "I am conquered! I am conquered!" he howled, and flew away, bellowing so dreadfully that all the world trembled.

So ends the story, with only this to say:

Where man's strength fails, woman's wit prevails.

For, to my mind, the Princess—not to speak of her husband the little Tailor—did more with a single little hair and her woman's wit than King Solomon with all his wisdom.

Oriental Tales

The Wonderful Pear Tree

By Frances Carpenter

LONG, LONG AGO, on a summer afternoon when the sun shone brightly, a stingy fruit peddler halted his wheelbarrow at the side of the road between two large towns upon which many people were always going and coming. He had tied an umbrella to the top of a pole so that it shaded his baskets of luscious brown pears. "The day is hot. It is dusty," he said to himself. "Travelers will be thirsty. I shall sell every one of my ripe juicy pears."

All sorts of men passed the wheelbarrow of this fruit peddler. Some had money to buy pears, and they went on their way licking their lips. Others could not spare even a few pennies. They could only look thirstily at the baskets on the wheelbarrow under the umbrella.

In the midst of the afternoon there came along an old man dressed like a farmer. He wore a blue jacket and blue trousers which were dusty and dirty, as though he had just finished his work. Over one shoulder he carried a hoe, and he looked very tired. He had not been shaved for many days, and his untidy queue grew out of a little forest of bristles. He looked as though he had allowed the rains to wash his face and the winds to comb his hair for him.

But if you had examined him closely, you would have seen that there was something strange about this old man. His eyes were brighter and his face was finer than those of the other farmers who passed along the crowded road. But the fruit peddler saw only that he was shabby and that he was too poor to buy his wares.

"O worthy fruit peddler," the old man said as he paused before the wheelbarrow, "I am thirsty. I have no money to buy your pears, but I feel sure that you will be glad to spare one for a man of such great age as mine."

"Depart, worthless beggar," the stingy fruit peddler cried. "My pears are for sale. I do not give them away to every rascal who stops at my wheelbarrow."

"I am old. My tongue is aching with thirst," the aged farmer insisted. "I do not ask for a fine pear. Give me the poorest, the smallest one in your baskets, and I will call down blessings upon you."

"Why should I need your blessings, old wretch? Get you gone before I beat you!" The fruit seller shouted so loud that the noise drew a crowd about his wheelbarrow.

"For shame, fruit peddler," said a bystander, "this farmer is old and weary. He is thirsty and poor. Give him a pear! One small pear will bring you but little money, and it will give him refreshment. You will be repaid by the satisfaction your kind action will give you." The

other bystanders echoed his plea, for they too felt pity for the tired dusty old man.

"You are generous with my property," the stingy fruit peddler cried angrily. "I give no pears away. I should not gain satisfaction by such a foolish action. If you care so much for this old fool, why do you not give yourselves that satisfaction you speak of by buying a pear for him with your own money?"

The same bystander who had spoken first laid down a few copper coins and selected a large pear from the fruit peddler's basket. He put it into the hands of the thirsty old farmer, who received it with a bow and with polite words of thankfulness.

So unusual was the appearance of the old farmer that the crowd lingered while he ate the ripe juicy pear down to the core. Then, to their surprise, he picked out all the seeds and turned them over and over in the palm of his hand. One of them he selected, and the others he threw away.

"You have been so kind to me, honorable gentlemen," he said to the crowd, "that I shall now show you something which you have perhaps never seen and which may amuse you."

Taking up the hoe which he had laid down by the roadside, the old man dug a hole in the earth. In this he placed the seed which he had chosen with such care. He scattered earth over it and pressed it down with his foot.

"For my little play I have need of a pot of hot water. Does any one here know where I might get such a thing?" he asked of the crowd, which by this time was much interested in his curious actions. One young man who was fond of a joke and who lived nearby brought him a kettle from his own kitchen. The old farmer sprinkled the ground with the hot water, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, a tiny green shoot appeared in the earth where the seed had been planted.

A few moments more and it was a pear tree almost a foot high. And as the crowd stood by, dumbfounded, it grew and it grew until it was very tall. Before their very eyes buds appeared, the tree burst into bloom, the blossoms fell off, and the fruit formed. The little pears swelled and swelled. They grew brown and soft, and lo, they were ripe!

By this time the crowd was so great that it blocked the highway. More and more people gathered as the news of the strange happening spread through the neighborhood.

"You young lads whose legs are more nimble than mine, climb up the tree," the old farmer said. "Pick the ripe fruit and hand it down to us thirsty ones." The young men stripped the branches. Everyone in the crowd was given a pear. Even the stingy fruit peddler, who had left his wheelbarrow to watch, ate of the fruit from the wonderful pear tree.

When the fruit had been eaten the old farmer raised his hoe and with two or three blows he cut down the pear tree. It fell to the ground, and as the crowd watched, its leaves seemed to shrivel and its branches to grow smaller. At last the only part left was the slender tree trunk.

The old farmer picked this up and, using it as a staff upon which to lean, he went on his way with a low bow to the crowd, who stood speechless with wonder. So quickly was it over that they would scarcely have believed it had happened if there had not remained in their hands the cores of the pears they had eaten.

But hardly had the old farmer gone out of sight than there came a sharp scream from the stingy fruit peddler. "My pears! My pears!" he cried. "They have all disappeared. All my money spent for those pears and now they are gone! It was that wretch of a farmer. He must have been a wizard. Ai, ai, it was my pears he used to deck his wonderful tree."

"If that is true," said a bystander, "the old man rewarded you well. You deserved nothing less for your treatment of him." But the stingy fruit peddler did not hear. He was already running as hard as he could, in search of the old farmer.

But he never did catch up with him. The only thing he found was the old farmer's staff, the trunk of the pear tree. And that staff was really the pole to which the fruit seller had tied his umbrella in order to shelter his fruit.

The old man was certainly a wizard who had taken the form of a farmer. Perhaps he had been sent just to give the stingy peddler a lesson in his duty to his fellows. It is indeed true that those who do not pity the poor and who do not have respect for the aged should receive punishment of one sort or another.

—Adapted

The Maid in the Mirror

By Frances Carpenter

Lu was a young man who lived in days long gone by. His family was not rich but they had determined that their son should be given as much schooling as any other youth in their city. They saved every penny in order that he might have the best teachers, and they watched each step he took along the road to where the Emperor's examinations were held.

Now, Lu was young and Lu sometimes was lazy. And there came a time when he did not work very hard over his books and his brushes. No matter how earnestly his father explained that once the examinations were passed he would be given a high position, Lu was not interested. He let his books lie closed and he spent his whole time in games with his friends or walking with his bird under the trees along the bank of the river.

One summer day, as this idle young man strolled there with his bird cage in his hand, he met a maiden who said her name was Feng Hsien. She was of such shining beauty that both the sun and the moon seemed dim beside her. Feng Hsien smiled shyly at Lu. They exchanged words of greeting. And straightway the young man knew that he would have her for his wife or he would never be wed.

Again and again Feng Hsien and Lu met on the river bank, and sweet were the hours they spent talking together. But one day, when it was time for them to part, the maiden grew sorrowful. "Our meetings must end," she said to the youth. "You are wasting your days. You do not open a book. You do not lift the brush or the pen. The paste is dry on your ink stone. I shall not come again until you have passed your examination. But I have brought you a present by means of which you sometimes may see me."

And she handed Lu a shining mirror. There was so little glass in those days that most of the Chinese mirrors were made of polished metal like this one. When she put the round mirror into his hand Feng Hsien said, "My Honorable Friend,

you will see my poor self in the face of this mirror. But you will see it there only when you have done well with your books and your writing brush." And with that she was gone.

Lu sadly turned his steps toward home. When he had shut himself in the room which his family had given him for his study, he examined the mirror. He looked first at its back with the graceful bamboo leaves carved deep in its metal. Then he turned it around and peered at its smooth, polished, silvery face. There indeed he could see the figure of the lovely Feng Hsien. But the maid's back was turned, and she seemed to be moving away from him.

"Only when you have done well will you see me." Lu repeated to himself the words Feng Hsien had said to him, and he sat down at his table and opened his books. His parents were overjoyed at the change in their son. From dawn until dark he worked in his study. He would not receive visitors. He no longer went forth to play games with his friends. His teachers had nothing but good to report of him. And each morning and each evening when Lu looked in the mirror he saw there the smiling face of Feng Hsien.

But summer does not last forever. And in climbing a hill the last step must be as firm as the first. In time Lu became weary of his well-doing. He began to go about once more with his friends. His books were seldom opened. His teachers shook their gray heads.

Then one day the young man looked in the mirror and saw the fair maid with tears on her cheeks. She turned her back and began to move away as she had done on the day when Lu had first found her in the mirror. A wave of regret swept over the youth. He felt greatly ashamed, and he hurried to open his books. Once more he worked from dawn until dark. He hung the mirror where he could not fail to see when Feng Hsien was pleased and when she was sorrowful. His love for her grew so great, and he worked so well, that in just a few years he was ready to take the Emperor's examinations.

Three times he went in and out of the rooms where the tests were given. Three times he passed and three times he returned in triumph to the house of his parents.

What excitement there was in Lu's neighborhood when the red official notice of his final success was pasted upon his gate! Firecrackers were set off. Candles and incense burned in the Hall of the Ancestors so that they might know of the good fortune that had come to the family. Flags flew, and friends streamed in through the gate to congratulate the young man. Lu, dressed in a splendid new gown, rode about in a sedan chair to visit his friends, and there was a fine feast and a procession in honor of the occasion. Women strewed flowers along the way, musicians played, and red banners tied upon leafy bamboo poles were carried before the young scholar.

While the family celebration was still going on, there came a knock at the gate of Lu's house, and there was announced a go-between who had been sent

by the wealthiest man in the whole city to discuss the matter of a marriage between Lu and his daughter. Such is the power of learning that this man wished to bestow his fairest child, and many rich gifts with her, upon the son of this modest household.

The young man's parents were overcome with joy at such good fortune. But, to their surprise, Lu himself would not listen to the go-between's words. "I do not care how fair the young maiden may be, I will not wed her," he said to his father. And he went into his study and closed the door.

There he turned to the mirror to seek his beloved Feng Hsien. He found the maid's face wreathed in smiles, and as he looked it seemed to him that she stepped down out of the mirror and stood close beside him. "Go back to the go-between, O Youth of Goodness and Wisdom," the mirror maid said. "Consent to the marriage he offers. Do not ask my reason, for I may not tell it. But believe me, all will be just as you most desire."

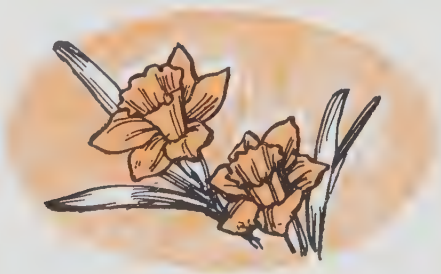
Before Lu could ask her one question the maiden had vanished. Try as he would he could not find even her shadow on the silvery face of the mirror. There was nothing for him to do but to follow her wishes, and, to his parents' great joy, the marriage was arranged.

Lu's heart was sad, for he could not yet understand why his beloved Feng Hsien should wish him to marry another. And it was with downcast eyes that he met the bridal chair at the gate. However, his sorrow was soon turned to joy. For when the bride stood before him, he found that she was not a stranger but Feng Hsien herself!

Never again did Lu see her face in the mirror. And never would she tell him what fairy had sent her spirit to meet him there on the river bank. As a matter of fact, he had no need to know that, and he had no need to look for her again in the mirror since all through his life she stood by his side.

High position and riches and a beautiful bride! All these came to Lu because he paid attention to his books and his brush. And such good luck may come also to all who work hard in the court of learning.

—Adapted



The Five Queer Brothers

A CHINESE FOLK TALE

ONCE upon a time there lived in a Chinese village near the sea, an old woman and her five grown sons. These sons looked as much alike as peas in a pod.

But they were not really exactly alike, for they could do different things. The eldest brother could gulp up the whole ocean in one mouthful. The second brother had a neck made of steel. The third brother had legs that could stretch out as far as he wanted them to. The fourth brother was so made that he was never hurt by fire, and the fifth brother could live without breathing. They all hid their strange gifts and no one in the village guessed the brothers were queer.

The eldest brother took care of the family by fishing. He used to go alone to the seashore and bring home loads of fine fish every day. The neighbors begged and begged him to teach their sons to fish as well as he did. He would always refuse, but one day, not able to say any longer, "I cannot," and "I won't," he took the boys along with him so that they might learn his art.

When they reached the seashore, he sucked the sea into his mouth in one huge gulp. Then he motioned the boys out to the dry sea bottom to gather in all the fish they could carry. The boys ran out, delighted by the strange seashells, and beautifully colored pebbles. They ran about picking up as many of them as they could hold in their hands.

After a while the eldest brother grew tired of holding the water, so he began beckoning to the boys to return to the shore. But they were so enchanted with the treasures that lay all around them that they paid no attention to him and kept going farther and farther out.

Frantically he motioned to them to come back. They pretended not to notice him. Finally the eldest brother felt he was near to bursting. He could no longer hold the sea in his mouth! He had to let it flow back into its usual place, and the boys were covered by the sea.

As he was returning home, the eldest brother passed his neighbors' houses. They asked him how many fish their sons had caught and how soon they would be back. With great sorrow he told the neighbors what had happened, and assured them that he was not to blame. They had begged him to take their sons with him, and he had agreed only after much pleading on their part. "Truly, I tried to get the boys to come back to the shore, but they wouldn't listen to me. I had to return the water to the sea basin, for no other place would hold it," he pleaded in his own defense.

Nevertheless, the neighbors dragged him before the village judge. "You took

the boys away and have not brought them back," said he. "For this your head will be cut off," the judge decided.

On the day before his execution, the eldest brother asked leave of the judge to visit his mother for the last time. The

Illustration by Kurt Wiese, from *Five Chinese Brothers* by Claire Huchet Bishop. Copyright, 1938, by Coward-McCann, Inc.

judge consented. The eldest brother went home alone and told his brothers of the doom about to befall him.

The second queer brother, the one whose neck was made of steel, said, "Let me go in your stead. No one will know I am not you, we look so much alike and they won't be able to cut my head off."

So the second brother went to court the next day. "Thank you, judge," he said, "for allowing me to see my mother once more. Now I am ready to die."

The second brother placed his head on the block, and the executioner with one swift stroke brought the sword down across the back of his neck. The sword bounced off, and the second brother's neck was left unharmed. A sharper sword was brought, and then another. The same thing happened each time. Each blade was ruined, and the second brother's hard steel neck remained untouched! The angry executioner took the prisoner back to the judge. "It is impossible to cut his head off, Your Honor," he said. "The man's neck must be made of steel!"

The judge then ordered, "This man shall be drowned in the sea." When the second brother heard this, he said, "I bade farewell to my mother expecting that I was to be beheaded. If I am to be drowned, may I not go to receive her blessing once more?"

The judge granted permission for the visit, and the second brother returned home to tell his brothers what had happened. At this, the third queer brother,

Illustration by Kurt Wiese, from *Five Chinese Brothers* by Claire Huchet Bishop. Copyright, 1938, by Coward-McCann, Inc.

the one who could stretch his legs to any length he wanted, offered to take the second brother's place.

So the third brother went to court and no one noticed the substitution. He was put into a boat and taken out to sea. Some distance from the shore he was thrown overboard. But instead of drowning, he stretched his legs until they touched the bottom of the sea, and still his head rose high above the water. He was hauled aboard the boat and taken farther and farther out to the deepest part of the sea. But his ever-stretching legs kept getting longer and longer. He could not be drowned!

Taken before the judge again, he was condemned to die by being boiled in oil. While the oil cauldron was being heated, the third brother begged for permission to tell his mother once more that he was still alive. The judge agreed.

When the brothers heard the latest decree of the judge, the fourth queer brother, the one who could not be touched by fire, offered to bear this latest penalty of the law.

As the kettle of oil began to boil, the fourth brother was lowered into it. He began to swim about in it as if he were in a lukewarm pool. "Stir up the fire," he ordered the executioners, "it's barely warm enough for me in here!" Finding that he could not be boiled no matter how hot the fire was, the executioners took him back to the judge.

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Now all the villagers, the neighbors who had lost their boys by drowning, and the judge all joined together to find a sure way of executing the prisoner. Sword, water, and fire had failed. The only thing left they could think of was to smother him in a huge cream cake!

The whole countryside made contributions of flour, sugar, and filling. Bricks were collected for a huge oven and it was set up outside the village walls.

Once more the prisoner was allowed to pay a farewell visit to his mother. This time, the fifth queer brother, the one who could live without breathing, took the fourth brother's place.

The huge cake was baked and a great crowd of people watched as the prisoner was placed inside it. As he could live without air, he rested quite comfortably in the cake till the next midnight. By that time the crowds had departed, satisfied at last that justice had been done.

When all was peaceful and quiet, the fifth brother crawled out of the huge cream cake, and returned to his home. There he lived happily for many years with his mother and his four other remarkable brothers.

—Adapted from a story in
CHINESE NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT
by Adele M. Fielde.

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Hashnu the Stonecutter

AN OLD JAPANESE STORY

HASHNU the stonecutter sat beside the highway cutting stone. It was hard work, and the sun shone hot upon him.

"Ah me!" said Hashnu, "if one only did not have to work all day. I would that I could sit and rest, and not have to ply this heavy mallet."

Just then there was a great commotion, and Hashnu saw a crowd of people coming up the road. When they drew nearer he noticed that one of them was the King. On his right side rode soldiers, all arrayed in armor and ready to do his bidding, while on the left rode courtiers, seeking to serve him and win his favor.

And Hashnu, watching, thought what a fine thing it would be to be a King, and to have soldiers to do his bidding, and courtiers to serve him, and he said:

"Ah me, ah me,
If Hashnu only a King could be."

At once he heard a voice say: "Be thou the King."

Then in a moment Hashnu found that he was no longer a stonecutter, sitting beside the highway with a heavy mallet in his hand, but the King, dressed in armor, riding in the midst of soldiers and courtiers, all doing him homage.

He rode very proudly for a while, and his subjects bowed low before him. But the armor was heavy, and the helmet pressed hard upon his brow, and his head throbbed with the weight of it. He was indeed weary and faint with the heat, because, though a King, the sun beat hot upon him!

And he said to himself: "Lo, I am the

King, and yet the sun can make me faint and weary. I had thought that to be a King was to be stronger than anything else, but the sun is stronger than I!"

And as they rode further, and the sun still beat hard upon him, he said:

"Ah me, ah me,
If Hashnu only the sun could be!"

Then he heard a voice say: "Be thou the sun."

And in a moment he was no longer the King, riding among his courtiers, but the sun, blazing high in the heavens, shining hot upon the fields and the meadows. As he did not know how to shine, he allowed his rays to fall too fiercely upon the world, and the grass and grain were dried up and withered, and men lamented because of the cruelty of the heat. But Hashnu thought he was doing great things, and was very proud, until a cloud came between him and the earth, so that his rays no longer fell upon the fields and the cities of men.

And Hashnu said: "Lo, I am the sun, and my rays fall upon the fields and the cities, and all acknowledge my power. But the cloud is stronger than the sun, for it shuts off my rays from the earth."

Then, because the cloud would not go, but became heavier and blacker, Hashnu lamented, and said:

"Ah me, ah me,
If Hashnu only the cloud could be."

And in a moment he was no longer the sun, shining fiercely upon the earth, but the cloud, riding in the sky, shutting off the rays of the sun, and pouring rain upon the fields and the meadows, filling the rivers and the streams to overflowing. But he did not know how to let down the rain wisely, and it fell too heavily, and the rivers rose high and destroyed the fields and the cities, and the meadows were turned into swamps, and the grain rotted in the ground, and the wind blew, and trees were uprooted, and houses fell before it. But Hashnu cared for none of these things, for he thought he was doing very well, indeed.

But as he looked down upon the earth he saw that a rock beside the highway stood unmoved and firm, for all of his raining and blowing. And he said: "For all I am strong, and can blow down trees and destroy cities, and can pour my waters upon the earth and flood the fields and the meadows, yet does that rock defy my power. I, Hashnu, would be stronger than the rock!"

But the rock was unchanged, and Hashnu, lamenting, said:

"Ah me, ah me,
If Hashnu only the rock could be!"

Then he heard a voice say: "Be thou the rock."

And in a moment he was no longer the cloud, with the wind blowing hard, and pouring the water upon the earth, but the rock, fixed and unmoved beside the highway. Now, at last, he felt that he was stronger than all. But even as he rejoiced, he felt the sharp point of a stonecutter's chisel, and heard the sound of his heavy mallet striking upon its head.

Then he knew that, though the water had fallen upon the rock and been unable to change it, and the wind had blown hard against it and had no effect, yet would the stonecutter change and alter it, and make it take whatever shape he desired. And he said:

"Ah me, ah me,
If Hashnu only the stonecutter
could be!"

And he heard a voice say: "Be thou thyself."

Then Hashnu found himself again sitting beside the highway with a chisel in his hand, and a mallet on the ground beside him, and the rock before him. And the King had gone by, and the rays of the sun were now shadowed by the cloud, from which no rain fell, but only a grateful shade. And Hashnu said:

"The sun was stronger than the King, the cloud was stronger than the sun, the rock was stronger than the cloud, but I, Hashnu, am stronger than all."

And so he worked on, now well content to do each day his added task.

THE FIREFLY LIGHTS HIS LAMP

Although the night is damp,
The little firefly ventures out,
And slowly lights his lamp.

My Lord Bag of Rice

AN OLD JAPANESE TALE

LONG ago there lived in Japan a brave warrior known as Tawara Toda, or "My Lord Bag of Rice." His true name was Fujiwara Hidesato. This is how he came to change it:

One day he buckled on his big sword, took his huge bow, and started out. Soon he came to the bridge of Seta-no-Karahashi spanning one end of the beautiful Lake Biwa. Lying right across his path was a huge serpent-dragon. It looked like the trunk of a large pine tree and took up the whole width of the bridge. The monster seemed to be asleep, and as it breathed, fire and smoke came out of its nostrils.

At first Hidesato was frightened by this

horrible reptile lying in his path. He was a brave man, however, and putting aside all fear went forward dauntlessly. Crunch, crunch; he stepped on the dragon's body and without a backward glance he went on his way.

He had gone only a few steps when he heard some one calling him. Turning back he saw that the monster dragon had disappeared and in its place was a man bowing to the ground. His red hair streamed over his shoulders and was topped by a crown in the shape of a dragon's head, and his sea-green dress was patterned with shells.

Hidesato knew that this was no ordinary mortal. Where had the dragon gone? Had it transformed itself into this man? He approached the man on the bridge and addressed him:

"Was it you who called me just now?"

"Yes, it was I," answered the man.

"Who are you?" asked Hidesato.

"I am the Dragon King of the Lake, and I want you to kill my enemy the centipede who lives on the mountain beyond." And the Dragon King pointed to a peak on the opposite shore of the lake.

"I have lived here for many years and I have a large family. For some time we have lived in terror, for a monster centipede has discovered our home, and night after night it comes and carries off one of my family. I am powerless to save them. If it goes on much longer like this, not only shall I lose all my children, but I myself must fall a victim to the monster. I am, therefore, very unhappy, and in my extremity I determined to ask the help of a human being. For many days with this intention I have waited on the bridge in the shape of the horrible serpent-dragon that you saw, in the hope that some strong brave man would come along. But all who came this way were terrified as soon as they saw me and ran away as fast as they could. You are the first man I have found able to look at me without fear, so I knew at once that you were a man of great courage. I beg you to have pity upon me. Will you not help me and kill my enemy the centipede?"

Hidesato felt very sorry for the Dragon King on hearing his story, and readily promised to do what he could to help him. The warrior asked where the centipede lived, so that he might attack the creature at once.

The Dragon King replied that its home was on the mountain Mikami, but that as it came every night at a certain hour to the palace of the lake, it would be better to wait till then.

So Hidesato was conducted to the palace of the Dragon King, under the bridge. Strange to say, as he followed his host downward the waters parted to let them pass, and his clothes did not even feel damp as he passed through the flood.

Never had Hidesato seen anything so beautiful as this palace built of white marble beneath the lake. He had often heard of the Sea King's Palace at the bottom of the sea, where all the servants and retainers were salt-water fishes, but here was a magnificent building in the heart of Lake Biwa. The dainty goldfishes and silvery trout waited upon the Dragon

King and his guest.

Hidesato was astonished at the feast spread for him. The dishes were crystallized lotus leaves and flowers, and the chopsticks were of the rarest ebony. As soon as they sat down, the sliding doors opened and ten lovely goldfish dancers came out, and behind them followed ten red-carp musicians with the koto and the samisen. Thus the hours flew by till midnight, and the beautiful music and dancing had banished all thoughts of the centipede. The Dragon King was about to pledge the warrior in a fresh cup of wine when the palace was suddenly shaken by a tramp, tramp! as if a mighty army had begun to march not far away.

Hidesato and his host both rose to their feet and rushed to the balcony, and the warrior saw on the opposite mountain two great balls of glowing fire coming nearer and nearer. The Dragon King stood by the warrior's side trembling with fear.

"The centipede! The centipede! Those two balls of fire are its eyes. It is coming for its prey! Now is the time to kill it."

Hidesato looked where his host pointed, and, in the dim light of the starlit evening, behind the two balls of fire he saw the long body of an enormous centipede winding around the mountains, and the light in its hundred feet glowed like so many distant lanterns moving slowly toward the shore.

Hidesato showed not the least sign of fear. He tried to calm the Dragon King.

"Don't be afraid. I shall surely kill the centipede. Just bring me my bow and arrows."

The Dragon King did as he was bid, and the warrior noticed that he had only three arrows left in his quiver. He took the bow, and fitting an arrow to the notch, took aim and let fly.

The arrow hit the centipede right in the middle of its head, but instead of penetrating, it fell to the ground.

Nothing daunted, Hidesato took another arrow, fitted it to the notch of the bow and let fly. Again the arrow hit the mark, striking the centipede right in the middle of its head, only to glance off and fall to the ground.

The centipede was invulnerable to weapons! When the Dragon King saw that even this brave warrior's arrows were powerless to kill the centipede, he lost heart and began to tremble with fear.

The warrior saw that he had now only one arrow left in his quiver, and if this one failed he could not kill the centipede. He looked across the waters. The huge reptile had wound its horrid body seven times around the mountain and would soon come down to the lake. Nearer and nearer gleamed the fire-balls of eyes, and the light of its hundred feet began to throw reflections in the still waters of the lake.

Then suddenly the warrior remembered that he had heard that human saliva was deadly to centipedes. But this was no ordinary centipede. This was so monstrous that even to think of such a creature made one creep with horror. Hide-

sato determined to try his last chance. So taking his last arrow and first putting the end of it in his mouth, he fitted the notch to his bow, took careful aim once more and let fly.

This time the arrow again hit the centipede right in the middle of its head, but instead of glancing off harmlessly as before it struck home to the creature's brain. With a convulsive shudder the serpentine body stopped moving, and the fiery light of its great eyes and hundred feet darkened to a dull glare like the sunset of a stormy day, and then went out.

A great darkness now overspread the heavens, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, the wind roared in fury, and it seemed as if the world were coming to an end. The Dragon King and his children and retainers all crouched in different parts of the palace, frightened to death, for the building was shaken to its foundations.

At last the dreadful night was over. Day dawned beautiful and clear. The centipede was gone from the mountain. Then Hidesato called to the Dragon King to come out with him on the balcony, for the centipede was dead and he had nothing more to fear.

Then all the inhabitants of the palace came out with joy, and Hidesato pointed to the lake. There lay the body of the dead centipede floating on the water which was dyed red with its blood.

The gratitude of the Dragon King knew no bounds. The whole family came and bowed down before the warrior, calling him their preserver and the bravest warrior in all Japan.

Another feast was prepared, more sumptuous than the first. All kinds of fish, prepared in every imaginable way, raw, stewed, boiled and roasted, served on coral trays and crystal dishes, were put before him, and the wine was the best that Hidesato had ever tasted in his life. To add to the beauty of everything the sun shone brightly, the lake glittered like a liquid diamond, and the palace was a thousand times more beautiful by day than by night.

His host tried to persuade the warrior to stay a few days, but Hidesato insisted on going home, saying that he had now finished what he had come to do, and must return. The Dragon King and his family were all very sorry to have him leave so soon, but since he would go they begged him to accept a few small presents (so they said) in token of their gratitude to him for delivering them forever from their horrible enemy the centipede.

As the warrior stood in the porch taking leave, a school of fish was suddenly transformed into a retinue of men, all wearing ceremonial robes and dragon's crowns on their heads to show that they were servants of the great Dragon King. The presents they carried were:

First, a large bronze bell.

Second, a bag of rice.

Third, a roll of silk.

Fourth, a cooking pot.

Hidesato did not want to accept all these presents, but as the Dragon King

insisted, he could not refuse.

The Dragon King himself accompanied the warrior as far as the bridge, and then took leave of him with many bows and good wishes, leaving the procession of servants to accompany Hidesato to his house with the presents.

The warrior's household and servants had been very much concerned when they found that he did not return the night before, but they finally concluded that he had been kept by the violent storm and had taken shelter somewhere. When the servants on the watch for his return caught sight of him they called to everyone that he was approaching, and the whole household turned out to meet him, wondering what could be the meaning of the retinue of men, bearing presents and banners, who followed him.

As soon as the Dragon King's retainers had put down the presents they vanished, and Hidesato told all that had happened.

The presents which he had received from the grateful Dragon King were found to be of magic power, all but the bell, and Hidesato presented it to the temple near by, where it was hung up to boom out the hour of day over the surrounding neighborhood.

The single bag of rice, however much was taken from it day after day for the meals of the knight and his whole family, never grew less; the supply in the bag was inexhaustible.

The roll of silk, too, never grew shorter, though time after time long pieces were cut off to make the warrior a new suit of clothes to go to Court in at the New Year.

The cooking pot was wonderful, too. No matter what was put into it, it cooked deliciously, without a fire, whatever was wanted—truly an economical saucepan.

The fame of Hidesato's fortune spread far and wide, and as there was no need for him to spend money on rice or silk or fire, he became very rich and prosperous, and was henceforth known as *My Lord Bag of Rice*.

The Jackal and the Camel

AN OLD HINDU TALE

THE JACKAL stood looking across the river where the crabs lay in the sun on the sand.

"Oh," said the Jackal, "if I could only swim, how good those crabs would be! I wish I had a boat or a canoe!"

Just then the Camel came out of the woods. "Now," said the Jackal, "if I can only get the Camel to take me across the river! I can ride high up on his hump, and it will be just as good as a boat."

"Good morning, friend," said the Jackal to the Camel. "Are you hungry? I know a place where the sugar cane grows higher and sweeter than anywhere else."

"Where? Where?" cried the Camel. "Tell me, and I will go there at once."

"I could take you to the place," said the Jackal, "but it is across the river, and I cannot swim."

"Oh," said the Camel, "that is all right. Get up on my back and I will take you across, and you can show me where the sugar cane is."

"All right," said the Jackal, "and I will look along the bank of the river and see if I can find any fat crabs on that side."

"Jump up quickly," said the Camel, "it makes me hungry just to think of sugar cane."

So the Jackal jumped up on the Camel's back, and the Camel swam across the river, and the Jackal did not get the least bit wet, even the tip of his tail. (The Jackal does not like to get even the tip of his tail wet.)

When they were across the river the Camel went off to the patch of sugar

cane, and the Jackal ate the crabs which lay out in the sun on the sand. It was not long until he had eaten as many crabs as he could, and wanted to go back to the other side of the river. So he went to the Camel in the cane patch.

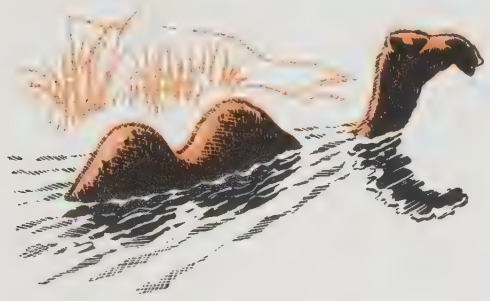
"Why, have you finished your crabs?" asked the Camel.

"Yes. I cannot eat another one. Let us go back."

"Oh," said the Camel, "I have hardly begun to eat yet."

"Very well," said the Jackal, "I will go out to the edge of the patch and lie down and wait for you."

But the Jackal did not lie down. He was in a hurry to go home, now that he had eaten all the crabs he wanted. So he said: "I do not want to wait here. I know a little song I can sing that will make that Camel hurry."



So he began to sing. Of course, the Camel did not pay any attention, but the farmer heard, as the Jackal knew he would, and came running out with sticks to chase the Jackal. But the Jackal hid in the high cane, and the farmer could not find him. He did find the Camel, however, and called to his boys, and they beat the Camel with sticks and drove him out of the cane.

When the farmer and his boys had gone, the Jackal came out of the cane and found the Camel lying on the sand bruised with the beating he had gotten.

"Oh, friend," he exclaimed, "where have you been? I have been hunting for you in the cane."

"Do not call me friend," said the Camel. "Why did you sing that song that made the farmer come out and beat me?"

"Oh," said the Jackal, "did the farmer come out and beat you? That is too bad. But I always sing a song after dinner."

"Ah, do you?" said the Camel. "I did not know that. Very well. Let us go home. Climb up while I am lying down."

So the Jackal climbed upon the Camel's back, and he entered the water and began to swim across the river, the Jackal riding high on the hump of the Camel so as not to get wet, even to the tip of his tail.

When they were about the middle of the stream the Camel said: "I believe that I shall roll over."

"Do not do that," exclaimed the Jackal, "for I shall get wet and be drowned."

"Maybe you will," said the Camel; "but you see I always roll over after dinner."

So he rolled over in the water, and the Jackal got wet—first the tip of his tail, and then all over, and was drowned.

The Feast of the Lanterns

WANG CHIH was only a poor man, but he had a wife and children to love, and they made him so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor himself.

He worked in the fields all day, and at night his wife always had a bowl of rice ready for his supper. And sometimes, for a treat, she made him some bean soup, or gave him a little dish of fried pork.

But they could not afford pork very often; he generally had to be content with rice.

One morning, as he was setting off to his work, his wife sent Han Chung, their son, running after him to ask him to bring home some firewood.

"I shall have to go up into the mountain for it at noon," he said. "Go and bring me my axe, Han Chung."

Han Chung ran for his father's axe, and Ho-Seen-Ko, his little sister, came out of the cottage with him.

"Remember it is the Feast of Lanterns tonight, Father," she said. "Don't fall asleep up on the mountain; we want you to come back and light them for us."

She had a lantern in the shape of a fish, painted red and black and yellow, and Han Chung had got a big round one, all bright crimson, to carry in the procession; and, besides that, there were two large lanterns to be hung outside the cottage door as soon as it grew dark.

Wang Chih was not likely to forget the Feast of Lanterns, for the children had talked of nothing else for a month, and he promised to come home early.

At noontide, when his fellow-laborers gave up working, and sat down to rest and eat, Wang Chih took his axe and went up the mountain slope to find a

small tree he might cut down for fuel.

He walked a long way, and at last saw one growing at the mouth of a cave.

"This will be just the thing," he said to himself. But, before striking the first blow, he peeped into the cave to see if it were empty.

To his surprise, two old men, with long, white beards, were sitting inside playing chess, as quietly as mice, with their eyes fixed on the chessboard.

Wang Chih knew something of chess, and he stepped in and watched them for a few minutes.

"As soon as they look up I can ask them if I may chop down a tree," he said to himself. But they did not look up, and by and by Wang Chih got so interested in the game that he put down his axe and sat on the floor to watch it better.

The two old men sat cross-legged on the ground, and the chessboard rested on a slab, like a stone table, between them.

On one corner of the slab lay a heap of small, brown objects which Wang Chih took at first to be date stones; but after a time the chess-players ate one each, and put one in Wang Chih's mouth; and he found it was not a date stone at all.

It was a delicious kind of sweetmeat, the like of which he had never tasted before; and the strangest thing about it was that it took his hunger and thirst away.

He had been both hungry and thirsty when he came into the cave, as he had not waited to have his midday meal with the

other field-workers; but now he felt quite comforted and refreshed.

He sat there some time longer, and noticed that as the old men frowned over the chessboard, their beards grew longer and longer, until they swept the floor of the cave.

"I hope my beard will never grow as quickly," said Wang Chih, as he rose and took up his axe again.

Then one of the old men spoke, for the first time. "Our beards have not grown quickly, young man. How long is it since you came here?"

"About half an hour, I dare say," replied Wang Chih. But as he spoke, the axe crumbled to dust beneath his fingers, and the second chess-player laughed, and pointed to the little brown sweetmeats on the table.

"Half an hour, or half a century—aye, half a thousand years, are all alike to him who tastes of these. Go down into your village and see what has happened since you left it."

So Wang Chih went down as quickly as he could from the mountain, and found the fields where he had worked covered with houses, and a busy town where his own little village had been. In vain he looked for his house and his family.

There were strange faces everywhere; and although when evening came the Feast of Lanterns was being held once more, there was no Ho-Seen-Ko carrying her red and yellow fish, or Han Chung with his flaming red ball.

At last he found a woman, a very old woman, who told him that when she was a tiny girl she remembered her grandmother saying how, when *she* was a tiny girl, a poor young man had been spirited away by the Genii of the mountains, on the day of the Feast of Lanterns, leaving his wife and little children with only a few handfuls of rice in the house.

"Moreover, if you wait while the procession passes, you will see two children dressed to represent Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko, and their mother carrying the empty rice-bowl between them. This is done every year to remind people to take care of the widow and fatherless," she said.

So Wang Chih waited in the street; and in a little while the procession came to an end; and the last three figures in it were a boy and a girl, dressed like his own two children, walking on either side of a young woman carrying a rice-bowl. But she was not like his wife in anything but her dress, and the children were not at all like Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko; and poor Wang Chih's heart was very heavy as he walked away out of the town.

He slept out on the mountain, and early in the morning found his way back to the cave where the two old men were playing chess.

At first they said they could do nothing for him, and told him to go away and not disturb them; but Wang Chih would not go, and they soon found the only way to get rid of him was to give him some really good advice.

"You must go to the White Hare of the Moon, and ask him for a bottle of the elixir of life. If you drink that you will

live forever," said one of them.

"But I don't want to live forever," objected Wang Chih. "I wish to go back and live in the days when my wife and children were here."

"Ah, well! For that you must mix the elixir of life with some water out of the sky-dragon's mouth."

"And where is the sky-dragon to be found?" inquired Wang Chih.

"In the sky, of course. You really ask very stupid questions. He lives in a cloud-cave. And when he comes out of it he breathes fire, and sometimes water. If he is breathing fire you will be burnt up, but if it is only water, you will easily be able to catch some in a little bottle. What else do you want?"

For Wang Chih still lingered at the mouth of the cave.

"I want a pair of wings to fly with, and a bottle to catch the water in," he replied.

So they gave him a little bottle; and before he had time to say "Thank you!" a white crane came sailing past, and lighted on the ground close to the cave.

"The crane will take you wherever you like," said the old men. "Go now, and leave us in peace."

So Wang Chih sat on the white crane's back, and was taken up, and up, and up through the sky to the cloud-cave where the sky-dragon lived. And the dragon had the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, and the claws of a hawk.

Besides this, he had whiskers and a beard, and in his beard was a bright pearl.

All these things show that he was a real, genuine dragon, and if you ever meet a dragon who is not exactly like this, you will know he is only a make-believe one.

Wang Chih felt rather frightened when he perceived the cave in the distance, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his wife again, and his little boy and girl, he would have been glad to turn back.

While he was far away the cloud-cave looked like a dark hole in the midst of a soft, white, woolly mass, such as one sees in the sky on an April day; but as he came nearer he found the cloud was as hard as rock, and covered with dry white grass.

When he got there, he sat down on a tuft of grass near the cave, and considered what he should do next.

The first thing was, of course, to bring the dragon out, and the next to make him breathe water instead of fire.

"I have it!" cried Wang Chih at last; and he nodded his head so many times that the crane expected to see it fall off.

He struck a light, and set the grass on fire, and it was so dry that the flames spread all around the entrance to the cave, and made such a smoke and crackling that the sky-dragon put his head out to see what was the matter.

"Ho! ho!" cried the dragon, when he saw what Wang Chih had done, "I can soon put this to rights." And he breathed once, and the water came out his nose and mouth in three streams.

But this was not enough to put the fire out. Then he breathed twice, and the water came out in three mighty rivers, and Wang Chih, who had taken care to

fill his bottle when the first stream began to flow, sailed away on the white crane's back as fast as he could, to escape being drowned.

The rivers poured over the cloud rock, until there was not a spark left alight, and rushed down through the sky into earth below.

Fortunately, the sea lay right underneath the dragon's cave, they else would have done some nice mischief. As it was the people on the coast looked out across the water toward Japan, and saw three inky-black clouds stretching from the sky into the sea.

"My word! There is a fine rain-storm out at sea!" they said to each other.

But, of course, it was nothing of the kind; it was only the sky-dragon putting out the fire Wang Chih had kindled.

Meanwhile, Wang Chih was on his way to the moon, and when he got there he went straight to the hut where the Hare of the Moon lived, and knocked at the door.

The Hare was busy pounding the drugs which make up the elixir of life; but he left his work, and opened the door, and invited Wang Chih to come in.

He was not ugly, like the dragon; his fur was quite white and soft and glossy, and he had lovely, gentle brown eyes.

The Hare of the Moon lives a thousand years, as you know, and when he is five hundred years old he changes his color, from brown to white, and be-

comes, if possible, better tempered and nicer than he was before.

As soon as he heard what Wang Chih wanted, he opened two windows at the back of the hut, and told him to look through each of them in turn.

"Tell me what you see," said the Hare, going back to the table where he was pounding the drugs.

"I can see a great many houses and people," said Wang Chih, "and streets—why, this is the town I was in yesterday, the one which has taken the place of my old village."

Wang Chih stared, and grew more and more puzzled. Here he was up in the moon, and yet he could have thrown a stone into the busy street of the Chinese town below his window.

"How does it come here?" he stammered, at last.

"Oh, that is my secret," replied the wise old Hare. "I know how to do a great many things which would surprise you. But the question is, do you want to go back there?"

Wang Chih shook his head.

"Then close the window. It is the window of the Present. And look through the other, which is the window of the Past."

Wang Chih obeyed, and through this window he saw his own dear little village, and his wife, and Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko jumping about her as she hung up the colored lanterns outside the door.

"Father won't be in time to light them for us, after all," Han Chung was saying.

Wang Chih turned, and looked eagerly at the White Hare.

"Let me go to them," he said. "I have got a bottle of water from the sky-dragon's mouth, and——"

"That's all right," said the White Hare. "Give it to me."

He opened the bottle, and mixed the contents carefully with a few drops of the elixir of life, which was clear as crystal, and of which each drop shone like a diamond as he poured it in.

"Now, drink this," he said to Wang Chih, "and it will give you the power of living again in the past, as you wish."

Wang Chih held out his hand, and drank every drop.

The moment he had done so, the window grew larger, and he saw some steps leading from it down into the street.

Thanking the Hare, he rushed through it, and ran toward his own house, arriving in time to take the taper from his wife's hand with which she was about to light the red and yellow lanterns which swung over the door.

"What has kept you so long, Father? Where have you been?" asked Han Chung, while little Ho-Seen-Ko wondered why he kissed and embraced them all so eagerly.

But Wang Chih did not tell them his adventures just then; only when darkness fell, and the Feast of Lanterns began, he took his part in it with a merry heart.

—Author unknown

The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal

By Joseph Jacobs

ONCE upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brahman (a good and wise man of India) came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, my friend," replied the Brahman, mildly. "You would probably eat me if I did."

"Not at all!" declared the tiger. "On the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and serve you as a slave!"

Now, when the tiger sobbed, and sighed, and wept, and swore, the pious Brahman's heart softened; and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. Out popped the tiger, and, seizing the poor man, cried: "What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now, for after being cooped up so long I am just terribly hungry!"

In vain the Brahman pleaded for his life; but the most he could gain was a promise to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question as to the justice of the tiger's action.

So the Brahman asked first a pipal tree what it thought of the matter; but the pipal tree replied coldly: "What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade and shelter to everyone who passes by, and don't they in return tear down my branches to feed their cattle? Don't whimper—be a man!"

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went farther afield till he saw a buffalo turning a well-wheel; but he fared no better from it, for it answered: "You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! Whilst I gave milk they fed me on cottonseed and oil-cake, but now that I am dry they yoke me here and give me refuse as fodder!"

The Brahman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I, useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On this the Brahman turned back sorrowfully, and on the way he met a jackal, who called out: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

The Brahman told him all that had happened.

"How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the recital was ended. "Would you mind telling me again, for everything has got so mixed up?"

The Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out of the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then perhaps I shall be able to give a judgment."

So they returned to the cage, by which the tiger was waiting for the Brahman, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"Our dinner!" thought the wretched Brahman, as his knees knocked together with fright. "What a remarkably delicate way of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord," he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brahman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing its paws. "Let me see! How did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by—"

"Pooh!" interrupted the tiger. "What a fool you are! I was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright. "Yes! I was in the cage—no I wasn't—dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me see—the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by—no, that's not it, either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you shall!" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity. "I'll make you understand! Look here! I am the tiger—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brahman!"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage!"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage—do you understand?"

"Yes—no! Please, my lord—"

"Well?" cried the tiger, impatiently.

"Please, my lord! -how did you get in?"

"How! Why in the usual way, of course!"

"Oh, dear me! My head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, and jumping into the cage, cried: "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he dexterously shut the door. "And if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

Favorite American Folk Tales

The Two Goats Who Wouldn't Stop Fighting

AN INDIAN TALE

THIS STORY is about a Navaho Indian shepherd named Big Bear. Long ago in Navaho Land, what is now Arizona and New Mexico, Big Bear lived in a picturesque one-room home made of logs chinked with adobe mud. His house was called a hogan. Big Bear was an honest man who kept his word, hoed his corn, and lived at peace with the world. Big Bear kept two billy goats at his hogan in the winter, but when summer came he decided to take them to the mountains where the pasture was good. He turned them loose in a spot where the grass was green and tender.

But the goats did not eat. They jumped toward each other and started fighting. *Crack* went their horns. Big Bear tried to separate them. He pushed and pulled and scolded them, but he could not make them part. At last, the first snow of winter began to fall, and Big Bear went to his hogan in the valley.

When the snow melted in the spring, Big Bear returned to fetch his goats home. He found them just where he had left them the year before, and they were still fighting. The ground was torn up and their fine horns were worn to dust. Their heads were gone too. They were butting each other with their necks.

Big Bear returned to his hogan in the valley without his two billy goats. A year later he again went to the moun-

tains. There were the billy goats in the same spot, fighting as hard as ever. The ground was more torn up than before, and the necks and chests of the animals were gone. They were punching each other with thir bodies.

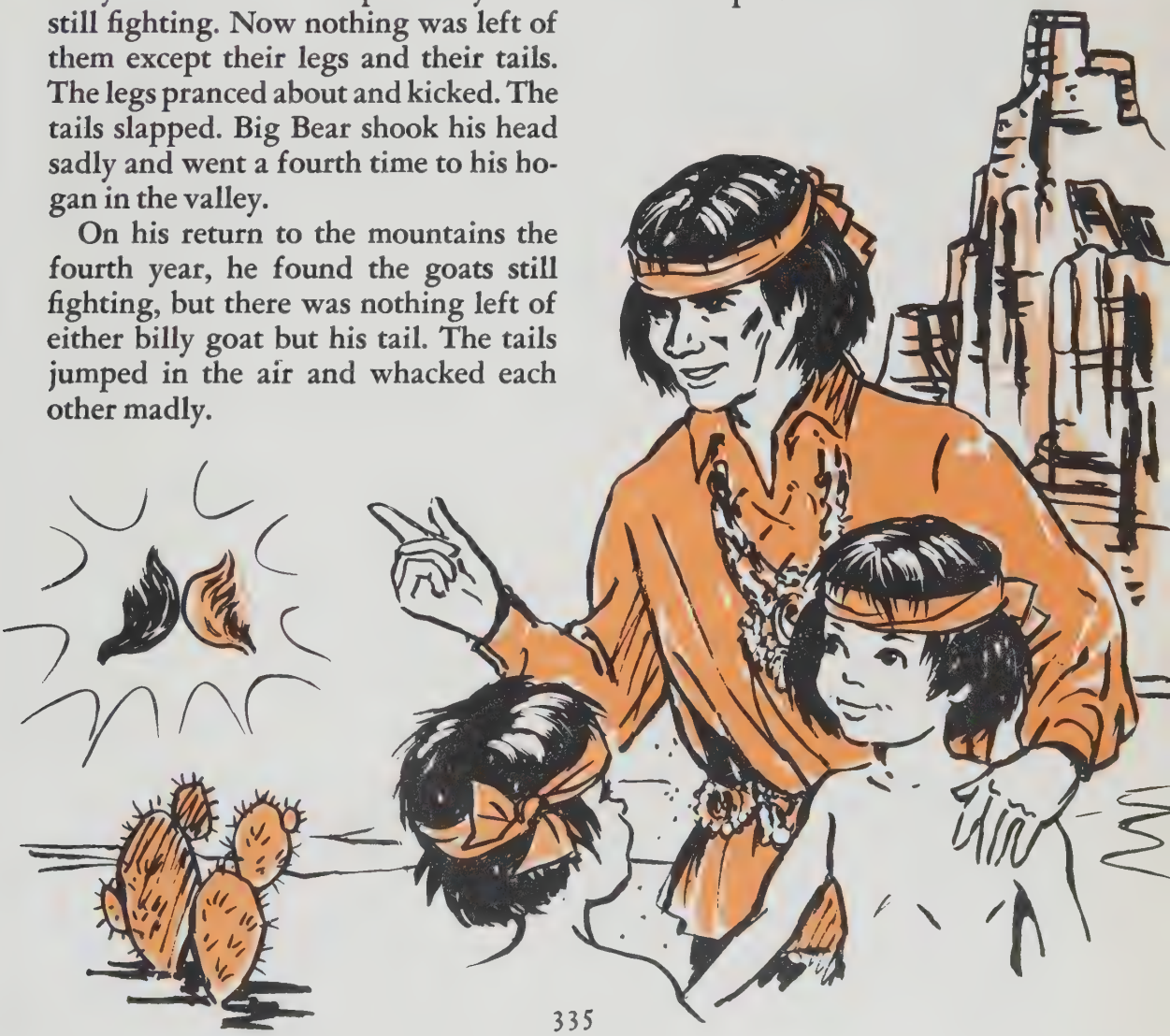
Big Bear went a third time to his hogan in the valley, and at the end of the third year he came back into the mountains to look for his goats once more. They were at the same spot. They were still fighting. Now nothing was left of them except their legs and their tails. The legs pranced about and kicked. The tails slapped. Big Bear shook his head sadly and went a fourth time to his hogan in the valley.

On his return to the mountains the fourth year, he found the goats still fighting, but there was nothing left of either billy goat but his tail. The tails jumped in the air and whacked each other madly.

Big Bear went sadly down to the valley. He did not go again to the mountains, but if he had, he would have found both tails gone.

Big Bear went to his hogan and told the story of the two billy goats to his children.

"That is what comes of fighting," he said. "Enemies destroy each other. What fools are they who do not know when to stop a battle!"



Why the Rabbit Has a Stubby Tail

THIS is a story the Indians used to tell their children long ago.

Once there was a little rabbit who lived in a big forest with his grandmother, inside a hollow tree trunk.

Grandmother rabbit did the housework in their cozy little home, while the little rabbit went hunting for food with his bow and arrows.

Early every morning he would go out into the forest to hunt, and every evening he would come home with his bag full of good things to eat.

One night the little rabbit came to the cozy little home in the hollow tree trunk, his bag bursting with carrots, and lettuce.

But the little rabbit was not happy.

"Grandmother," he grumbled, "I get up so early in the morning to go hunting in the forest, but someone else is always there before me."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his grandmother.

"Yes," said the little rabbit. "It is someone with very long feet, for he leaves his tracks on the path."

"Well, the thing for you to do," said the grandmother rabbit, "is to get up earlier than that long-footed fellow."

"That I will," resolved the little rabbit. So the next morning he got up *very* early, took his bow and arrows, and hurried off into the forest.

But the long-footed hunter had already been there before him and had left his tracks on the path. The little rabbit was very cross. "I can't let that long-footed creature get ahead of me again! I must find out who he is!"

All day long he roamed through the forest, and at night he came back to his grandmother. "That long-footed creature has been ahead of me again!" he complained.

"Then you must get up even earlier tomorrow," said his grandmother.

So, very *very* early the next morning, the little rabbit hopped away into the forest. "I'll surely catch up with that long-footed creature this time," he thought.

But again he found the same long tracks on the path, and again he roamed through the forest all day. At night, when he returned to the hollow tree trunk where he lived, he told his grandmother that he had again been too late. "I'm not going to get up any earlier!" he told his grandmother angrily. "I have another plan. I'll set a trap! That's how I'll catch that long-footed creature!"

The grandmother was a wise rabbit. "You must not do that," she warned the little rabbit. "Suppose you should catch a dangerous wild animal!"

But the little rabbit did not listen to his grandmother. He rushed out into the forest and set up a strong rope trap in the place where he usually saw the footprints. Then he went home to sleep.

Early the next morning he tiptoed out very softly so as not to awaken his grandmother. She did not know that the little rabbit had disobeyed her. He ran into the forest to see what he had caught.

As he came near, he saw a great shiny bright light, so bright that it hurt his eyes. And the bright light was burning hot, too, as hot as fire.

The little rabbit had caught the sun itself in the trap he had set!

Now the little rabbit was dreadfully frightened. He ran home at top speed to tell his grandmother the news.

"I did make a trap, Grandmother, and I've caught something in it," he cried. "It's shiny bright and as hot as fire! What do you suppose it is?"

"You're a naughty rabbit," scolded his grandmother. "Didn't I tell you not to make a trap? And now you've gone and caught the sun in it!"

"Oh, Grandmother, I didn't mean to catch the sun," the little rabbit moaned. "What will happen now?"

"Run quickly back to the forest, and untie him at once, or he'll burn up the whole world," his grandmother said.

The little rabbit trembled. "I'm afraid to go back. It's so terribly hot near the trap."

"But you must go," said the grandmother rabbit.

The little rabbit ran back as quickly as he could to the trap. "How dare you catch me in your trap!" shouted the sun. "Come here and untie me at once or I'll burn you up."

"Oh, Sun, I didn't think I'd catch *you* in my trap. I didn't mean it, and I'll let you out as soon as I can," cried the little rabbit. "Please don't burn me."

Nearer and nearer came the little rabbit to the trap. How hot it was! He almost turned around to run away again.

"Set me free, set me free," roared the sun, "or I *will* burn you up!"

At last the little rabbit ducked his head and ran close to the sun. Swiftly he untied the rope trap. The sun flew up high into the sky.

But as the sun went past the little rabbit, it touched his tail, and burned off part of it. And that, the Indians used to say, is why, to this day, the rabbit has such a stubby little tail.

The Fire Bringer

By Mary Austin

THEY ranged together by wood and open swale, the boy who was to be called Fire Bringer and the keen gray dog of the wilderness, and saw the tribesmen catching fish in the creeks with their hands, and the women digging roots with sharp stones. This they did in Summer, and fared well; but when Winter came they ran nakedly in the snow, or huddled in caves of the rocks, and were very miserable. When the boy saw this he was very unhappy, and brooded over it until the coyote noticed it.

"It is because my people suffer and have no way to escape the cold," said the boy.

"I do not feel it," said the coyote.

"That is because of your coat of good fur, which my people have not, except they take it in the chase, and it is hard to come by."

"Let them run about, then," said the counselor, "and keep warm."

"They run till they are weary," said the boy, "and there are the young children and the very old. Is there no way for them?"

"Come," said the coyote, "let us go to the hunt."

"I will hunt no more," the boy answered him, "until I have found a way to save my people from the cold. Help me, O counselor!"

But the coyote had run away. After a time he came back and found the boy still troubled in his mind.

"There is a way, O Man Friend," said the coyote, "and you and I must take it together, but it is very hard."

"I will not fail of my part," said the boy.

"We will need a hundred men and women, strong and swift runners."

"I will find them," the boy insisted, "only tell me."

"We must go," said the coyote, "to the Burning Mountain by the Big Water and bring fire to our people."

Said the boy: "What is fire?"

Then the coyote considered a long time how he should tell the boy what fire is. "It is," said he, "red like a flower, yet it is no flower; neither is it a beast, though it runs in the grass and rages in the wood and devours all. It is very fierce and hurtful, and stays not for asking; yet if it is kept among stones and fed with small sticks, it will serve the people well and keep them warm."

"How is it to be come at?"

"It has its lair in the Burning Mountain, and the Fire Spirits guard it night and day. It is a hundred days' journey from this place, and because of the jealousy of the Fire Spirits no man dare go near it. But I, because all beasts are known to fear

it much, may approach it without hurt, and, it may be, bring you a brand from the burning. Then you must have strong runners for every one of the hundred days to bring it safely home."

"I will go and get them," said the boy. But it was not so easily done as said. Many there were who were slothful, and many were afraid; but the most disbelieved it wholly.

"For," they said, "how should this boy tell us of a thing of which we have never heard!" But at last the boy and their own misery persuaded them.

The coyote advised them how the march should begin. The boy and the counselor went foremost; next to them the swiftest runners, with the others following in the order of their strength and speed. They left the place of their home and went over the high mountains where great jagged peaks stand up above the snow, and down the way the streams led through a long stretch of giant wood where the somber shade and the sound of the wind made them afraid.

At nightfall, where they rested, one stayed in that place, and the next night another dropped behind; and so it was at the end of each day's journey. They crossed a great plain where waters of mirage rolled over a cracked and parching earth, and the rim of the world was hidden in a bluish mist. So they came at last to another range of hills, not so high, but tumbled thickly together; and beyond these, at the end of the hundred days, to the Big Water, quaking along the sand at the foot of the Burning Mountain.

It stood up in a high and peaked cone, and the smoke of its burning rolled out and broke along the sky. By night the glare of it reddened the waves far out on the Big Water when the Fire Spirits began their dance.

Then said the counselor to the boy who was soon to be called the Fire Bringer: "Do you stay here until I bring you a brand from the burning; be ready and right for running, and lose no time, for I shall be far spent when I come again, and the Fire Spirits will pursue me."

Then he went up the mountain, and the Fire Spirits, when they saw him come, were laughing and very merry, for his appearance was much against him. Lean he was, and his coat much the worse for the long way he had come. So the Fire Spirits only laughed and paid him no heed.

Along in the night, when they came out to begin their dance about the mountain, the coyote stole the fire and began to run away with it down the slope of the Burning Mountain. When the Fire Spirits saw what he had done, they streamed out after him red and angry in pursuit, sounding like a swarm of bees.

The boy saw them come, and stood up in his place clean-limbed and taut for running. He saw the sparks of the brand stream back along the coyote's flanks as he carried it in his mouth, and stretched forward on the trail, bright against the dark bulk of the mountain like a falling star. He heard the singing sound of the Fire Spirits behind, and the labored breath of the counselor nearing through the

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dark. Then the good beast panted down beside him, and the brand dropped from his jaws.

The boy caught it up, standing bent for the running as a bow to speeding the arrow. Out he shot on the homeward path, and the Fire Spirits snapped and sang behind him. Fast as they pursued he fled faster, until he saw the next runner stand up in his place to receive the brand.

So it passed from hand to hand, and the Fire Spirits tore after it through the scrub until they came to the mountains of the snows. These they could not pass; and the dark sleek runners with the backward-streaming brand bore it forward, shining star-like in the night, glowing red through sultry noons, violet pale in twilight glooms, until they came in safety to their own land. Here they kept it among stones, and fed it with small sticks, as the coyote had advised, until it warmed them and cooked their food.

As for the boy by whom fire came to the tribes, he was called the Fire Bringer while he lived; and after that, since there was no other with so good a right to the name, it fell to the coyote. And this is the sign that the tale is true, for all along his lean flanks the fur is singed and yellow as it was made by the flames that blew backward from the brand when he brought it down from the Burning Mountain.

As for the fire, that went on broadening and brightening and giving out cheer until it broadened into the light of day.

AN OPEN WOOD-FIRE

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open wood-fire? Do you hear those chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and bluebirds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last spring. In summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing birds all the year round.

Scar Face

Feather Woman had fallen in love with Morning Star and vowed that she would marry none other. One morning when she had gone out in the fields very early, so that she might see Morning Star before the sun hid his brightness, she met a handsome youth. He told her that he was Morning Star and that he had come to earth for a day because of her love.

So Feather Woman went back to Skyland with Morning Star and married him; and by-and-by a little son was born.

Feather Woman was very happy in Skyland, but there were times when she was lonely for the camp of the Blackfeet which she had left.

Now, in Skyland Feather Woman often dug in the garden. She had been warned not to uproot the turnip, lest evil befall. But she wondered what evil could possibly come from uprooting a turnip. At last she took her flint and dug around the least bit, not really wanting to uproot the turnip; but hardly had she loosened the earth when the turnip came out of the ground. Feather Woman looked down through the hole it had made in the sky and saw the camp of the Blackfeet spread before her.

Suddenly she began to weep for her friends; and when her father-in-law, the Sun, saw her weeping, he said: "You have dug up the turnip and have looked down at the camp of the Blackfeet. Now you must return thither."

So the star-weavers made a net, and Feather Woman and her child, the son of Morning Star, were let down into the camp of the Blackfeet.

At first Feather Woman was very happy there; but soon she began to miss Morning Star, and at last she died of sorrow because she could not return to Skyland. Morning Star could not come again to earth, for it has been given to him to come but once.

And so the little son of Feather Woman and Morning Star was left all alone. And across his face was a great scar, which he had got when he was let down from Skyland in the net woven by the star-weavers. Because of this scar he was called Scar Face. The scar made him look so ugly that the children of the tribe were afraid of him, and the older folks hated him. They said evil must be in the heart of one who had so ugly a face.

But there was no evil in the heart of Scar Face. He hunted and fished alone and became a great hunter, bringing fine food home to the tribe. But he was unhappy because of the unfriendliness of the tribe.

Now, the Chief had a very beautiful daughter, and all the young men of the tribe loved her. Scar Face, too, loved her.

One day he went to her and told her of his love, and asked her to marry him; and she said, jesting, "I will marry you

URSULA KOERING

when you take that ugly scar from your face."

At this Scar Face was even sadder than before. But he loved the Chief's daughter very much, and at last he went to the old Medicine Man of the tribe to ask him what he could do to get rid of the scar.

"You can do nothing," replied the Medicine Man. "The scar was put there by the Sun, and only the Sun can take it away."

"Then I will go to the Sun and ask him to take it away," said Scar Face.

"To do that," replied the Medicine Man, "you must journey far to the west where the land ends and where the Big Water is. And when you come to the Big Water at sunset you will see a long trail, marked by a golden light, which leads to the home of the Sun. Follow the trail."

So Scar Face set out and went to where the land ends and the Big Water is. And he sat by the Big Water until sunset, and he saw the trail as the Medicine Man had said. He followed the trail and came at last to Skyland, where he was greeted by Morning Star, who knew him at once for his son. Morning Star was most glad at the coming of his son, and they hunted and fished together.

But one day, when they were hunting, they came to a deep cavern in which there lived a dreadful serpent. The serpent attacked Morning Star and would have killed him had not Scar Face quickly cut off its head.

The Sun was grateful to Scar Face for saving the life of his son, Morning Star, and he removed the scar from the face of his grandson, which he had put there in anger at the child's mother.

Then Scar Face went back to the tribe of the Blackfeet, and he was the most handsome of all the youths. The daughter of the Chief saw him, then, in a new light. She loved him, and he had no difficulty in persuading her to marry him.

Because he loved his father, Morning Star, he took his bride with him and set out again for the place where the land ends and the Big Water begins. Together they followed the trail marked by golden light until they came at last to Skyland. There they lived and were happy; and for their sake Morning Star shone with special brightness on the camp of the Blackfeet forever after.

The Ghost of the Great White Stag

By Arthur C. Parker

THERE is a mighty mountain of the northlands. It rises from the placid waters of a beautiful lake and its summit catches the glint of the sun. On all sides but one are other towering peaks, but none rivals the mighty mountain, for here dwells the great white stag whom no hunter can kill.

In the valley of the lake there is another glimmering lakelet and beyond a wooded slope where the forest-folk have their council grounds. It is a far-off retreat, but a safe one, and here all the fur-folk meet as friends.

In those dim days, Turtle was chief, and it was he who called the fur-folk and the feather-folk together. Turtle was chief because his shell was thick and he could draw in his head. A leader should be like that, oh, nephew. A thick skin, ears that do not hear and a mouth that is shut in a shell are things that every chief needs. But Wolf was envious, and *he* would be chief. So now comes the story, —jah-goh!

The call had gone forth, and from far and wide the animals came to the council. Something had happened. What could it be?

All through the woodland there was motion — the deer were coming. All through the brushland there was a swaying—the mink and the beaver, the muskrats and the raccoons were coming. All through the swampland there was a rustling—the beaver and the otter were coming. All through the waterways there was a splashing—the turtles and the lizards were coming. Above in the air were countless birds and above them, urging them on, was Sah-dah-gey-ah, the Great Blue Eagle, chief of all the feather-folk. All creatures had answered the call of Turtle.

Through the tangles slunk Timber Wolf, the envious one. Very sly was he, for he had a reason for keeping out of sight. His plan was a deep one, and if he could but succeed, he would be chief.

It is known to all, oh, nephew, that in the beginning of things, every animal and every bird had a magic pouch in which to keep its magical charms that gave power. This pouch every creature wore on its neck. While it possessed this it had power over other beasts and could not be injured. Now it was the custom for the animals in coming to the council to place their magic pouches in a great bark dish which Turtle kept by the council-fire. This meant that they had come for a council of peace and sat as equals.

Timber Wolf knew all this, and it was his plan to steal the basket of power and run with it to a secret cave where it might be hidden. This would weaken all

the animals and they would have to look to him for favor. Oh, how they would beg to get even a little of that power back! Timber Wolf licked his chops at the thought of how he would make his brother beasts obey. The cowering things —more than one would slide down his throat before he got through!

Then Timber Wolf grew eager, and when night fell in the forest, he slunk about looking for sleepers that he might begin to steal their secret power even before the council was called.

He skulked around until he found an Old Bear. Here was luck, indeed, for Old Bear was on his back, his paws over his eyes, and his pouch of secret power bulging from his neck. It took but a snap of Timber Wolf's sharp teeth to sever the thong that bound the pouch to the Bear, just a snap. Timber Wolf gave a slight growl of satisfaction and bounded away to hide the magic in his own pouch. Bear was now in his power! The beginning was good.

Morning came and all the animals and birds started on their journey again,—all save Old Bear who slept too long and arose weak and dazed. He did not know what had happened to him, but he knew that he felt sick. He shook himself and tried to amble along, but reeled from side to side. Still he made up his mind to keep on and never turn back, for Turtle had

called a council and Turtle was chief. This being so, Bear would obey!

At length the great day came and Turtle saw around him a great host of tribesmen. Each sought his own group, its own corner or its own side of the fire. Turtle stood upon a stump and looked over the throng.

"Are all here?" he shouted.

A great shout went up, "We're here!"

"I do not hear the voice of Bear," called out Turtle. "Who has seen Bear? Perhaps, like White Stag, some traitor has slain him."

No one answered, but all remembered the tragedy of White Stag.

"Those who fail shall be without the new power," said Turtle. "Oh, all ye who are friends, place your magic power pouches in the great basket of friendship. Sit here as equals."

One by one the beasts and birds put their pouches into the basket. Even Timber Wolf put in a pouch, but kept one slyly hidden. It was his own, so that he could betray Turtle when the moment came.

Turtle surveyed the basket and spoke again. "I see the pouch of Bear but not of Timber Wolf," said Turtle. "Nevertheless, I see Timber Wolf here and do not see Bear. It appears that mischief has come upon us." You see, Turtle was very wise.

"How do you know that Bear's pouch is there and that mine is missing?" growled Timber Wolf, edging closely to the basket.

"Because Turtle is chief, and Turtle is wise," came the answer.

Wolf gave a snarl and sprang at Turtle, tipping him over and throwing him upon his back on the ground. All the animals leaped toward Wolf, who turned round and round, showing his fangs. Not a fur-folk or a feather-folk could touch Timber Wolf, for all power to fight was in the basket of friendship.

"Stand back," growled Timber Wolf. "Behold your chief sprawling on his back, overthrown by a swish of my paw! A fine chief is he. His dignity is to be admired! Oh, able leader of all the wood-folk, how neatly you spin upon your shiny shell! How yellow your breastplate, how beautifully marked! How your stubby hands and feet clutch at the air, appealing to the clouds to turn you over. Ho-hoh, ho-hoh!"

Timber Wolf now sprang to the stump and began to address the wood-folk. "Obey me," he shouted, "and I shall lead you forth to make war!"

There was a sudden sound behind him, and Timber Wolf gave one swift glance over his shoulder. He saw Turtle extend his head, dig his nose in the earth, give a twist of his neck and turn over with a flop. Timber Wolf's mouth opened and his tongue hung out, for Turtle now leaped into the air and came down upon the basket of friendship with a splash. As he landed, all the pouches of power popped out like seeds from a snap-dragon pod, and flew back where they belonged, and one flew far, far into the forest, and struck the neck of poor Old Bear, limping along so slowly.

Immediately all the animals growled

and rushed upon Timber Wolf, holding him prisoner in a circle of extended claws and sharp teeth. Timber Wolf was now in for it, and knew his time had come.

Turtle Chief now mounted the stump. "Hold the prisoner while I give you the great news," said he. "I have called this council to tell you that the *Ongwe* are coming, the mighty *Ongwe Oweh*, who are wiser than all the wood-folk."

"Who are the *Ongwe* that we should consider their coming?" snapped Timber Wolf from the circle.

There was a rustle and a snort. Into the council square leaped Old Bear. "Oh, chief," shouted he, "I have been greatly wronged and by trickery delayed. My power was stolen, but by magic came back to me. Still, my delay has shown me a great thing. The *Ongwe* are coming."

"The *Ongwe!*" shouted all the animals. "Who are the *Ongwe?*"

"I was about to tell you," shouted Turtle. "The *Ongwe* are *men-beings* and they are going to hunt, and there is one whom they shall hunt because they will hate him. He is Timber Wolf."

Timber Wolf snarled and with a sudden spring leaped high over the heads of the beasts around him, and dashed for the mighty mountain, swimming the lake,

skulking the brush land and then scaling the peak. Here he found refuge in a dark cave,—it was a den to his liking, for he could look down upon the council and lay his schemes against it.

"What shall we do now?" asked Turtle, when the excitement had died down.

"Let us hunt Timber Wolf and force him to run the gauntlet," cried many voices.

"Let us catch him and leave none among us for the *Ongwe* to hate," cried others, planning to rend him limb from limb.

And so it was that all the birds and animals scattered in the forest, looking for Timber Wolf, but when night had come not one had seen him, though Timber Wolf had seen them all.

Wolf now crept into his dark cave, but drew back with a sharp cry. Before him in the darkness were two glowing eyes of evil. Some one was spying on him! He turned and fled to the mountain side, where he cowered behind a great rock, but here was a rustle, a constant rustle. Who could be here? Spies were everywhere!

Wolf now slunk along with greater caution to an open space where the moonlight fell. Here he could see his foes if any appeared. But what was that? A great black shadow waved over the ground. Wolf's hair rose in a shaggy crest from his neck to his tail. The black shadow beckoned and swayed. Then there came a creak and a groan, "Djis-gaah, djis-gaah!" So came the sound, and it was a word meaning *ghost!* Timber Wolf now looked up at the moon and gave a long despairing howl. His whole body trembled.

"Oh, to escape this awful place!" So thought Wolf, as he crept away from the open and sought refuge behind a great pine. Here he heard a rattle and, looking down in the dim light, saw the bones of the great elk which he had stalked in the snow and slain only the winter before when the council had gathered.

The bones glinted a ghastly white in the dim light that filtered in through the branches. Timber Wolf felt a chill gripping his very marrow, and with mincing steps he crawled out from the bone pile. Again he sought the open, but no sooner had he reached the clearing than he saw a great patch of white, like a cloud, slowly moving through the open spaces. It seemed to grow large and then small, and a portion waved up and down. Timber Wolf grew cold with terror and stood as if frozen to the ground. The ghostly white thing came nearer and nearer.

Wolf could not move now and his jaws grew hard. The ghost was upon him. There was a crash. He felt himself lifted high and borne away, nor could he even struggle now, for a great spear was thrust through his lower jaw and another through his hind leg. Only a faint whimper escaped from his throat as he felt himself carried on and on and on.

Down in the council circle a great fire blazed and all about it were the faithful fur-folk discussing the coming of the *Ongwe*. Suddenly Turtle Chief raised his hand.

"Some one is coming," said he. "Be still."

There was a crackling of sticks and the dashing of swift feet. Then into the glare of the light leaped the great White Stag. Timber Wolf pinned in his antlers.

"I have come," began White Stag. "I have come with the culprit who disobeyed the laws of friendship and who sought power by theft."

"Deliver him to us," shouted all the fur-folk.

"I give him to you," answered the White Stag. "Let him forever be despised and hunted. Know you that last year, when winter came, and we gathered in council, Timber Wolf took me as I slept and killed me. I am the ghost of him whom you once called the Great White Stag. I am now the spirit of this mountain and watch over it. When the moon shines over the peak you will see me leaping through the clouds and now and again leaping down the mountain side into the water."

"Oh, Great White Stag," said Turtle, "you have done a good deed. Your slayer shall be punished. When the *Ongwe* come we shall suffer, perhaps, but Timber Wolf shall suffer more, for we shall call out to the *Ongwe* when Wolf prowls 'round."

"Begone, Timber Wolf," called out Turtle. "Know that you are hated and despised."

"I go," snarled Timber Wolf, "and I go hating all of you."

"Farewell," called out the Great White Stag, leaping into the air and up to the clouds.

The fur-folk and the feather-folk looked in amazement as their friend sped away, and as they watched, they saw him descend from the clouds and drop down upon the mountain he loved.

"He was the Great White Stag," said Turtle Chief, "but henceforth we shall call him by a new name; it shall be White Face, for it is the law of the forest that, once gone to the spirit world, the earth-name may not be used."

And so, forever after, all the forest-folk looked up to the mountain, and called out to their friend White Face, who dwelt there.

When the *Ongwe Oweh* (Indians) came, they often saw White Face leaping from crag to crag, up in the air and down in the lake. Well did they know that their arrows never could reach him, for White Face was a ghost.

In the days when wisdom came and Ha-yo-wen-tha brought the truth, the story of White Face came to men, and then all who were *Ongwe Oweh* went out to hunt Timber Wolves and to kill them.

The wolves have gone from the great forest and not one ever visits the mighty mountain now, but the spirit of the Great White Stag may still be seen, for it is he who guards the mountain, the lake and the valley and brings sweet peace.

Look on a starry night when the sky is bright and the moon is low—look above the mountain, and you, too, shall see the ghost of the Great White Stag. Na-hoh.

Hiawatha's Childhood

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews,
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees.
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he cried, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

The Peace-Pipe

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Called the tribes of men together.
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe.
And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together."

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Comanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe.
And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Wildly glaring at each other,
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity.
Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
Spake to them with voice majestic:
"Oh my children! my poor children!
I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
Why then will you hunt each other?
"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed.
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord.
"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes;
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Buried all their warlike weapons.
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
And departed each one homeward,
In the smoke that rolled around them,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Excerpts from *Hiawatha*

How Indian Corn Came to the World

MANY years ago there lived, in our great Southwest, an Indian boy named Wunzh. He was a good boy and he longed to do something for his people. But he was young and had too little experience to know what to do.

At last the time came, as it does for every Indian boy, when Wunzh was to go into a period of silence and fasting. This was so that he might see a vision of the Great Spirit who was to guide him on his path through life.

He retired to a little wigwam his father built him and began the solemn rite.

On the first day he walked alone in the woods, studying the plants and flowers he found there. He saw how the herbs and berries grew and learned which ones were good for food and which were poisonous, which would heal wounds or cure sicknesses.

He returned to his wigwam to think about the miracle of growing things. He ate nothing so that he could think more clearly. He gave thanks to the Great Spirit, the giver of life, and he pondered on the mysteries of life and death and the struggle for survival among animals and human creatures.

After seven days and nights of fasting and wonder, Wunzh felt very faint and weak. He was no longer sure whether he was thinking clearly. But, in his vision, he saw a young brave who seemed to be gliding gracefully toward the wigwam from the sky. He was clothed in garments rich with the greens and yellows of growing things in springtime.

The sky-stranger entered the wigwam where Wunzh lay and spoke to him saying, "The Great Spirit has sent me to you, O Wunzh, because he has seen your goodness and your hope of learning how to do good for your people. He has sent me to show you how you can help them."

Wunzh smiled happily at these words but he was too weak to arise from his couch.

The sky-stranger went on: "The Great Spirit is pleased, O Wunzh, that you do not spend your strength in war or in the praise of warriors. Yet you fish and hunt to feed your people. There is a better way, though a slower one. Listen to what I tell you and if you follow me, you will have the secret of how to help your hungry brothers and sisters on earth."

It was seven days since Wunzh had tasted food and he was so weak that he could scarcely follow the sky-stranger's words. But there was a great hope in his heart, and his blood raced with a great and mighty courage.

"You have endured bravely," the stranger from the sky continued. "It would have been easier to spear fish and hunt buffalo for food than to lie here suffering the pangs of hunger and meditation. But you will be rewarded. Hearken! My body that you think you

see before you is but a vision. The voice you think you hear is but a dream. They will fade and disappear, be carried by the wind back into the sky from whence they came. But the silky green and yellow garments that I wear are living substance. They are woven of seed and stalk, of root and sap, and the Great Spirit has breathed into them the secret of growth."

Wunzh's mind, reeling as it was with faintness and hunger, fed eagerly on these words.

"When I disappear into the air," the sky-stranger went on, "my garments will remain. Bury them, the green strands and the yellow, gently in the earth, after you have removed the roots and weeds and pebbles. Let the earth be clean and fine and open to the sun and the rain. And come often to the grave where you have

buried the garments that hold the secret seeds of growing. Wait patiently till you see that they have come to life. Tend them carefully. Let no weeds or grass grow on the grave where you have buried them. In time you will discover what you have been looking for, a way to help your people."

With these words the sky-stranger disappeared, seeming to vanish into thin air. But in a tangled heap outside the wigwam lay the silky green and yellow strands of the garments he had worn.

Animated by a wondrous new strength, Wunzh sprang from his couch and touched them. They all but burned his fingers, so vibrant were they with the promise of growth and life.

Reverently, Wunzh dug a grave for them. With hands made deft by hope and faith he removed from the warm spring earth every root, every pebble, every weed. Then, with the gentleness of a mother putting her babe to sleep, he buried the green and yellow strands that had been the sky-stranger's garb.

Wunzh returned to his father's lodge and lived there for some time. He ate little, living, for the most part, on hope and desire. Daily he visited the grave. Daily he cleared it of weeds and grass. During the warm months of spring and the hot months of summer he tended the grave, happy that the earth was blessed by sun and rain to keep it soft and moist and fertile.

One day, during the summer, to his wonder and delight he saw the tops of green plumes pushing up through the ground. How tender they were, how feathery, how delicate! Wunzh could hardly wait for each day to dawn so that he could go again and note the slow but sure growth of the shoots.

At last, on a day in late summer, he asked his father to follow him. He led the old man to a meadow which had been the grave where the sky-stranger's garments had been buried. There stood rows and rows of stalks, tall and graceful, with hair of golden silk crowned by waving plumes of green. Each stalk was bound with long green leaves and from the leaves grew ears of pale gold corn, every kernel filled with corn-milk sweet and succulent.

"It is the gift of my friend!" shouted Wunzh, wild with joy. "The Great Spirit has sent me the secret of feeding my people without killing. One must only tend the earth from which these magic stalks will grow and grow!"

The father, finding this miracle hard to believe, fell on his knees beside his son, and together they gave thanks to the Great Spirit who had sent them this reward for a boy's faith and prayer, and for his unwavering will to do something to help his people.

And this is the story of how Indian corn came to the world.

How Pecos Bill Won and Lost His Bouncing Bride

By Carl Carmer

THE STORY Arizona cowboys like most to tell when they've finished their day's ride, emptied the chuck wagon, and are seated in the flickering light of the campfire, is the tale of Pecos Bill. Every time somebody or other tells about Bill the story gets longer. If you were to listen tonight along the banks of the Turkey River or the Blue, you'd be pretty sure to hear some buckaroo telling about how Pecos Bill licked a mountain lion barehanded, jumped astride his back and rode him into camp, using a rattlesnake he had picked up along the way as a quirt. And some broncobuster from over Chloride way or maybe from Diversion or Sandwater may be telling about the perpetual motion ranch. And after that one's been told, somebody will start up one of the songs that Pecos Bill made up while he was riding the range, *The Chisholm Trail* maybe, or *The Trail to Mexico*, or maybe *The Strawberry Roan.*

Pecos Bill thought he was a coyote

until he was almost a grown man. When he was a little boy he had fallen off the end of the big wagon in which he and his sixteen brothers and sisters were being carried westward in a wagon train. When Bill's parents counted noses that night, they realized their loss and tried to find him on the back trail, but they never did. For Bill had been taken up by the coyotes and they had asked him to go home with them. The coyotes taught Bill to sit and howl at the moon just as they did and he soon forgot about being a human being. It wasn't until Bill was eighteen that he realized he wasn't a real coyote. Then he met a cowboy who said:

"Well, if you're a coyote, where's your tail?"

That convinced Bill, and so he left his four-footed friends and went to live in an Arizona town.

One day Bill was riding along beside the Salt River when he saw a pretty girl riding towards him on the back of a rearing, bucking, plunging catfish. Although it was a small catfish for the Salt, hardly larger than a whale, Bill was so pleased at the way the girl handled it with only a surcingle for harness that he fell in love with her and asked her to marry him.

She said her name was Sue and she would be pleased to marry him if he would grant her two requests. Bill was so in love with her he said "yes" before asking what they were.

The first thing she asked for was a bustle to wear on her wedding day. Now, a bustle was a very fashionable article of wearing apparel in the time she asked for it. Every fine lady wore one under her skirt just below her waist in the back and hoped it would give her a big curve just at the place where ladies now hope they have no curves at all. Bill bought Sue the finest bustle in the country—made of steel wire and whalebone—and they were both very happy over it.

But Bill was troubled about Sue's second request. She wished to ride Bill's horse, Widow-Maker, on her wedding day. Though she could ride a bucking catfish, Bill doubted if she could ride Widow-Maker. Still, he had promised, and so after the wedding ceremony he let her get on the horse and start to ride.

Widow-Maker was not accustomed to skirts about his ribs and he bucked so hard that Sue fell off and landed on the bustle—and bounced. The first bounce took her over the lower horn of the new moon. When she came back down that bustle hit on the Rocky Mountains and bounced her back into the sky and completely over the moon.

Bill kept begging her not to be so nervous and he tried mighty hard to figure out some way of stopping her bouncing, but he has never been able to. She is still bouncing out there, and every once in a while on a clear night Arizonians can see her pass across the face of the moon.

When he found out he could never claim his bride, Bill sat down and began to cry. He is still crying, and it is his flowing tears that made the river that Arizona folks call the Silver.

Uncle Remus Stories

Adapted from Joel Chandler Harris

These famous stories were originally written by a great American writer, Joel Chandler Harris. He lived in the South and had a fine ear for the speech of the Negroes living on the plantations around him. He wrote the Uncle Remus stories exactly as he heard them told, dialect and all. But in reprinting those of the stories which appear in the following pages, we have spelled the words so that they will be easier for today's children to read. We hope you will read all the Uncle Remus stories some day, just the way Joel Chandler Harris wrote them.

THE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY

Now, honey," Uncle Remus began, taking Miss Sally's little boy on his lap, "this is what happened to Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox:"

Brer Rabbit was forever playing tricks on Brer Fox, and of course Brer Fox didn't like it. He tried hard as he could to catch that little old Brer Rabbit. But Brer Rabbit always got away.

This time, though, Brer Fox made up his mind to fool Brer Rabbit for real. So he got him some tar and mixed it with turpentine to make it good and sticky, and he fixed up a contraption he called a Tar-Baby.

He took this here Tar-Baby and sat her by the side of the big road. Then he slunk off into the bushes to see what was going to happen.

He didn't have to wait long before Brer Rabbit came hopping down the road —lippity clippity, clippity lippity—sassy as a jaybird.

Brer Fox, he lay low in the bushes. Brer Rabbit pranced along till he spied the Tar-Baby. Then he sat back on his hind legs like he was astonished. The Tar-Baby, she just sat there; and Brer Fox, he just lay low.

"Morning!" says Brer Rabbit to the Tar-Baby. "Nice weather we're having this morning."

Tar-Baby said nothing, and Brer Fox just lay low.

"How does your symptoms seem to segashuate?" says Brer Rabbit, meaning nothing more than "How do you feel?"

Brer Fox, he winks his eye to himself and says nothing. The Tar-Baby says nothing either.

"Are you deaf?" hollers Brer Rabbit. " 'Cause if you is, I can holler louder."

Tar-Baby didn't move or speak, and

Brer Fox he just lay low.

"You're stuck up, that's what you are," says Brer Rabbit, "and I'm a-going to cure you of that," says he.

Brer Fox sorta chuckled in his stomach at that. Tar-Baby said nothing.

"I'll teach you to talk proper to respectable folks!" says Brer Rabbit. "If you don't say howdy, I'm going to punch you in the nose and bust you wide open."

Tar-Baby said nothing, and Brer Fox he lay low.

Brer Rabbit kept on talking to the Tar-Baby, and the Tar-Baby kept on saying nothing, till presently Brer Rabbit drew back his front paw, made it into a fist, and —blip!—he punched the Tar-Baby smack on the head.

Right there is where he made his mistake because his fist stuck and he couldn't pull it loose. The tar held him fast. Tar-Baby didn't say a word, and Brer Fox he just lay low.

"If you don't let me loose, I'll knock you again!" says Brer Rabbit. And with that he punched the Tar-Baby with his other front paw. But of course that one stuck too.

"Turn me loose or I'll kick the stuffings out of you!" hollers Brer Rabbit, mad.

But the Tar-Baby held him fast and said nothing.

Then Brer Rabbit kicked the Tar-Baby, first with one paw and then with the other. But they stuck too. So there was Brer Rabbit mad as hops, with all four of his paws stuck to the Tar-Baby.

Brer Fox he just lay low.

Then Brer Rabbit squalled, "If you don't turn me loose, I'm going to butt you cranksided with my head!" And that's just what he did. He butted his head into the Tar-Baby, and it stuck fast.

Just then Brer Fox sauntered forth, looking as innocent as a mocking-bird.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," says Brer Fox. "You're sort of stuck up this morning; ain't you?"

And Brer Fox rolled on the ground and laughed and laughed and laughed.

At last, when he couldn't laugh any more, he says to Brer Rabbit, "Well, I expect I caught you this time, you rascal! You been running around sassing me a long time, and you been bouncing around cutting capers all over the place till you think you're boss of the whole gang."

Brer Rabbit didn't say anything because there he was with his front paws and his hind paws and head stuck to the Tar-Baby.

"Who asked you to come and strike up an acquaintance with this here Tar-Baby anyhow?" asked Brer Fox. "And who got you all stuck up the way you are there? Nobody. Nobody in the world. You just jammed your own self on to that Tar-Baby without any invitation from anybody. And that's where you're going to stay till I fix up a brush pile and light a fire, because I'm a-going to barbecue today for sure."

Then Brer Rabbit began to talk mighty humble-like, stuck up like he was.

"I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox," says he, "as long as you don't

HARRISON-CADY

throw me in that there briar-patch."

Brer Fox considered. "It's kinda troublesome to kindle a fire," says he. "I expect I'll hang you on a tree instead."

"Hang me as high on the tree as you like," says Brer Rabbit, "but do don't throw me in the briar-patch," says he.

Brer Fox considered some more.

"I ain't got no rope to hang you with," he says, says he, "so I expect I'll have to drown you."

"Drown me as deep as you like," says Brer Rabbit, "if you only don't throw me in the briar-patch," says he.

"Well," considered Brer Fox, "there ain't much water around here, so I expect I'll have to skin you."

"Skin me, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, "pull out my tail or my ears or my hair," says he, "do anything to me you like, only do don't throw me into the briar-patch."

Of course Brer Fox wanted to do the worst thing he could to Brer Rabbit. So he caught him by his hind legs, pulled him out of where he was stuck to the Tar-Baby, and threw him right into the middle of the briar-patch.

There was quite a flutter where Brer Rabbit hit the briar-patch, and Brer Fox sorta hung around to consider what he was going to do next.

"Oh, Uncle Remus," asked Miss Sally's little boy at this point, "did Brer Fox eat Brer Rabbit?"

Uncle Remus smiled as he pulled a big yam out of the ashes where it had been cooking slowly and deliciously. Then he went on with the story:

By and by Brer Fox heard somebody call him. So he ran up the hill, and what did he see sitting on a log chipper as could be, combing the tar out of his hair with a piece of wood, but Brer Rabbit!

Brer Rabbit calls out sassy-like to Brer Fox, "Born and bred in a briar-patch, Brer Fox!" says he. And with that he skipped out lively as a cricket.

The little boy laughed. "He fooled Brer Fox again, didn't he, Uncle Remus?"

Uncle Remus patted the little boy on the head. "Run along now, honey," he said. "I hear Miss Sally calling you. Anyway, that's the end of *this* story."

MR. RABBIT GROSSLY DECEIVES MR. FOX

THE LITTLE BOY was finding his nights with Uncle Remus very entertaining indeed. So, as soon as he had finished his supper he hurried out to Uncle Remus's cabin. He found the old man in great glee, laughing to himself and reciting a rhyme that went like this:

Old Molly Har
What you doin' thar,
Settin' in the corner
Smokin' your cigar?

The little boy popped in through the door and asked, "Did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless gracious, honey, that he didn't," said Uncle Remus. "Him? You don't know a thing about Brer Rabbit if that's what you think of him. What would he be going away for? He might have stayed sort of close till the tar rubbed off his hair, but it wasn't long before he was loping up and down the neighborhood same as ever, and I don't know if he wasn't even sassier than before.

"Seems like the tale about how he got mixed up with the Tar-Baby got around amongst the neighbors. Leastways, Miss Meadows and the gals got wind of it, and the next time Brer Rabbit paid 'em a visit, Miss Meadows teased him about it, and the gals set up a great gigglement. Brer Rabbit he sat up just as cool as a cowcumber, he did, and let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Don't ask me, honey," said Uncle Remus. "She was in the story, Miss Meadows was, and the gals too. And I'm telling you the story just the way it was told to me."

Brer Rabbit he sat there, he did, sorta lame-like, and then by and by he crossed his legs, he did, and winked his eye slow, and up and says:

"Ladies, Brer Fox was my Daddy's riding-horse for thirty years—maybe more, but thirty years that I know of," says he. And then he paid them his respects and tipped his hat and marched off, he did, just as stiff and stuck-up as a poker.

Next day Brer Fox came a-calling, and when he began to laugh about Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows and the girls they up and told him what Brer Rabbit said.

Then Brer Fox gritted his teeth sure enough, he did, and he looked mighty dumpy; but when he got up, he said:

"Ladies, I ain't disputing what you say, but I'll make Brer Rabbit chew his words and spit 'em right out where you can see him," says he. And off Brer Fox went.

And when he got to the big road, he shook the dew off his tail and made straight as a shot for Brer Rabbit's house.

When he got there, the door was shut fast. Brer Fox knocked. No one an-

swered. Brer Fox knocked. No answer. Then he knocked again—blam! blam! Brer Rabbit hollered out mighty weak:

"Is that you, Brer Fox? I want you to run and fetch the doctor. That bit of parsley that I ate this morning is getting away with me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick," says Brer Rabbit, says he.

"I came after you, Brer Rabbit," says Brer Fox, says he. "There's going to be a party up at Miss Meadows'. All the gals'll be there, and I promised I'd fetch you. The gals said it wouldn't be a party except I fetched you," says Brer Fox.

Then Brer Rabbit says he's too sick. Brer Fox says he isn't. And there they were, disputing and contending. Brer Rabbit says he can't walk. Brer Fox says he'll tote him. Brer Rabbit says how? Brer Fox says in his arms. Brer Rabbit says he'll drop him. Brer Fox says he won't.

By and by Brer Rabbit says he'll go if Brer Fox'll tote him on his back. Brer Fox says he will. But Brer Rabbit says he can't ride without a saddle. Brer Fox says he'll get the saddle. Brer Rabbit says he can't sit in a saddle unless he has a bridle to hold on by. Brer Fox says he'll get the bridle. Brer Rabbit says he can't ride without blinders because Brer Fox would be shying at stumps along the road and fling him off. Brer Fox says he'll get blinders. Then Brer Rabbit says he'll go.

Then Brer Fox says he'll ride Brer Rabbit 'most up to Miss Meadows' and then he can get off and walk the rest of the way.

Brer Rabbit agreed, and then Brer Fox lit out to get the saddle and the bridle.

Of course Brer Rabbit knew the game Brer Fox was fixing to play, and he determined to outdo him. By the time he combed his hair and twisted his mustache and sorta rigged up, along came Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, looking pert as a circus pony. He trotted up to the door and stood there pawing the ground and chomping the bit just like a sure-enough horse. And Brer Rabbit got on and they ambled off.

Brer Fox couldn't see behind him with big blinders on, but by and by he could feel Brer Rabbit raise one of his feet.

"What you doing there now, Brer Rabbit?" says he.

"Shortening the left stirrup, Brer Fox."

By and by Brer Rabbit raised up the other foot.

"What you doing now, Brer Rabbit?" says Brer Fox.

"Pulling down my pants," says Brer Rabbit.

But all the time—bless gracious, honey! —Brer Rabbit was putting on his spurs, and when they got close to Miss Meadows' where Brer Rabbit was to get off, and Brer Fox made a motion for to stand still, Brer Rabbit slapped the spurs into Brer Fox's flanks. And you better believe Brer Fox got over the ground!

When they got to the house, Miss Meadows and all the girls were sitting on the piazza, and instead of stopping at the gate, Brer Rabbit rode right on by, he did, and then came galloping down the road and up to the horse-rack which he hitched Brer Fox to, and then he sauntered into the house and shook hands with

the girls and sat there smoking his cigar same as a town man.

By and by he drew in a long puff and then let it out in a cloud and sat back and hollered:

"Ladies, ain't I told you Brer Fox was the riding-horse for our family? He's sorta losing his gait now, but I expect I can fetch him all right in a minute or so."

And then Brer Rabbit sorta grinned, he did, and the gals giggled, and Miss Meadows she praised up the pony, and there was Brer Fox hitched fast to the rack and couldn't help himself.

"Is that all, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy as the old man stopped.

"It's not all, honey," said Uncle Remus, "but 't won't do to give out too much cloth to cut one pair of pants."

OLD MR. RABBIT, HE'S A GOOD FISHERMAN

Miss Sally's little boy had come to hear another story from Uncle Remus.

"Tell me more about Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox," he pleaded.

Uncle Remus's old eyes twinkled. "Those two were like some children I know," he said, "always after one another with something."

"But tell me what they *did*," begged the little boy.

And this is the story Uncle Remus told:

One day when Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Coon and Brer Bear and a whole lot of them were clearing up new ground for to plant a roasting-ear corn-patch, the sun got sorta hot, and Brer Rabbit he got tired. But he didn't let on because he was afraid the rest of them would call him lazy. So he keeps on toting off trash and piling up brush for a while. But by-and-by he hollers that he got a briar in his hand, and he slips off to hunt for a cool place where he can rest. After awhile he comes to a well, with two buckets hanging in it, one of 'em right near the top.

"That looks cool," says Brer Rabbit, says he, "and cool I expect it is. I guess I'll get in there and take a nap."

And with that in he jumped, he did, and no sooner did he get himself fixed than the bucket Brer Rabbit was in began to go down, while the other one came up.

"Wasn't the Rabbit scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey," said Uncle Remus, "there ain't been no worse scared beast since the world began!"

Then he went on with the story.

That there Brer Rabbit sure had a chill. He knew where he came from but he had no idea where he was going.

Pretty soon he felt the bucket hit the water and there it sat. But Brer Rabbit, he

kept mighty still because he didn't know what might happen next. He just sat in the bucket shaking and shivering.

Now you know Brer Fox always kept one eye on Brer Rabbit, and when he slipped away from the new ground, Brer Fox he sneaked after him. He knew Brer Rabbit was up to something and so he crept off to watch him.

Brer Fox saw Brer Rabbit stop at the well, and he saw him jump in the bucket, and then, lo and behold, he saw him go down out of sight. Brer Fox was the most astonished fox that you ever laid eyes on. He sat off there in the bushes and studied and studied, but he couldn't make head or tail of this kind of business. Then he said to himself, says he, "Well, if this don't beat my times! Brer Rabbit keeps his money hid right down there in that well, and if it ain't that, then he's gone and discovered a gold-mine, and if it ain't that then I'm going to see what *is* in there."

Brer Fox crept up a little nearer, and he listened, but he didn't hear anything. He kept on getting nearer, yet he didn't hear anything. By and by he got up close and peeped down. But he didn't see anything and he didn't hear anything.

All this time Brer Rabbit was mighty near scared out of his skin, and he was afraid to move for fear the bucket might keel over and spill him out in the water. While he was saying his prayers over like a train running, old Brer Fox hollered,

"Hi there, Brer Rabbit! Who you

visiting down there?" says he.

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm just fishing, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, says he. "I just says to myself I ought to surprise you all with a mess of fishes for dinner. So here I am, and there's the fishes," says Brer Rabbit, says he.

"Are there many of 'em down there, Brer Rabbit?" says Brer Fox.

"Lots of 'em, Brer Fox, scores and scores of 'em. Why, the water is alive with 'em! Come down and help me haul 'em in, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit.

"How I going to get down, Brer Rabbit?"

"Jump into that there bucket up there, Brer Fox. It'll fetch you down all safe and sound."

Well, honey, Brer Rabbit talked so happy and so sweet that Brer Fox he jumped in the bucket, he did, and as he went down, of course his weight pulled Brer Rabbit up. When they passed each other at the half-way mark, Brer Rabbit sang out:

"Goodbye, Brer Fox, take care o' your clothes,
For this is the way the old world goes:
Some goes up and some goes down,
But *you'll* hit the bottom all safe and soun'."

When Brer Rabbit's bucket got near the top of the well, he jumped out and galloped off to the folks that the well belonged to, and he told them that Brer Fox was down in there muddying up the drinking water. And then he galloped back to the well and hollered down to Brer Fox:

"Here comes a man with a great big gun—
When he hauls you up, you jump and run."

"What then, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy as the old man stopped.

"Well, honey, this is what happened then," continued Uncle Remus.

In about half an hour, both Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox were back in the new ground working like they never heard of any well except that every now and then Brer Rabbit bust out in a laugh and old Brer Fox he'd get a spell of the dry grins.

WHY MR. POSSUM LOVES PEACE

Miss Sally's little boy looked into the door of Uncle Remus's cabin one evening. Uncle Remus smiled, took the little boy on his knee, and stroked his hair thoughtfully. The little boy hoped he would tell him another story. He did:

One night Brer Possum called by for Brer Coon, according to agreement, and after gobbling up a dish of fried greens and smoking a cigar, they rambled forth to see how the rest of the settlement was getting along. Brer Coon and Brer Possum

got over a heap of ground. Brer Possum got his belly full of persimmons and Brer Coon he scooped up an abundance of frogs and tadpoles. They ambled along, they did, just as sociable as a basket of kittens, till by and by they heard Mr. Dog talking to himself 'way off in the woods.

"Supposin' he runs up on us, Brer Possum, what you gonna do?" says Brer Coon, says he.

Brer Possum laughed 'round the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, if he comes, Brer Coon, I'm gonna stand by you," says Brer Possum. "What *you* gonna do?" says he.

"Who? Me?" says Brer Coon. "If he runs up onto me, I'll give him one twist."

"Did the dog come?" asked the little boy.

"That he did," said Uncle Remus in an impressive tone. He picked up a live coal and lit his clay pipe with it as the little boy looked on with great admiration. Then he went on with the story:

Mr. Dog he came a-zooming, and he didn't wait to say howdy neither. He just sailed into the two of them. The very first pass he made Brer Possum fetched a grin from ear to ear and keeled over like he was dead.

Then Mr. Dog he sailed into Brer Coon, and right there's where he dropped his money-purse because Brer Coon was cut out for that kinda business, and he all but wiped up the face of the earth with him. You can believe that when Mr. Dog got a chance to make himself scarce, he

took it, and what there was left of him went skaddlin' through the woods like it was shot out of a gun.

Brer Coon he sorta licked his clothes into shape and trotted off. Brer Possum he lay there like he was dead till by and by he raised up sorta careful-like, and when he found the coast clear he scrambled up and scampered off like something was after him.

Next time Brer Possum met Brer Coon, Brer Coon refused to answer when he said howdy, and that made Brer Possum feel mighty bad seeing as how they used to make so many excursions together.

"What makes you hold your head so high, Brer Coon?" says Brer Possum.

"I ain't running with cowards these days," says Brer Coon. "When I want you I'll send for you," says he.

Then Brer Possum got mighty mad. "Who's any coward?" says he.

"You are," says Brer Coon, "that's who. I ain't associating with them that lays down on the ground and plays dead when there's a free fight going on."

Then Brer Possum grinned and laughed fit to kill himself.

"Lord, Brer Coon, you don't expect I did that because I was afraid, do you?" says he. "Why, I'm no more afraid than you are this minute. What is there to be scared of?" says he. "I knew you'd get away with Mr. Dog if I didn't, and I just lay there watching you shake him, waiting to put in when the time came."

Brer Coon turned up his nose.

"That's a mighty likely tale," says he, "when Mr. Dog ain't more'n touched you before you keeled over and lay stiff."

"That's just what I was going to tell you about," says Brer Possum, says he. "I was no more scared than you are right now, and I was fixing to give Mr. Dog a sample of my jaw," says he, "but I'm the most ticklish chap you ever laid eyes on, and no sooner did Mr. Dog put his nose down here among my ribs that I got to laughing, and I laughed till I couldn't use my legs," says he, "and it's a mercy to Mr. Dog that I was ticklish because a little more and I'd et him up," says he. "I don't mind fighting, Brer Coon, no more than you do," says he, "but I declare to gracious if I can stand tickling. Get me in a fight where there ain't no tickling allowed and I'm your man," says he.

And down to this day Brer Possum's bound to surrender when you touch him in the short ribs, and he'll laugh if he knows he's going to be smashed for it.

The little boy watched the smoke from Uncle Remus's pipe curl slowly upward.

"Go 'way now, honey," said Uncle Remus. "That's all for tonight."

MR. FOX TACKLES OLD MAN TARRYPIN

ONE DAY," said Uncle Remus sharpening his knife on the palm of his hand—

"One day what?" said the little boy. And this is the story Uncle Remus told:

One day Brer Fox met with Brer Tarrypin right in the middle of the big road. Brer Tarrypin heard him coming, and he allowed to himself that he better keep one eye open. But Brer Fox was monstrous polite, and he opened up the conversation, he did, like he hadn't seen Brer Tarrypin since the last rainfall.

"Hiya, Brer Tarrypin, where you been this long-come-short?" says Brer Fox, says he.

"Oh, loungin' round, Brer Fox," says Brer Tarrypin, "loungin' round."

"You don't look sprucy like you did, Brer Tarrypin," says Brer Fox, says he. "What ail you, Brer Tarrypin? Your eye look mighty red," says Brer Fox.

"Lord, Brer Fox, you don't know what trouble is," says Brer Tarrypin. "You ain't been loungin' round and sufferin' like I been."

"Both your eyes red, and you look like you're mighty weak, Brer Tarrypin," says Brer Fox, says he.

"Lord, Brer Fox, you don't know what trouble is," says Brer Tarrypin, says he.

"What ail you now, Brer Tarrypin?" says Brer Fox, says he.

"Took a walk the other day, and along came a man and set the field afire. Lord, Brer Fox, you don't know what trouble is," says Brer Tarrypin.

"How you get out of the fire, Brer Tarrypin?" says Brer Fox.

"Sat and took it," says Brer Tarrypin, says he. "Sat and took it, and the smoke sift in my eye, and the fire scorch my back," says Brer Tarrypin, says he.

"Likewise burn your tail off," says Brer Fox, says he.

"Oh, no, there's the tail, Brer Fox," says Brer Tarrypin, says he. And with that he uncurls his tail from under his shell, and no sooner does he do that than Brer Fox grabs it and hollers out:

"Oh, yes, Brer Tarrypin! Oh, yes! So you're the one who lammed me on the head at Miss Meadows', are you? You're in with Brer Rabbit, are you? Well, I'm going to *out* you!"

Brer Tarrypin begged and begged, but it wasn't any use. Brer Fox had been fooled so much he looked like he was determined to have Brer Tarrypin's life.

Then Brer Tarrypin begged Brer Fox not to drown him. But Brer Fox wasn't making any promises. And then he begged Brer Fox to burn him because he was used to fire. But Brer Fox didn't say anything.

By and by Brer Fox dragged Brer Tarrypin off a little way below the spring-house and doused him under the water. Then Brer Tarrypin hollered:

"Turn loose that stump root and catch

hold of me—turn loose that stump root and catch hold of me!"

But Brer Fox he hollered back:

"I ain't got hold of no stump root, and I *have* got hold of you."

Brer Tarrypin he kept on hollering:

"Catch hold of me—I'm a-drowning—I'm a-drowning—turn loose the stump root and catch hold of me."

Sure enough, Brer Fox turn loose the tail, and Brer Tarrypin he went down to the bottom—kerblunkitty-blink!

"*How* did he go to the bottom, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

Uncle Remus patted his head and smiled. "Why, kerblunkitty-blink," he said.

"Was he drowned, Uncle Remus?"

"Who? Old man Tarrypin? Are *you* drowned when your mama tucks you in your bed?"

"Why, no," replied the little boy.

"Well, neither was old man Tarrypin," said Uncle Remus. "He was at home I tell you, honey. Kerblinkitty blunk!"

Paul Bunyan, Giant Lumberjack

Written and Illustrated by Dell J. McCormick

PAUL BUNYAN AND HIS BOYHOOD

MANY TALES are told of Paul Bunyan the giant woodsman. Mightiest hero of the North Woods! A man of great size and strength who was taller than the trees of the forest. He had such strength in his huge arms that they say he could take the tallest pine tree and break it in two with his bare hands. They tell of his mighty deeds and strange adventures from Maine to California.

He could outrun the swiftest deer, and cross the widest river in one great stride! Even today lumberjacks who work in the woods find small lakes and point them out, saying:

"Those are the footprints of Paul Bunyan that have been filled with water."

A giant logger was Paul and he chopped down whole forests in a single day. And he and his woodsmen logged off North Dakota in a single month! His axe was as wide as a barn door and had a great oak tree for a handle. It took six full-grown men to lift it!

They say that he was born in Maine and even as a baby he was so large that his mother and father had to have fourteen cows to supply milk for his porridge. Every morning when they looked at him he had grown two feet taller. They built a huge cradle for Paul and floated it in the ocean off the coast of Maine. The ocean waves rocked him to sleep.

One day he started bouncing up and down in his cradle and started a seventy-foot tidal wave that washed away towns and villages. After that Paul's folks gave up the idea of a floating cradle and took Paul with them into the Maine woods.

Paul spent his boyhood in the woods and helped his father cut down trees. They sawed the trees into logs and tied them together into large rafts which were floated down the river to the sawmills. Even as a boy he had the strength of twelve men and could ride a raft through the wildest rapids in the river.

One day the man at the sawmill refused to buy the logs. They were too large for his mill to cut up into lumber. So Paul chained them together again and pulled the raft back up the river to his father's camp. Imagine his dad's surprise to see young Paul wading up the river towing the great raft of logs behind him!

Everybody liked young Paul, and for miles around they told of his great feats of strength: of how he took an iron crowbar and bent it into a safety pin to hold together a rip in his trousers; of how at another time he came to the end of the field he was plowing with two

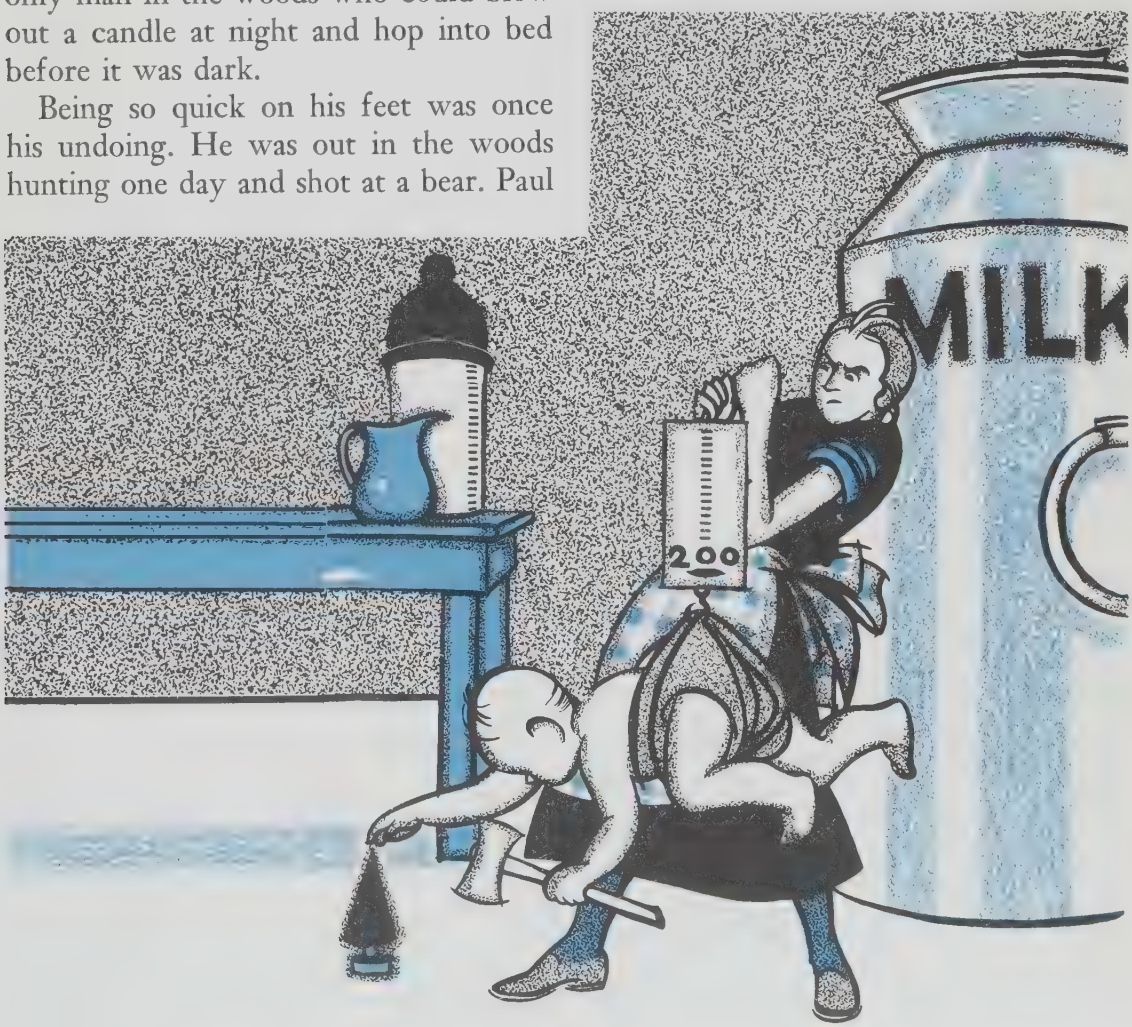
oxen and having no room to turn the plow and oxen around, picked up the plow, oxen and all, and turned them around to start back the other way.

Yet Paul never boasted. When people asked him how strong he was he just laughed. And when Paul laughed the folks in the villages ran into their houses and hid thinking it was a thunderstorm!

In spite of his huge size, Paul was as quick as lightning. They say he was the only man in the woods who could blow out a candle at night and hop into bed before it was dark.

Being so quick on his feet was once his undoing. He was out in the woods hunting one day and shot at a bear. Paul was anxious to see if he had hit, and ran lickety-split toward it, only to get there before the shot he had fired. The result was that he received a full load of his own buckshot in the seat of his breeches.

When Paul was full grown he decided he wanted to become the greatest lumberjack in America and perform great feats of logging. He dreamed of leading his men through wondrous adventures in the great forests of the West.



BABE THE BLUE OX

ONE DAY when Paul was working in his father's logging camp in the Maine woods it started to snow. Day after day the soft fluffy snowflakes fell until the entire camp was covered with a blanket of snow. Log cabins disappeared from sight, and all but the tallest trees were buried under the great snowdrifts.

And the strangest thing of all was that the snow, instead of being white, was a bright sapphire blue! For miles and miles as far as one could see the forest was covered with beautiful blue snow. Loggers even today remember that year and call it the Winter of the Blue Snow.

When the snow had stopped falling, Paul put on his snowshoes and went out to find wood for his fireplace. As he was returning, he noticed two little ears sticking up through a snowdrift.

"It must be some poor animal lost and freezing to death," thought Paul. He reached down with one of his great hands and scooped the little thing out of the snow. It was a baby ox calf with thin wobbly legs. Paul put the little calf inside one of his large pockets and took him home. Soon he was curled up in front of the fireplace and as happy and warm as could be.

"Poor little baby!" said Paul as the little calf drank some warm milk and gratefully caressed Paul's hand with his tongue. Paul decided to call the little calf "Babe" and to keep him for a pet.

The strangest thing about Babe was that, even after he became thawed out, his coat remained a soft glossy blue. Paul nursed his new pet back to health, but his color never changed. The Winter of the Blue Snow had colored him blue, and blue he remained forever after.

Babe followed Paul wherever he went and grew larger each day. Every time Paul looked around the little calf seemed to have grown a foot taller.

In the spring, Paul built a little barn for Babe and put the calf inside for the night. The next morning, the barn was gone and so was the little blue calf. Paul searched high and low. Finally he found Babe calmly eating grass in a neighboring valley—with the barn perched right up on his back! He had outgrown it in a single night!

Paul became very fond of Babe and took him on all his adventures in the woods. He grew by leaps and bounds and soon was almost as large as Paul himself. Woodsmen tell us that when Babe was full grown he measured forty-two axe-handles between the eyes.

His appetite was tremendous. Every evening he ate a ton and a half of hay. Even then he wouldn't be satisfied to go to bed unless he had three wagonloads of turnips for dessert.

Paul taught him to help with the logging in the woods, and would give him an eighty-pound lump of sugar if he had

been a good ox during the day. Babe was always full of mischief, however. He liked to roar and stamp his feet at night so the men would run out of the bunkhouses where they slept, thinking it was an earthquake! When Paul scolded him for it, Babe only chuckled to himself and pretended he was asleep.

Once when Babe was standing beside the cookhouse he winked at Paul and put his head in the cookhouse window. Babe gave a great sneeze and blew a whole barrel of flour over Hot Biscuit Slim, the cook, and his helper, Cream Puff Fatty!

Babe was very useful in many ways. For instance, Paul had a lot of trouble with the crooked, twisting road that wound in and out through the forest. He finally tied one end of the road to a large stump and hitched Babe to the other end with a large logging chain. Babe dug his great hoofs in the ground and strained and tugged until he had pulled the entire road out straight. It was a mighty feat of strength. In doing it, he stretched the heavy iron links of the log-

ging chain until it was a single iron bar!

During his first summer, Babe became fat and lazy and one day refused to pull the logs down the road to the river. He wanted to wait until winter when the snow was on the ground and logs would slide easier. Paul didn't say a word, but that night he had the men secretly whitewash the road. The next morning, Babe thought it was snow and pulled the logs without further trouble.

When winter finally came again and covered the Maine woods with beautiful white snow, Babe was the happiest ox in the world. He loved to roam through the woods on the new snowshoes that Paul had given him for his first birthday. The greatest trouble Paul had that winter was finding enough food for Babe, who was getting thin. One day he thought of a great idea and called Ole the big Swede. Ole was the camp blacksmith, and next to Paul, the largest man in camp.

"Ole," he said, "I want you to make the largest pair of green eyeglasses in the world." When Ole finished, Paul put the glasses on Babe, strapping them over his nose. He then turned Babe out in the snow again. To Babe, with his new green glasses, all the snow looked like nice green grass! He ate and ate and grew fat and healthy again in no time at all.

In all the woods, there was no one so kindly toward Babe as Paul Bunyan, and no ox was ever as faithful to its master as Babe, the famous Blue Ox.

THE WINTER OF THE BLUE SNOW

ONE NIGHT in the North Woods the men were seated around a campfire. They were telling of their adventures in other camps. Someone asked Paul to tell them of his earlier adventures.

"Tell us about the Winter of the Blue Snow," cried Tiny Tim.

"Well," said Paul, "I was logging with my father back in the Maine woods. That was the winter I found Babe the Blue Ox. Only he was a little calf then not much larger than Tiny Tim. Old-timers sometimes speak of it as the year of the two winters. When summer came, it got cold again, and in the fall it turned colder. For two solid years the snow covered the ground so deep that only the tops of the tallest trees showed through the snow.

"The snow was blue in color and over two hundred feet deep in places. The Great Lakes froze solid to the very bottom and would never have thawed out if loggers hadn't cut the ice up into small blocks and set them out in the sun to melt. When spring finally came, they had to get a complete new set of fish for the lakes.

"The camp was buried under the snow, and the men rode up to the surface in elevators. Each man had sixteen blankets so that he would be warm at night. Shot

Gunderson, who was head sawyer, can tell you how cold it was. He slept under forty-two blankets, and one morning he got lost and couldn't find his way out. It was three days before we could find him, and by that time he had almost starved to death.

"The bunkhouses where we slept were so cold that the words froze as soon as the men spoke. The frozen words were thrown in a pile behind the stove, and the men would have to wait until the words thawed out before they knew what was being said. When the men sang, the

"It was so cold that when Hot Biscuit Slim set the coffee out to cool it froze so fast the ice was hot. The men had to eat breakfast with their mittens on, and sometimes the hot biscuits were frozen solid before they could take a bite.

music froze and the following spring the woods were full of music as odd bits of song gradually thawed out.

"Very few trees were cut that winter as we had to make holes in the snow and lower the men down to the trees. Then

we would pull the trees out of the holes with long ropes.

"The men all let their beards grow long as a protection against the cold. Some of the beards were so long that they got in the way, and the men were always stumbling over them. So we made a new rule in the camp. Anyone with a beard over six feet long had to keep the end of it tucked in his boots. In the spring the beards were so thick the men had to shave them off with axes.

"When Christmas came that year the men were homesick for some good old-fashioned white snow. 'It doesn't seem like Christmas,' they cried, 'with all this bright blue snow on the ground.'

"So I decided to put on snowshoes and travel west until I could find some white snow. Well, sir, I climbed over mountains and across plains right out to the Pacific Ocean, which was frozen solid. The ice seemed fairly thick, so I kept on going. And do you know I had to travel clear to China before I could find any white snow! But the men were certainly happy when I brought them back some white snow for Christmas!

"We had a lot of trouble with frost-biters that winter. They were little animals about three inches long that lived in the snow. They bit the men on the feet as they walked along. Even now, you hear of people being frostbitten, but that winter it was much more dangerous.

"The blue snow finally melted in the spring and filled many lakes in the woods. To this day, many of the beautiful lakes in the mountains are still colored blue from the Winter of the Blue Snow. The Indians called the country 'The Land of the Sky Blue Water.' "

JOHNNIE INKSLINGER AND HIS MAGIC PEN

ONE DAY a visitor asked Paul Bunyan how many men were in the camp. Paul didn't know. There was Hot Biscuit Slim and his two hundred cooks. Ole the Big Swede, Blackie, Tiny Tim, and hundreds more.

Paul tried to count them one day at dinner, but they kept coming and going for hours. He asked Cream Puff Fatty how many desserts he had made. "Eight thousand," said Cream Puff Fatty.

"Good!" said Paul. "Then we must have eight thousand men."

"No," said Cream Puff Fatty, "because some of the men don't eat desserts, and Ole the Big Swede eats seven, except when it is strawberry shortcake. Then he eats ten."

So Paul gave up even trying to count the men and sent for Johnnie Inkslinger to do the arithmetic for the camp. Johnny Inkslinger was the best bookkeeper in the North Woods—a tall sad-looking man with a bald head. He always wore a large pair of eyeglasses perched at the end of his long, thin nose.

PLUS
4 787911
14 16416
RED INK
BLACK INK
34718
MISTAKE ERASER
MINUS
McCORMICK

He added and subtracted and multiplied endless rows of figures day and night. He became the fastest bookkeeper in the world and never made a mistake. One night he counted all the stars in the sky and never missed one. Johnnie Inkslinger kept track of everything, even down to the last ear of corn in the kitchens.

His magic pen never ran out of ink. A long rubber hose connected it to a ten-gallon barrel of ink, and that is how the fountain pen was invented. Johnnie Inkslinger wrote so fast that the barrel of ink had to be filled every two days.

"You are using too much ink," said Paul one day. "We cannot buy it fast enough." So Johnnie Inkslinger thought of a plan. He quit dotting his "i's" and crossing his "t's" and from then on saved nine gallons of ink a week.

Johnnie Inkslinger invented new ways of adding and subtracting that are used to this day. He wrote every number down twice so as not to make a single mistake.

He also invented the mistake eraser. This was a large rubber sponge to be rubbed over a page of figures. It erased only the mistakes and left all the rest of the figures as they were. Johnnie finally had no use for it as he made no mistakes. He gave it to Hot Biscuit Slim.

Hot Biscuit Slim used it for awhile, but he never liked it. The magic sponge erased almost every figure he made. He gave it to Ole the Big Swede. Ole tried it just once and it erased the whole sheet of paper until there was only a blank space where all the figures had been. It seems Ole was very poor at arithmetic, and no matter how many times he added two and two it always came out six.

Johnnie Inkslinger once tried to figure out how much it cost to feed Babe the Blue Ox, but he finally had to give it up. Every time he added up the figures he found that Babe had eaten another barnful of hay. Then he would have to start all over again. This made him so angry that he told Paul he would quit doing arithmetic forever. Nevertheless, Johnnie Inkslinger remained with Paul during all his years of adventure in the woods.

MIRROR LAKE AND THE BLACK DUCK DINNER

When they broke up the camp on the St. Lawrence River, Paul told Hot Biscuit Slim to prepare a wonderful dinner. It was to be on Sunday, the last day in camp. Slim and his cooks were excited, as you can imagine.

For miles around the farmers brought in strawberries, peas, new potatoes, and gallons of rich cream for Cream Puff Fatty to make into his famous cream puffs. The men cut fifty-five wagonloads of wood so the stoves could be kept burning until all the food was cooked.

"What kind of meat are we going to

have for dinner today?" asked Paul. Hot Biscuit Slim hid his head in shame. Slim was the best cook in the woods, but somehow he always forgot something. Once he forgot to order milk. Another time he forgot to bake bread. This time he had entirely forgotten to order any meat for the dinner.

"I forgot to tell the butchers to bring any meat!" admitted Slim.

"No meat at all?" asked Paul.

"No meat!" cried Slim. "I forgot all about the meat!"

Johnnie Inkslinger heard them talking and called to Hot Biscuit Slim, "How would you like to give your men a nice black duck dinner?"

"Where will I be able to get the ducks?" asked Slim.

"Come with me!" said Johnnie.

They went to Paul's bunkhouse, and Johnnie Inkslinger pointed to the huge hand mirror that Paul used when he combed his large beard. It was one hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip. Next he told Brimstone Bill to harness sixteen teams of horses. With the aid of horses, they dragged the huge mirror through the woods to a near-by meadow.

They placed the mirror on the ground with the glass side up and piled dirt around the edges. In a short time the mirror looked like a beautiful little lake. The trees along the edge could be seen in the mirror as if it had been real water.

"Everybody go back to camp," said Johnnie Inkslinger, "and in an hour I will bring you all the black ducks you can possibly eat!"

When everybody had gone, he hid in some near-by bushes and, putting his hands to his mouth, he gave the call of the wild black ducks.

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" said Johnnie Inkslinger. Johnnie made a noise like a real duck, for he had lived all his life in the woods and knew the calls of all the wild animals.

The ducks swooped down and, mistaking the hard glass mirror for water, fell against it with a crash and were stunned.

Johnnie soon had enough for dinner, and the wagons carried them back to camp.

"Here are enough ducks for a wonderful black duck dinner," he said to Hot Biscuit Slim as the wagons drove up to the kitchen. Hot Biscuit Slim was beside himself for joy! The cookhouse boys quickly plucked the feathers, and soon the ducks were merrily roasting in the huge ovens.

"We will have the best duck dinner that anyone has ever eaten," cried Hot Biscuit Slim, "and the finest roast duck of all will go to Johnnie Inkslinger!"

THE POPCORN BLIZZARD

WHEN Paul Bunyan had cut down all the trees in North Dakota, he decided to go west. It was summertime, and the forest was sweet with the smell of green trees. The spreading branches cast their cool shadows on the ground.

"We must cross vast plains," said Paul to his men, "where it is so hot that not even a blade of grass can grow. You must not become too thirsty as there will be very little water to drink."

Paul knew it would be a long, hard journey, so he decided to send all the heavy camp equipment by boat down the Mississippi River and around the Horn to the Pacific Ocean. Paul told Billy Whiskers, a little bald-headed logger with a bushy beard, to take a crew of men and build a boat. Billy had once been a sailor. In a short time the boat was finished and loaded with all the heavy camp tools.

Everyone cheered as Billy Whiskers and his men started down the Mississippi River on their long trip. Billy wore an admiral's hat and looked every inch the sailor, although he hadn't been on board a ship for thirty-five years.

With Paul and Babe the Blue Ox leading the way, the rest of the camp then started across the plains on their long journey west. In a few days they had left the woods and were knee deep in sand that stretched out before them for miles and miles. The sun became hotter and hotter!

"I made some vanilla ice-cream," said Hot Biscuit Slim one day as he gave the men their lunch, "but the ice became so hot under this boiling sun that I couldn't touch it!"

Tiny Tim, the water boy, was so hot and tired that Paul had to put him up on Babe's back where he rode the rest of the trip. Every time Babe took a step forward, he moved ahead two miles, and Tiny Tim had to hold on with all his might. Even Ole the Big Swede, who was so strong he could carry a full-grown horse under each arm, began to tire.

There was not a tree in sight. Paul Bunyan's men had never before been away from the forest. They missed the cool shade of the trees. Whenever Paul stopped to rest, thirty or forty men would stand in his shadow to escape the boiling sun.

"I won't be able to last another day," cried Brimstone Bill, "if it doesn't begin to cool off soon!"

Even Paul Bunyan became tired finally and took his heavy double-bitted axe from his shoulder and dragged it behind him as he walked. The huge axe cut a ragged ditch through the sand that can be seen to this day. It is now called the Grand Canyon, and the Colorado River runs through it.

It became so hot that the men were exhausted and refused to go another step. Hot Biscuit Slim had complained that there was very little food left in camp. That night Paul took Babe the Blue Ox and went on alone into the mountains to the north. In the mountains Paul found a farmer with a barnful of corn.

"I will buy your corn," said Paul to the farmer. So he loaded all the corn on Babe's back and started for camp. By the time he arrived there, the sun was shining again and the day grew hotter as the sun arose overhead. Soon it became so hot that the corn started popping. It shot up into the air in vast clouds of white puffy popcorn.

It kept popping and popping and soon the air was filled with wonderful white popcorn. It came down all over the camp and almost covered the kitchen. The ground became white with popcorn as far as the eye could see. It fell like a snowstorm until everything was covered two feet deep with fluffy popcorn.

"A snowstorm! A snowstorm!" cried the men as they saw it falling. Never had they seen anything like it before. Some ran into the bunkhouses and put on their mittens and others put on heavy overcoats and woolen caps. They clapped each other on the back and laughed and

shouted for joy.

"Let's make snowshoes!" cried Ole the Big Swede. So they all made snowshoes and waded around in the white popcorn and threw popcorn snowballs at each other, and everybody forgot how hot it had been the day before. Even the horses thought it was real snow, and some of them almost froze to death before the men could put woolen blankets on them and lead them to shelter.

Babe the Blue Ox knew it was only popcorn and winked at Paul.

Paul Bunyan chuckled to himself at the popcorn blizzard and decided to start west again while the men were feeling so happy. He found them all huddled around the kitchen fire.

"Now is the time to move on west," said Paul, "before it begins to get hot again." So they packed up and started. The men waded through the popcorn and blew on their hands to keep them warm. Some claimed their feet were frostbitten, and others rubbed their ears to keep them from freezing.

After traveling for a few weeks more, they saw ahead of them the great forest they had set out to reach. They cheered Paul Bunyan who had led them safely over the hot desert plains. Babe the Blue Ox laughed and winked at Paul whenever anyone mentioned the great blizzard.

After reaching the great forest in the Rocky Mountains, Paul sent Brimstone Bill and Babe on to the Pacific Coast to meet Billy Whiskers and help unload the boat. They finally found the ship outside the entrance to the Golden Gate.

"What's the matter?" shouted Brimstone Bill. "Why don't you come in to shore?"

"I can't!" cried Billy Whiskers through a large megaphone. "My ship is stuck fast to the bottom of the ocean."

That seemed very queer to Brimstone Bill, for the water was almost a mile deep out in the ocean beyond the Golden Gate. Billy Whiskers rowed ashore and explained. It seems they had made a mistake when they built the ship. The men used new, green lumber and it quickly became water-soaked and the boat started sinking. As soon as the water came up to the edge of the deck, Billy Whiskers would put in to shore and build another deck on top of the first deck.

When that became water-soaked he would build still another deck on top of that. When he finally arrived at the Golden Gate he found he had one hundred and thirty-seven decks on his ship. And all but one of them were under the water!

Of course, with a boat like that, they couldn't go through the Golden Gate, and all the cargo had to be put on rafts and floated ashore. There they loaded everything on the big Blue Ox and were soon back in Paul Bunyan's camp in the Rocky Mountains.